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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY

EDWARD I. SEARS, A. M., LL. D.

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"Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est."

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THE  
NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXII.

SEPTEMBER, 1865.

ART. I.—1. *The Iliad of Homer, rendered into English Blank Verse.* By EDWARD EARL OF DERBY. In two vols. New York, 1865.

2. ὍΜΗΡΟΥ ἅπαντα: H. E. HOMERI Opera Omnia, ex Recensione et cum notis SAMUELIS CLARKII, S. T. P. Accessit varietas lectionum Ms. lips. Et Vratislav. et edd. Veterum. Cuba 10. Augusti Ernesti qui et suas notas adpersit. Lipsiæ: bibliotheca weidmannia G. Reimer. MDCCCXXIV.

THERE is no proposition more generally assented to, at the present day, among literary men, than that it requires a poet to translate poetry. But many other qualifications are necessary in addition to poetic genius. It is almost superfluous to say that no one should attempt to translate a poem without a perfect knowledge both of the original and of the language into which it is sought to be rendered. But one may be a good poet and an accomplished linguist, and yet fail to produce even a tolerable version of a work of such astonishing variety as the Iliad. He may be entirely successful in the narrative part, the descriptive, the allegorical, the dramatic, or the oratorical, &c.; but in order to succeed in each, he must not only be a universal genius, but he must have a true conception of the design of the author; he must be acquainted with the manners and customs, laws and religion, of the age in which he wrote; in short, it is necessary that he know what was the public opinion of the people for whom the poem was originally written. Nor is all this sufficient; there must be similarity of mental associations in order to produce similarity of expression.

These remarks apply with tenfold force to a translation from a language which is no longer spoken. There are many expressions both in the Iliad and Odyssey which were

pregnant with meaning to the Greeks of the time of Homer whose signification is now conjectural ; numerous allusions which were at once beautiful and eloquent are utterly faded, or serve only to mislead the reader. Again, expressions which were dignified, graceful, or tender in the time of Homer now seem vulgar or ludicrous ; and the same is true of many of the habits and customs which those expressions represent. Hence it is that so few scholars agree as to the meaning of particular lines and passages in Homer, and that every succeeding edition of the original text, whether issued at Leipsic, Paris, or London, contains " emendations ;" although it is universally agreed that Homer is as superior to all other poets in clearness and lucidity as he is in beauty, sublimity, and attractiveness.

This is one reason why so many attempt to translate him ; another is, that he is always true to nature, and that nature is the same everywhere and at all times. This seems plausible at first sight, but it is not correct in the sense in which it is applied. Let it first be borne in mind that there are more local allusions in Homer than in any other poet, because those who took part in the war on both sides, although chiefly Greeks and Trojans, were the subjects of different princes, and the citizens of different republics, each having laws and customs, as well as territories, of their own, and differing from all the rest as much as any European nationality of the present day differs from another. Even their modes of warfare were different ; some had made considerable progress in the arts and sciences, others but little ; and those distinctions are fully, though briefly, exhibited by Homer.

Almost every state had its own peculiar mode of attack ; its mode of encampment ; its mode of retreat ; its mode of ambuscade, &c., as well as its own peculiar weapons. Thus, for example, we are shown how the Thracians encamped in three lines, with their arms on the ground before them, and their chariots as a fortification on the outside.

Τὰ δὲ βάτην προτέρῳ διὰ τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἶμα  
αἶψα δ' ἐπὶ Θρηκῶν ἀνδρῶν τέλος ἔξον ἰόντες.  
Οἱ δ' εὖδον καμάτων ἀδδηκότες, ἔντεα δέ σφιν  
καλὰ παρ' αὐτοῖσι χθονὶ κέκλιτο, εἴ κατὰ κόσμον,  
τριστοιχί' παρὰ δέ σφιν ἐκάστῳ δίζυγες ἵπποι.  
Ῥῆσος δ' ἐν μέσῳ, εὐδε, παρ' αἰτᾷ δ' ἀνέες ἵπποι  
εἴ ἐπιδιφριάδος πυμάτης ἱμάσι δέδεντο.—

Il. x. 469 et seq

Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate band :  
 The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand ;  
 Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd.  
 Thro' the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd,  
 Amidst lay Rhesus stretched in sleep profound  
 And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.—*Pope.*

Nor is it alone the military art of the time which is fully described in the *Iliad*. The poet is equally communicative and instructive in regard to agriculture, architecture, mechanics, music, painting, sculpture, medicine, politics, &c., &c. Homer describes the mode of ploughing with oxen,\* with mules,† and shows how the former did the work of the threshers‡ he describes fishing by angling†† and by diving;|| the hunting of the wild boar,¶ the deer\*\* and the lion;†† he describes a marble palace upon arches;‡‡ and he shows how rafters are placed, &c. §§ In short, he omits nothing that was characteristic of his time. It is needless, then, to say that a thorough knowledge of the Greek is necessary to understand all these descriptions, especially as there are many of the weapons of war, implements of husbandry, and other articles, particularly these used in field sports and amusements, for which modern languages have no terms, because they no longer exist.

We see from this that a poet may be abundantly lucid and clear in his own language and time, and yet be difficult to translate. Nor will the second reason assigned by those who are ambitious to translate Homer prove much more satisfactory when carefully examined; namely, that nature is the same everywhere, and at all times. The *laws* of nature are, indeed, always the same; but it must be remembered that they are never stationary. Their results must be different at one stage of any particular process from what they are at another; thus, what is true of the acorn is not true of the oak, nor what is true of the oak true of what it becomes in the lapse of time when imbedded in the earth under certain conditions.

That a country once fertile and beautiful becomes sterile and unsightly is known to every intelligent person; and who will pretend that it awakens the same ideas in its altered state which it did before that alteration took place? It would be as unreasonable to pretend that a woman who is beautiful and lovely at twenty, must be equally so at sixty or eighty. It is as natural to be old as it is to be young; but this

°xiii. 703. † See x. 420, Pope's Translation. ‡ Ib xx. 520. ‡‡ Ib. xxiv., 107. || xvi. 904. ¶ xvii. 814. \*\* xi. 595. †† 378. ‡‡ Ib. vi. 304. §§ xxiii. 826.



does not prevent the two conditions from being essentially different from each other, even in the same person. Nor is this all. Is not what is regarded as beautiful in one country held to be the reverse in another? The same remark applies with still more force to personal comfort and luxury. The passions and feelings of man are, indeed, very much alike in all countries; but the manner in which they are excited is very different. Even in the same country, can it be said that the language of sentiment is always the same? Is it not, on the contrary, constantly changing? Nay, how large a proportion of the words of our own language have ceased to express their original meaning? Those best acquainted with the localities and scenery described by Chaucer can no longer understand him without a glossary, or without making his language a particular study.

There are many other difficulties which we might mention as a barrier against a faithful translation of a work like the *Iliad*; but one must suffice for the present—we mean the inferior power of one language to reproduce what is beautiful, or sublime in another. The question then arises, Is our language equal to the Greek? No competent judge will pretend that it is, however much he may admire our own copious and vigorous tongue. But assuming that in general the Anglo-Saxon is not inferior in power to the language of Homer, it could hardly be urged that the former is as well adapted as the latter to the subject of the *Iliad*. It is not so free in its construction; the extensive use made by the Greek of the participle and the infinitive mood, and the various forms in which it employs both, give it a great advantage over all modern tongues, and over all the ancient, with the sole exception of the Sanscrit, which has many characteristics in common with the language of Homer. The large variety of prepositions in Greek which may be combined with the verb, or used separately, according as the poet requires to be more or less energetic and vigorous, the numerous constructions in which the partitive pronouns and articles may be used to avoid sameness, and the remarkable copiousness of its adverbs and adverbial phrases, not to mention its compound words, render the Greek so admirably adapted to the exigencies of the epic that many eminent critics are of opinion that even Homer may be said to owe much of his success to those advantages.

If these facts are assented to, it can hardly be regarded as a reflection on the labors even of the most successful of

those who have attempted a translation of Homer to say that he has never yet been faithfully translated into English.\* Pope's Homer is undoubtedly the most agreeable and most poetical work ; but it can hardly be called a translation. The version of Chapman is the most Homeric, but it is too often wanting in the simplicity, grace, and dignity of the original. The next to this is the version of Cowper, which is more literal than that of Chapman, but less poetical as well as less Homeric. Here are three poets of undoubted genius ; it may be questioned whether Chapman did not possess as much of the true poetic spirit as either Pope or Cowper, although he, unlike them, is known only by his translation of Homer. It is admitted that none of the three poets has succeeded in giving a satisfactory version of the Iliad, yet others who are no poets at all have undertaken the same task with few, if any, of the additional qualifications we have mentioned.

We have no disposition to disparage the version of Lord Derby ; on the contrary, we wish to do it ample justice. We should like to see other distinguished persons devote their leisure hours to similar efforts ; nay, we would do all in our power to encourage them to do so, for, even though they should signally fail, their example would exercise a salutary influence on the republic of letters. But it were much better that they would first try an easier work than the greatest the human mind has produced. We are sorry, for his own sake, as well as that of classical literature, that Lord Derby did not pursue this course. Had he attempted a version of two or three of the principal tragedies of Sophocles, or Euripides, or even of Æschylus, he would have done more credit to himself and more service to the public than he has by his version of Homer, which, we are sorry to say, is one of the worst that has yet appeared, if, indeed, any inferior translation has ever been printed.

Those of Macpherson, Ogilby, Hobbes, Shadwell, Mumford, and others have, indeed, faults enough ; but the feeblest and most lifeless of them has beauties which are not equalled by

\*The French claim that theirs is the most expressive of all modern languages ; but even they admit that among their many translations of Homer there is not one that does him justice. " Mais lorsque ensuite," says Laharpe, " je passai de cette espèce d'extase, au désir si naturel de communiquer l'impression que j'avais reçue, à ceux qui devaient m'entendre, et qui ne pouvaient entendre Homère, je me sentai avec douleur qu'aucune de ces traductions que nous avons, quel qu'en soit le mérite, que je suis loin de vouloir diminuer, ne pouvait justifier à vos yeux ni faire passer en vous ce que j'avais ressenti, et je souhaitai, du fond du cœur, qu'il s'élevât quelque jour un poëte capable de vous montrer Homère comme on vous a montré Virgile.—*Cours de Littérature*, vol. i., pp. 229-30.

anything in Lord Derby's version ; so that, if the latter produce any effect on the character of Homer, it will be to lower his fame. None who read it without comparing it with any other, or with the original, could be persuaded that the original author is the Prince of poets ; nay, indeed few would believe, under such circumstances, that he was a genuine poet at all.

That his lordship is entirely deficient of the poetic spirit is painfully evident throughout the volumes before us ; and if he has any real pretensions to Greek scholarship, we have no proof of the fact from the beginning to the end of his *Iliad*. Not a single note, philological, geographical, biographical, or even chronological, does he give us ; he has not a single word to say on any passage whatever. The sublime, the pathetic, the grand, the tender, or the beautiful, elicits no remark from him ; no seeming chasm, incongruity, or interpolation receives any explanation at his hands. Pope was accused of having attempted to translate Homer without having any adequate knowledge of Greek ; but his copious notes are of more value than the translations of many others, for he has ingenious, instructive, and interesting observations to make on every remarkable passage. Nor does he content himself with merely giving us his own views ; he frequently shows how others have thought and written on the same subject, leaving the reader to give the preference to such opinions as he thinks best. It is chiefly for the same reason that the French version of Madame Dacier is so highly esteemed, although there is no English translation except Cowper's which is so faithful to the original. Even Mumford, supposed to be the least learned of all the recent translators of Homer, has given us some excellent notes, and many of them are of such a character that they could not have been written without a knowledge of the genius of the Greek language ; whereas the truth is that there is not a line in the two portly volumes before us which could not have been written with the aid of other translations without the least acquaintance with the original.

But we do not wish our readers to accept our estimate or opinion of any work if we cannot show that it is founded in truth and justice. Before we give any specimen of lord Derby's translation, let us enquire briefly what his lordship had done before he undertook it from which the public had any reason to expect that he would succeed in a literary work of such magnitude, one in which so many authors, emi-

nently successful in other departments, had failed. Did he produce anything above mediocrity even in prose? His warmest admirers cannot pretend that he did. He had, indeed, established a good reputation as a parliamentary debator; if not an eloquent orator, he is at least a fluent and effective speaker. We have ourselves heard his speeches in both houses of parliament, and few have pleased us better. We cheerfully admit, also, that he has many of the qualities of a statesman; nor do we know anything in his private character which, in our opinion, ought to prejudice any critic against him. But need we say that one may be both an orator and a statesman of the first rank, an excellent prose writer, and a most agreeable companion and friend, and yet be but an indifferent translator of Homer? Be this as it may, no one who has undertaken the task has more forcibly reminded us of the well-known couplet of Denham than his lordship :

"Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,  
That few, but those who cannot write, translate."

If Homer is not so easily translated, as many pretend, because he is always natural and unaffected, it is not the less true that those qualities enable us to form a more accurate estimate of any translation of his works than would be otherwise possible. It is often said that public taste is changeable; that what are deemed beauties now, may be regarded as defects in a few years hence; nor can the fact be denied. But it is false taste that is thus variable; cultivated taste is substantially the same in all ages and countries. Hence it is, that, while a particular author may be enthusiastically admired in one country or age, he may be despised in another. Every enlightened nation has its own favorite author, and wonders why he is not equally a favorite with others. In proportion as he possesses genius and is true to nature, he is admired by foreigners. But be it remembered that even the great Shakespeare commands but a moderate share of admiration in other countries, for he is very different in French, Italian, or German, from what he is in English. Let those who are unwilling to admit this bear in mind how little Goethe is read in this country, although his own countrymen admire him quite as much as we do Shakespeare. The same remark may be applied with still more force to Corneille and Molière, Camœns and De Vega. Nay, how few are there among us who read even Dante or Tasso?

All these are admired by their own countrymen, much more, however, in one age than in another; but Homer has been admired in all countries and in all ages. Those who agree in nothing else are unanimous in regarding him as the Prince of poets, and accordingly his works are received as models in the highest educational institutions of all countries. As the cause of truth as well as education requires that taste should be considered not as a thing capable of changing with the moon, but as the result of unalterable laws—a principle as unchangeable as truth itself—we may remark in passing that there is similar unanimity in regard to Demosthenes as an orator, Thucydides as an historian, and Longinus as a critic.

Nor is this universality of appreciation confined to poetry, history, and oratory; it applies with equal force to the fine arts, including architecture. Thus, however much the Italians, the French, the English, and the Germans have differed during the last thousand years on what constitutes beauty in art or architecture, all are *d'accord* in regarding the specimens left us by the artists of Greece—sadly mutilated as they are in most cases, and tarnished by the dust of more than a score of centuries—as models worthy the imitation of all. It need hardly be said that, when all agree as to the merits of a particular work, it will be much easier to determine whether any attempted imitation of it is successful or not than if it were one of the opposite character, such, for example, as that of Hesiod, which is generally considered to possess quite as many defects as beauties.

The first line of his lordship's version may well warn the student of Homer that he has not much to expect in that quarter, for it is nothing more nor less than an indifferent specimen of inverted prose; at the same time it is word for word the same as the first line of Mumford's, as follows:

"Of Pelius' son, Achilles, sing, O Muse."

This is rather a singular coincidence, although there are many such in the new version. The few competent judges who have taken the trouble of examining Mumford's translation when it was first published utterly condemned it as one of the worst; but we fear that if the same will read Lord Derby's they will have to pass a still more severe sentence upon it. We transcribe another line and a half in continuation:

"The *vengeance deep and deadly*; whence to Greece  
Unnumbered ills arose."

Now, in the original there is not a word about "vengeance" either "deep" or "deadly," but the "pernicious wrath" ( *ὀυλομένην μῆνιν* ) which forms the subject of the whole poem ; and it will be admitted that if particular pains ought to be taken with any part, in order that it might be correct, it should be with the statement of the poet's design. Mumford has borne this in mind much better than Derby, for the former translates as follows :

"The direful wrath which sorrows numberless  
Brought on the Greeks."

This is much nearer the original than his lordship's version, although neither is good or even tolerable. Too often, indeed, Pope's Homer is but a paraphrase ; more frequently, however, he gives much more of the Homeric expression than Derby, and he does so in the present instance :

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddess, sing !"

This sets forth the idea of Homer accurately enough, and it is poetical withal, though greatly inferior in that respect to the original. Sotheby's version is more literal than Pope's, but not so poetical ; it is as follows :

"Sing, Muse ! Pelides' wrath, whence woes and woes  
O'er the Achæans' gather'd host arose."

It matters little what other passage we take up, comparing different versions of it with each other ; in nine cases out of ten his lordship's is at once the least poetical and least faithful to the original. Nor need we turn the second leaf for an example. The first important passage is the reply of Agamemnon to Chryses, the priest of Apollo, who comes to implore the liberation of his daughter for the large ransom which he is willing to pay for her. According to the interpretation of his lordship, the son of Atreus replies thus :

"Her I release not till her youth *be fled* ;  
Within *my* walls, in Argos, far from home,  
*Her lot is cast*, domestic cares to ply  
And share a *master's* bed. For thee, begone !  
Incense me not lest ill betide thee now."—i. 36-40.

So far as the gallantry of Agamemnon is concerned, which is the principal point in this passage, nothing could be more at variance with the spirit and obvious meaning of the original. In the whole Iliad there is nothing clearer than

the language of Homer in this instance. Nothing to justify the use of any such term as "master" is used in the original. The poet does not say "in *my* walls," as his translator does, nor "in *my* house," but "in *our* house," (*ἡμετέρῳ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ*). He uses the plural because it is his intention to treat her as his wife. Had he meant to say "my" he would have done so, as he actually has in the following line, where he speaks of her as participating of his bed—*ἐμὸν λέχος*, (my bed). Had it not been sufficiently evident from this that Agamemnon did not mean to treat Chryseis as an ordinary mistress, much less to call himself her "master," as if she were a common servant, all doubt on this subject would have been set aside by the language which he applies to her on subsequent occasions. Thus, for example, according to his lordship's own rendering, the hero represents Chryseis as equal to his wife Clytemnestra, both in mind and body, and not less dear to him :

"To me *not less* than Clytemnestra dear,  
My virgin wedded wife; nor less adorn'd  
In gifts of form, of feature, or of mind."—i. 133.

This is by no means as strong language as that of the original. What the latter plainly says is that he *prefers* Chryseis to Clytemnestra :

"Καὶ γὰρ ῥά Κλυταμνήστρης Προβέβουλα κουριδὴς  
ἀλόχου."—i. 113, 114.

Here, too, Pope is much nearer the original, and vastly more poetical :

"A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,  
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.  
Not *half so dear* were Clytemnestra's charms,  
When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms."

Madame Dacier, while denying that *αντιόωσαν*, as applied to *λέχος* (bed), means partaking, lest it might excite indelicate ideas in the reader, and maintaining that Agamemnon only meant that Chryseis should *make* his bed, admits the full force of his preference, and severely censures him for his lack of prudence. Bishop Eustathius, one of the best illustrators of Homer, tries to soften down the same word for the same reason ; but neither makes Agamemnon speak in the arrogant, ungallant style of Lord Derby ; nor, indeed, does any other translator whose version is worth quoting. But Homer has afforded us still more conclusive proof, if possible, that Agamemnon was not the ruthless enslaver of woman that he



is represented. Briseis, whom he forced from Achilles, was at least as beautiful as Chryseis; yet, when a reconciliation takes place between himself and that hero, he solemnly swears that he never had carnal intercourse with her.\* That he was passionately fond of her he did not deny, but although he does not compare her mental or physical charms to those of Clytemnestra, he respected her too much to use any violence for the purpose of enjoying her charms. Now be it remembered that he treated Achilles in the most defiant manner when he forced Briseis from his custody; and when under such circumstances he treated the latter not as a servant or mistress, but as a guest, is it likely that he designed to degrade Chryseis, as represented by Lord Derby?

Pope is rather indelicate in his version of the hero's reply to the lady's father; and he has been too closely imitated in that respect by Sotheby. As Mumford is the translator whose style that of his lordship most generally resembles, we transcribe the passage as rendered by the former, only promising that it would have been well had he been copied, even word for word, in this instance, as he seems to have been on other occasions:

"I will not her relinquish, till old age  
 Invade her, *duelling in our royal house*  
 At Argos, from her natal shore remote:  
 There, with her shuttle at the loom employ'd,  
 By day, the partner of my bed by night."

But we shall find his lordship little more faithful or reliable in any other passage we turn to, except it be in a speech. It is worthy of remark that as he is a pretty good orator, so does he make a very good attempt at translating some of the many fine speeches in Homer; and he is most successful in those to which his own style makes the nearest approach, for it is incredible to those not familiar with the subject, how many different styles are contained in the *Iliad*—styles, too, which the best writers on oratory, including Quintilian† and

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\* His lordship's own version of the oath is as follows:

"These will I give; and with them will I send  
 The fair Briseis, her whom from his tent  
 I bore away; and add a solemn oath,  
 I ne'er approach'd her bed, nor with her  
 Such intercourse as man with woman holds."—ix. 152-156.

† Igitur, ut Aratus ab Jove incipiendum putat, ita nos rite coepturi ab *Homero* videmur. Hic enim quemadmodum ex oceano dicit ipse omnium vim fontiumque cursus initium capere, *omnibus eloquentie partibus exemplum et orum dedit*. Hunc nemo in magnis rebus sublimitate, in parvis proprietate superaverit.

Cicero, have regarded as models. As it not only affords us much pleasure to apply the language of approbation to Lord Derby, whenever we think he deserves it, but, indeed, a good deal more, we will give specimens before we close of one or two of his Homeric speeches, with the view of showing how much they excel his descriptions and other various parts of the *Iliad*, whose chief attractions in the original consist in their poetry and beauty. But we must first compare him more extensively with other translators; as for comparing him with Homer, we might as well attempt a comparison between the owl and the nightingale.

Now we turn to the first remarkable description that comes to our memory, that of Achilles approaching Hector, while the latter is soliloquizing on the probable fate of Troy. Nothing could be tamer, it will be seen, than his lordship's version of this celebrated passage:

“Thus as he stood, he mus’d; but near approach’d  
 Achilles, terrible as plum’d Mars;  
 From his right shoulder brandishing aloft  
 The ashen spear of Peleus, while around  
 Flash’d his bright armor, dazzling as the glare  
 Of burning fire, or of the rising sun.  
 Fear at the sight on valiant Hector seized;  
 Nor dar’d he there await th’ attack, but left  
 The gates behind, and terror-stricken, fled,  
 Forward, with eager step, Pelides rush’d,  
 As when a falcon, bird of swiftest flight,  
 From some high mountain-top, on tim’rous dove  
 Swoops fiercely down; she, from beneath, in fear,  
 Evades the stroke; he, dashing through the brake,  
 Shrill-shrieking, pounces on his destin’d prey;  
 So, wing’d with desp’rate hate, Achilles flew,  
 So Hector, flying from his keen pursuit,  
 Beneath the walls his active sinews plied.  
 They by the watch-tow’r, and beneath the wall  
 Where stood the wind-beat fig-tree, rac’d amain  
 Along the carriage road, until they reach’d  
 The fairly-flowing fount whence issu’d forth,  
 From double source, Scamander’s eddying streams.  
 One with hot current flows, and from beneath,  
 As from a furnace, clouds of steam arise;

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*Idem lætus ac pressus, jucundus et gravis, tum copia, tum brevitate mirabilis; nec poetica modo, sed oratoria virtute eminentissimus.* (As Aratus, then, thinks that we ought to begin with Jupiter, so I think that I shall very properly commence with *Homer*; for, as he says, that the *might of rivers and the courses of springs take their rise from the ocean*, so has he himself given a model and an origin for every species of eloquence. No one has excelled him in sublimity on great subjects, no one in propriety in small. He is at once copious and concise, pleasing and forcible; admirable at one time for exuberance, and at another for brevity; eminent not only for poetic, but also for oratorical excellence.)—*De Institutione Oratoria*, lib. xc. l. s. 46.

'Mid summer's heat the other rises cold  
 As hail, or snow, or water crystallized;  
 Beside the fountains the washing-troughs  
 Of well-wrought stone, where erst the wives of Troy  
 And daughters fair their choicest garments wash'd,  
 In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece.  
 There rac'd they, one in flight, and one pursuing;  
 Good he who fled, but better who pursu'd,  
 With fiery speed; for on that race was stak'd  
 No common victim, no ignoble ox:  
 The prize at stake was mighty Hector's life."—xxii. 155-191.

Mumford has done vastly better than this, or rather he has not done near so badly. We do not feel justified, however, in occupying our space just now with his rendering. We prefer to make room for the version of Pope, which, although it gives but a very feeble idea of the startling vividness and grandeur of the original, is highly poetical, and well calculated to strike the imagination.

"Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh,  
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;  
 The Pelian javelin in his better hand  
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;  
 And on his breast the beamy splendors shone,  
 Like Jove's own lightning or the rising sun.  
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,  
 Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies;  
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:  
 Achilles follows like the winged wind.  
 Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies  
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies):  
 Just when he holds or thinks he holds his prey,  
 Obliquely wheeling through the aerial way;  
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,  
 And aims his claws and shoots upon his wings:  
 No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,  
 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;  
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,  
 Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;  
 Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad  
 (A wider compass), smoke along the road.  
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound,  
 Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;  
 This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,  
 With exhalations steaming to the skies;  
 That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,  
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.  
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,  
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;  
 Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarmed by Greece)  
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.  
 By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight  
 (The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might),  
 Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,

No vulgar victor must reward the day  
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife);  
 The prize contended was great Hector's life."—xxii, 173, *et seq.*

It requires no knowledge of the original to see how vastly superior this is to the version of Lord Derby; but let the reader who is familiar with Greek, compare both to the language and poetry of Homer, and then say whether his lordship should not feel a little mortified at having undertaken a task which is so evidently above his powers. Thus, he renders *σειαν* "brandishing," *χαλκός* "ashen spear;" the simple word *καπνός* (vapor, or exhalation) he calls "clouds of steam," &c. Sotheby, who in general is more literal than Pope, but more prone to commit serious blunders, and not so poetical, commences the same passage as follows:

"Then firm remained, while tow'ring on his view,  
 Nigh grim-like Mars, in war, Achilles drew,  
 And o'er his shoulder vibrated on high  
 The Pelian lance, that flashed on Hector's eye,  
 Bright beamed his armor, like the lightning's blaze,  
 The fire flame, or the sun's ascending rays, &c."

Still less successful is his lordship in rendering the poet's description of the shield of Achilles. The merest tyro in translating could hardly attempt a rendering of this without giving some idea of the splendor of the original; nor has Lord Derby altogether failed to do so. Had we no other version of that renowned passage but his, and no knowledge of the original, we should set a high value upon it, the same as we would give almost anything for even an indifferent portrait of the deceased friend who is dear to us, rather than be without any. But we let the reader judge for himself:

"And first a shield he fashion'd, vast and strong,  
 With rich adornment; circled with a rim,  
 Threefold, bright-gleaming, whence a silver belt  
 Depended; of five folds the shield was form'd;  
 And on its surface many a rare design  
 Of curious art his practis'd skill had wrought.  
 Thereon were figur'd earth, and sky, and sea,  
 The ever-circling sun, and full-orb'd moon,  
 And all the signs that crown the vault of Heav'n;  
 Pleiads, and Hyads, and Orion's might,  
 And Arctos, call'd the Wain, who wheels on high  
 His circling course, and on Orion waits,  
 Sole star that never bathes in th' ocean wave.

And two fair populous towns were sculptur'd there;  
 In one were marriage, pomp, revelry,  
 And brides, in gay procession, through the streets,  
 With blazing torches from their chambers borne,  
 While frequent rose the hymeneal song.

Youths whirl'd around in joyous dance, with sound  
Of flute and harp, and, standing at their doors,  
Admiring women on the pageant gaz'd.

Meanwhile a busy throng the forum fill'd :  
There, between two, a fierce contention rose,  
About a death fine; to the public one  
Appeal'd, asserting to have paid the whole ;  
While one denied that he had aught received.  
Both were desirous that before the judge  
The issue should be tried ; with noisy shouts  
The sev'ral partisans encouraged each.  
The heralds still'd the tumult of the crowd :  
On polish'd chairs, in solemn circle, sat  
The rev'rend elders ; in their hands they held  
The loud-voic'd heralds' sceptres ; waving these,  
They heard th' alternate pleadings ; in the midst  
Two talents lay of gold, which he should take  
Who should before them prove his righteous cause."

—xviii. 538, *et seq.*

For the satisfaction of those unacquainted with the original, we transcribe Pope's version of the same passage, asking those who can conveniently do so to compare the versions of Sotheby and Mumford also with that of his lordship :

" Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield ;  
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field ;  
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound ;  
A silver chain suspends the massy round ;  
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,  
And god-like labors on the surface rose.  
There shone the image of the master-mind :  
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean, he design'd ;  
Th' unweary'd sun, the moon completely round ;  
The starry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd ;  
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the Northern Team ;  
And great Orion's more refulgent beam ;  
To which, around the axle of the sky,  
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,  
Still shines exalted on th' ethereal plain.  
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,  
The image one of peace, and one of war.  
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,  
And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite !  
Along the street the new-made brides are led,  
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed :  
The youthful dancers in a circle bound  
To the soft flute and cittern's silver sound :  
Thro' the fair streets, the matrons in a row  
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.  
There, in the forum swarm a num'rous train,  
The subject of debate a townsman slain :  
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,  
And bade the public and the laws decide :

The witness is produc'd on either hand :  
 For this, or that, the partial people stand :  
 Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,  
 And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands ;  
 On seats of stone, within the sacred place,  
 The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the case ;  
 Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,  
 And, rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.  
 Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,  
 The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right."

We think it all the more strange that Lord Derby has not done better in this passage, because it does not require poetic talent on the part of the translator so much as a thorough knowledge of the original, and a complete mastery of the descriptive resources of the vernacular. We have had our doubts, since we took up the volumes before us, whether Lord Derby possesses the former qualification, although previously we had always regarded him as an accomplished scholar ; but there can be no doubt of his command of the Anglo-Saxon. At all events, if his version be compared with the original, it will be seen that he is wanting in one qualification or the other ; and we think it more agreeable, as well as nearer the truth, to conclude that he has forgotten much of his Greek rather than that he has never made himself sufficiently acquainted with the mother tongue ; especially as he refrains from making any effort to show, even by implication, that he has a critical knowledge of the Homeric language.

But let us compare a word or two of his with the corresponding words in the original, and see whether the former convey the same ideas as those so clearly and eloquently expressed by the latter, for we hold that it is important that this fact should be known. Independently of the injury done to the cause of sound literature, and consequently to the public taste, by misrepresenting the ideas of a great writer to those who have no means of ascertaining the truth, it is well known that there is scarcely any literary institution, however high its standard of learning, or however vigilant and faithful are its professors, whose students do not use translations to a greater or less extent in preparing their classicat exercises. We do not, indeed, think that many will consull his lordship's translation for this purpose, except his personal friends and admirers ; but a few will make use of every work of the kind for which a printer and publisher have been found, no matter how.

Now, let us suppose that a student takes up Derby's

description of the shield of Achilles, as a means of helping him to understand that of Homer. He goes to the first line we have copied and finds that μέγα is represented by "vast," and στιβαρον by "strong;" whereas one simply means "large" or "immense," and the other "solid," the corresponding Latin terms being *magnum* and *solidum* respectively. Still worse is the second line, in which the sonorous and graphic Homeric expression πάντοσε δαιδάλλον is represented by "with rich adornment;" "circled with a rim," in the same line, is all we have for περὶ δ' ἄντυγα.

If we pass on to another paragraph, we shall find pretty much the same state of things; as, for example where the beautiful and graphic expression, Ἡελίον τ' ἀνάμναια (the unwearied sun) is rendered by "the ever-circling sun." In describing the contention in the forum, Lord Derby announces the cause as "about a death fine," without giving the reader the least intimation of the important fact that a man has been slain, which is clearly and prominently set forth in the original by the words ἀνδρὸς ἀποθουμένου. No argument is necessary to show that "about a death" might mean the death of a horse, a cat, or a dog, which would be a somewhat different thing from the death of a man.

Much as Pope is censured for his want of fidelity to the original, he never makes so important an omission as this: it will be seen, from the passage we have transcribed above from his version, that he gives the subject of debate as "a townsman slain." We have had the curiosity to turn to Mumford's version to see whether his lordship has taken him for his guide in this case, as he seems to have done in others, and we find that the resemblance between the Virginian democrat and the ex-premier of England is, as usual, very close; but the former is undoubtedly nearer to the original than the latter, since, if he also omits to give the term man, he uses that of "murder" instead of "death," as follows:

"But in the forum'swarm'd a busy crowd,  
Two men contended there; one claimed a fine  
For murder due; the other solemnly  
Averr'd, before the people, all was paid."

We give one more famous passage from the twenty-second book, that in which the venerable Priam tries to dissuade his son Hector from engaging the terrible Achilles, whom he sees advancing furiously, eager for his blood. Strictly speaking, this is not a speech, but a conversational

appeal; but his lordship has fine conversational as well as oratorical powers; accordingly he succeeds much better in this passage than in any one we have yet copied, and yet not so well as he does in some of the formal orations in the ninth book. If he had rendered all as well as this passage, none would have been better pleased than we, or more ready to render him all the credit that was due him. The poet first describes, in his own inimitable way, the sight Achilles presented to Priam, and then proceeds to describe its effect. The following is Lord Derby's version:

“Then wept the sage  
The old man groan'd aloud, and lifting high  
His hands, he beat his head, and with loud voice  
Call'd on his son, imploring; he, unmov'd,  
Held post before the gates, awaiting there  
Achilles' fierce encounter; him, his sire,  
With hands outstretch'd and piteous tone, address'd:  
‘Hector, my son, await not here alone  
That warrior's charge, lest thou to fate succumb,  
Beneath Pelides' arm, thy better far!  
Accurs'd be he! would that th' immortal gods  
So favour'd him as I! then should his corpse  
Soon to the vultures and the dogs be giv'n!  
(So should my heart a load of anguish lose,  
By whom am I of many sons bereav'd,  
Many and brave, whom he has slain or sold  
To distant isles in slav'ry; and e'en now,  
Within the city wall I look in vain  
For two, Ilyeon brave, and Polydore,  
My gallant sons by fair Laothoë:  
If haply yet they live with brass and gold  
Their ransom shall be paid: good store of these  
We can command; for with his daughter fair  
A wealthy dow'ry aged Atles gave.  
But to the viewless shades should they have gone,  
Deep were their mother's sorrow and my own;  
But of the gen'ral public, well I know  
Far lighter were the grief, than if they heard  
That thou had'st fall'n beneath Achilles' hand.  
Then enter now, my son, the city gates,  
And of the women and the men of Troy  
Be still the guardian; nor to Peicus' son,  
With thine own life immortal glory give.  
Look on me with pity; me, on whom,  
Ev'n on the threshold of mine age, hath Jove  
A bitter burthen cast, condemn'd to see  
My sons destroy'd, my daughters dragg'd away  
In servile bonds; our chamber's sanctity  
Invaded; and our babes by hostile hands  
Dash'd to the ground; and by ferocious Greeks  
Enslav'd the widows of my slaughter'd sons.  
On me at last the rav'ning dogs shall feed,  
When by some foeman's hand, by sword or lance,



My soul shall from my body be divorc'd ;  
 Those dogs which I myself have bred,  
 Fed at my table, guardians of my gate,  
 Shall lap my blood, and overgorg'd shall lie<sup>a</sup>  
 Ev'n on my threshold. That the young shall fall  
 Victim to Mars, beneath a foeman's spear,  
 Is only natural ; and if he fall  
 With honor, though he die, yet glorious he !  
 But when the hoary head, and hoary beard,  
 And naked corpse to rav'ning dogs are giv'n,  
 No sadder sight can wretched mortal see."—xxii., 38-90.

It will be seen that, although this is much better, as we have said, than any of his lordship's descriptions, it is far inferior to Pope's version, and we may add that it is far less faithful to the original :

" He strikes his reverend head, now white with age ;  
 He lifts his wither'd arms ; obtests the skies ;  
 He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries.  
 The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,  
 Full at the Scæan gates expects the war ;  
 While the sad father on the rampart stands  
 And thus adjures him with extended hands :  
 Ah, stay not, stay not ! guardless and alone ;  
 Hector ! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son !  
 Methinks already I behold thee slain,  
 And stretched beneath that fury of the plain.  
 Implaceable Achilles ! might'st thou be  
 To all the gods no dearer than to me !  
 Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,  
 And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.  
 How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,  
 Valiant in vain ! by thy curst arm destroy'd :  
 Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles  
 To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.  
 Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,  
 Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,  
 And, lov'd Lycaon ; now perhaps no more !  
 Oh ! if in yonder hostile camp they live,  
 What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give ?  
 (Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own.  
 Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne)  
 But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost,  
 All pale they wander on the Stygian coast ;  
 What sorrows then must their sad mother know,  
 What anguish I ? unutterable woe !  
 Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,  
 Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.  
 Yet shun Achilles ! enter the wall :  
 And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all !  
 Save thy dear life ; or if a soul so brave  
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.  
 Pity, while yet I live, those silver hairs,  
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,  
 Yet curs'd with sense ! a wretch whom, in his rage

(All trembling on the verge of helpless age),  
 Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!  
 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain;  
 To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,  
 And number all his days by miseries!  
 My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd  
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,  
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;  
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!  
 Perhaps even I, reserved by angry Fate,  
 The last sad relic of my ruin'd state  
 (Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness!) must fall,  
 And stain the pavement of my regal hall;  
 Where famished dogs, late guardians of my door,  
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.  
 Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods! 'twas well;  
 Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.  
 Who dies in youth and vigor dies the best  
 Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast;  
 But when the Fates, in fulness of their rage,  
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,  
 In dust the reverend lineaments deform,  
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm.  
 This, this is misery! the last, the worst,  
 That man can feel; man fated to be curst!"

We will now transcribe his lordship's version of one of the Homeric speeches, selecting the deliberative kind as that in which he is most successful himself as a parliamentary orator. The best specimens in the *Iliad* are the orations of Ulysses, Phœnix, and Ajax, when sent by Agamemnon as ambassadors to Achilles for the purpose of moving the latter to a reconciliation with the former. Each of the three ambassadors makes a speech to Achilles, and receives a reply from the hero. No three orations ever delivered on the same subject are more unlike; yet it is difficult to say which is the best; which is constructed with most art; which is most persuasive; or which is best calculated to disarm resentment. Not a superfluous expression is made by any of the ambassadors; not one which the circumstances do not seem to require. Nor is there anything omitted, the use of which the most accomplished orator might suggest as arising from any of the circumstances under which the embassy was sent, or as likely to prove so effectual, as what has been given by the poet. Because Ulysses has more wisdom than either Phœnix or Ajax, he not only speaks first, but also at greatest length; he introduces a large variety of arguments, each arranged with the skill of an accomplished artist, and yet without the least appearance of art. First, he compliments Achilles; then reminds him, as it were

incidentally, of former agreeable scenes in the tent of Agamemnon; then of his slaughtered countrymen; then of the danger that threatens the whole army of the Greeks; then of the advice of his father Peleus; then of the regret of Agamemnon for having offended him, and of his wish to make all reparation in his power, &c. After the ambassadors have partaken of the hospitalities of the hero, Ulysses addresses him as follows:

"To thee I drink,

Achilles! nobly is thy table spread,  
 As heretofore in Agamemnon's tent,  
 So now in thine; abundant is the feast:  
 But not the pleasures of the banquet now  
 We have in hand: impending o'er our arms  
 Grave cause of fear, illustrious chief, we see;  
 Grave doubts, to save, or see destroy'd our ships,  
 If thou, great warrior, put not forth thy might.  
 For close beside the ships and wall are camp'd  
 The haughty Trojans and renown'd allies:  
 Their watch-fires frequent burn throughout the camp;  
 And loud their boast that naught shall stay their hands  
 Until our dark-ribb'd ships be made their prey.  
 Jove too for them, with fav'ring augury  
 Sends forth his lightning; boastful of his strength,  
 And firmly trusting in the aid of Jove,  
 Hector, resistless, rages; naught he fears  
 Or God or man, with martial fury fir'd.  
 He prays, impatient, for th' approach of morn;  
 Then, breaking through the lofty sterns, resolv'd  
 To the devouring flames to give the ships,  
 And slay the crews, bewilder'd in the smoke.  
 And much my mind misgives me, lest the gods  
 His threats fulfil, and we be fated here  
 To perish, far from Argos' grassy plains.  
 Up, then! if in their last extremity  
 Thy spirit inclines, though late, to save the Greeks  
 Sore press'd by Trojan arms: lest thou thyself  
 Hereafter feel remorse; the evil done  
 Is past all cure; then thou reflect betimes  
 How from the Greeks to ward the day of doom.  
 Dear friend, remember now thy father's words,  
 The aged Peleus, when to Atreus' so  
 He sent thee forth from Phthia, how he said,  
 'My son, the boon of strength, if so they will,  
 Juno or Pallas have the power to give;  
 But thou thyself thy haughty spirit must curb,  
 For better far is gentle courtesy:  
 And cease from angry strife, that so the Greeks  
 The more may honor thee, both young and old.'  
 Such were the words thine aged father spoke,  
 Which thou hast now forgotten; yet, ev'n now,  
 Pause for awhile, and let thine anger cool;  
 And noble gifts, so thou thy wrath remit,  
 From Agamemnon shalt thou bear away.  
 Listen to me, while I recount the gifts  
 Which in his tent he pledg'd him to bestow."—ix., 267-314.

This, as we have said, is a very good speech in Lord Derby's version, although his lordship has allowed the poetry to evaporate. The address of Ulysses does not end here; he now proceeds to describe the splendid gifts which Agamemnon is anxious to bestow on Achilles, and his lordship has no faculty for poetical description. Even the beautiful Lesbians make but a sorry figure at his hands, thus :

"Sev'n women too, well skill'd in household cares,  
Lesbians, whom he select'd for himself,  
That day thou captur'dst Lesbos' goodly isle,  
In beauty far surpassing all their sex."

There is no poetry in this; let us compare with it the four lines of Pope :

"Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,  
Skilled in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,  
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms  
When Lesbos sank beneath thy conquering arms."

But it is in the pathetic his lordship fails most. In proof of this we refer any intelligent reader to his attempts in this department; no matter what form they assume, whether that of a speech or discussion. Compare his rendering of the celebrated appeal of Andromache to Hector, the speech of Patroclus to Achilles, or that of Priam to the same hero, with the versions of Pope of the same. We transcribe as a specimen the lamentation of Briseis for Patroclus, subjoining Pope's rendering of the same :

"Patroclus, dearly lov'd of this sad heart!  
When last I left this tent, I left thee full  
Of lusty life; returning now, I find  
Only thy lifeless corpee, thou Prince of men!  
So sorrow still, on sorrow heap'd I bear.  
The husband of my youth, to whom my sire  
And honor'd mother gave me, I beheld  
Slain with the sword before the city walls:  
Three brothers, whom with me one mother bore,  
My dearly lov'd ones, all were doom'd to death:  
Nor wouldst thou, when Achilles, swift of foot,  
My husband slew, and royal Mynes' town  
In ruin laid, allow my tears to flow;  
But thou wouldst make me (such was still thy speech)  
The wedded wife of Peleus' godlike son:  
Thou wouldst to Phthia bear me in thy ship,  
And there, thyself, amid the Myrmidons,  
Wouldst give my marriage feast; then unconsol'd,  
I weep thy death, my ever-gentle friend!"

In this there is little pathos—scarcely any of the tenderness of the original. It is otherwise with Pope's version.

Perhaps no other passage we could have selected would give a more correct idea of the difference between a true poet and one who is no poet, as a translator of Homer, although almost any of the other pathetic speeches to which we have alluded lay a deeper and more enduring hold on our sympathies.

"Ah youth for ever dear, for ever kind,  
 Once tender friend of my distracted mind!  
 I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay;  
 Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!  
 What woes my wretched race of life attend?  
 Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!  
 The first lov'd comfort of my virgin bed  
 Before these eyes in fatal battle bled:  
 My three brave brothers in one mournful day,  
 All trod the dark, irremeable way:  
 Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain;  
 And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain;  
 Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove,  
 The first, the dearest partner of his love;  
 That rites divine should ratify the band,  
 And make me empress in his native land.  
 Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,  
 For thee, that ever felt another's woe!"—*Il.*, xix., 303-320.

But we find that our space is exhausted, and can give no more specimens. We would, however, advise the reader to extend his examination; for, if he would not profit much by reading his lordship's version, but rather run the risk of being led by it to form a false estimate of Homer's style, he would lose nothing in this way for which he would not be fully indemnified in comparing the different versions with each other. He would, at least, be able to form an idea of the structure of the *Iliad*, and the marvellous variety of its materials. At first sight this might seem an easy task, but there are few more difficult; although the most thoughtless cannot read Homer without finding beauties in every page, no poet is understood by so small a number. Thus, for example, the wrath of Achilles seems an absurd thing to the casual observer as the subject of a poem; but there is a deep moral in it, namely, that concord among governors is the preservation of states, and that discord is the ruin of them. Even the episodes contribute to develop this idea; and how full of beauty the most incredible of them are at the same time! still more forcibly does that remark apply to the allegorical fables; such, for example, as Discord cast out of heaven to earth; (\*) Love alluring and extinguishing Honor;† Prudence restraining Pas-

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o xix., 93.

† iii., 460.

sion, represented in the machine of Minerva descending to calm Achilles: \* Nor is there a speech or expression in the whole poem whose tendency was in any manner objectionable when it was written which is not censured as such, directly or indirectly, by the poet. Thus we have often heard it objected to the Iliad that it is all in glorification of war and bloodshed; but in no other work, sacred or profane, is war more strongly condemned. Perhaps we cannot more appropriately conclude this article than by quoting the words of the sage Nestor, as translated by Pope, in proof of this:

"Curs'd is the man and void of law and right,  
Unworthy property, unworthy light,  
Unfit for public rule or private care,  
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war:  
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,  
To tear his country, and his kind destroy."—II., xx., 87-92.

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- ART. II.—1. *Erinnerungen an Wilhelm von Humboldt*. Von GUSTAV SCHLESIER. 2 Theile. Stuttgart, 1843-1845.
2. *Wilhelm von Humboldt: Lebensbild und Charakteristik*. Von R. HAYM. Berlin, 1856.
3. *Wilhelm von Humboldt's gesammelte Werke*. Herausg. von CARL BRANDES. Vols. i-vii, 8vo. Berlin, 1841-1852.
4. *Über die Kawi-Sprache auf der Insel Java*. Von WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT. Herausg. von CARL BUSCHMANN. 3 vols., 4to. Berlin, 1836-1839.

AMONG those who have labored in the department of general linguistics and comparative philology, Wilhelm von Humboldt is one of the earliest and most successful. Commencing with the dawn of the century, his studies run parallel with those of William Schlegel, Raynouard, Grimm, Bopp; and if, on the one hand, he has accomplished less of specialty than most of his contemporaries, he has, on the other, extended his horizon far beyond them, and is, in fact, the first who ventured to elevate the science into a universal one. Inspired by this idea, he not only made his investigations, both geographically and historically, co-extensive with

the globe, but he also did not shun the labor of entering, with the spirit of true science, into the abstruser questions concerning the nature and origin of language, its relation to the human intelligence, to history, philosophy, civilization, and humanity, and has left us the outlines of a system which has made his name illustrious. It is true that more than one of his positions have been controverted, that he has been accused of inconsistency, of vagueness, and of mysticism, and that few of the more recent investigators are willing to accept him without qualification: but this does not destroy the intrinsic value of his contributions, and we apprehend but little contradiction in asserting that no works in this department can be produced that are more suggestive, and more worthy of attentive study. It is on this account, and for the benefit of the student, that we now propose, in the first place, to give a rapid sketch of the history and chronological order of his researches, and then to add as complete and clear an exposition of his system as our proposed limit will admit.

After having for many years indulged in the somewhat desultory, but none the less earnest and assiduous study of classical literature and antiquities, of theoretical as well as political philosophy and æsthetics, Humboldt at length began to feel the want of some central object for his intellectual activity, and one into which he might infuse the whole of its individuality and native force. Such an object presented itself to him in the science of linguistics, the outlines of which he happened to conceive towards the close of the last century. Near the end of the year 1799 we find him writing to the philologist Wolf, that it was then his plan to illustrate the theory of æsthetics with practical examples, and that for that purpose he had already studied the old French literature, and was then engaged in examining the Spanish. "But even more than by the study of literature," he says, "I am attracted by the study of language. I am inclined to think that hereafter I shall occupy myself with it much more exclusively, and that a thorough and philosophically conducted comparison of several languages is a task for which, after a few years of earnest application, my shoulders might perhaps grow equal."\*

The commencement of these new researches links itself to the accident of Humboldt's residence in Paris. It was there that, in the year 1800, his attention was attracted to the lan-

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\* Werke, vol. 5, p. 214.

guage of the primitive inhabitants of northern Spain, whose national peculiarities and history had already interested him some time before. And so rapid were his advances that by the autumn of that year he had already consulted all the works and manuscripts of the Royal Library in reference to his subject, which he dropped only to resume with new energy in the spring of the following year, while during the summer he spent several weeks in the Basque provinces of Spain and France, to search some of their archives for new material, and to complete his examinations by personal contact with the inhabitants themselves.\*

When, in 1802, he went as Prussian minister to Rome, his mind was at first occupied with the antiquities of the city, and with his translations from Æschylus and Pindar. But he had already advanced too far with his new science to forget it long or at all, and he soon returned to it, never to drop it again. "At bottom," says he to Wolf, "is everything I drive at, even my Pindar, study of language. I think I have discovered the art of using language as a vehicle for traversing the loftiest and profoundest spheres of human existence, and I find mirrored in it the multiplicity of the entire world."† To the study of the Basque he soon added researches into the origin and affinity of European languages in general; and when, on his return from the Western Continent, his brother Alexander made him a present of the ample materials on the American languages which he had collected there, his horizon extended itself still further, and already promised to embrace the entire globe. And for these studies Rome itself was really to some extent the centre of the world. There was the Propaganda, whose object, although avowedly ecclesiastical, was yet intimately linked to a knowledge of the languages, and of a great variety of them. Humboldt did not fail to turn the religious object to scientific account; and during his residence at Rome, the rich library of the Collegio Romano, with other valuable collections, opened to him treasures from which at a later date his industry and philosophical acumen eliminated the science of comparative philology.

Humboldt's linguistical career, commencing, as we have already seen, in 1799, extended itself throughout the whole of the remainder of his life, that is to say, until the year 1835. Its history presents to us three distinct periods, of

\* Haym's "Wilhelm von Humboldt," p. 201.

† *Werke*, vol. 5. Haym's "Wilhelm von Humboldt," pp. 240-242.



which the first comprises his researches into the Basque and the American languages; the second, those on the Sanscrit, the Chinese and the Egyptian hieroglyphics; and the last, those on the Malay languages of the Asiatic and Australian island-world, including, as the culmination of the whole, his justly celebrated dissertation on the structural differences of human speech, introductory to his great work on the old Kawi idiom of Java.

His first attempts proceeded from an ethnographico-historical point of view, and he himself confesses that he then looked upon the study of languages merely as "a science auxiliary to that of history and ethnography." It was in this sense that, in 1812, he published a prospectus of a monograph on the Basque tribe, in which he declared it his intention to examine into the manners, the language, and the history of that tribe, with a view to determine, if possible, the question as to whether it is to be considered as a separate body, or merely a remnant of a larger family of nations, and how in that event it should be classified.\* Of this monograph, however, nothing appeared except some fragments in one of his travelling sketches (*Reiseskizzen aus Biscaya*), until, in 1821, he at length came out with his "Examination of the Investigations concerning the Aboriginal Inhabitants of Spain, on the basis of the Basque Language,"† In this essay the author undertakes, through an analysis of the old Spanish names of places, to trace the earliest geographical distribution and history of the inhabitants of the Pyrenean peninsula, and professes his main object to be to invite other investigations relative to the primitive populations of the whole of western and southern Europe. From this ethnographical point of view Humboldt, however, soon departed, when, a few years after, at the request of Vater, he wrote his purely linguistic corrections and additions to Adelung's article on the Basque language in the "Mithridates,"‡ and when, in a sequel to the promised monograph, he contemplated a searching analysis of the unique idiom in question. The change became still more complete after he began to include the study of the Romanish and the American languages, with a view to a more general comparison. He now declared it his intention to apply a systematic and exhausting method to the analysis of one language, and then gradually to extend the

\* F. Schlegel's "Deutscher Museum," vol. 2 pp. 487 and 490. (No. 12.)

† Reprinted in *Werke*, vol. 2.

‡ Adelung's "Mithridates," vol. 4.

process to others, until they all might be arranged and classified in an immense universal encyclopedia of human speech. In this preliminary analysis of a particular language, his professed aim was "an intelligible exposition of all the individual parts of speech, their relation to each other and to the totality of language considered as a representative medium; and lastly, of the relation between this medium and the objects represented." In thus passing from one language to all of them, and from all of them to language or speech, as such, he not only arrived at a metaphysical conception of his subject, but he also gave his previous ethnographico-historical researches a broader and a deeper background than they had before. He had, in other words, now reached the philosophy of language, and the point at which it coincides with the philosophy of history. It is true that the details of his plan were as yet not entirely clear even to himself, and that on that account his language was often vague and mystical; but his fundamental idea was nevertheless already as correct as it was original and profound, and it was destined to gain clearness and consistency as he made new advances in his researches.

The second stadium of Humboldt's linguistical career commences with his inquiry into the Sanscrit. Up to the year 1812 he had taken but a distant interest in this language, and the American idioms, in addition to the Basque, had occupied his attention almost exclusively. But about the years 1814 and 1815 he began to look more closely into the East, and he soon became convinced of the paramount importance of the ancient sacred idiom of India to the new science in which he had enlisted. He commenced the study of the language, therefore, by devoting an entire year of leisure to it, and subsequently made renewed efforts to perfect himself in it. It could not be otherwise than that the character of this eastern mother idiom, should have at once led Humboldt to a profounder insight into the general nature of language, and to a clearer apprehension of its elements.

That this was really so, and that Humboldt made substantial advances in his new science, is manifest from several important contributions to the transactions of the Prussian Academy, of which he had become a member as early as 1810. In the first place, he read, in 1820, a dissertation "On the Comparative Study of Language, and its Relation to the Different Epochs of the Development of the Languages,"\*

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\* *Werke*, vol. 3, p. 269, *seq.*

in which he undertook to define the nature and aim of his study, and to vindicate its dignity and independence. This dissertation was followed by another in 1821, "On the Province of the Historian,"\* which, in spite of its title, was scarcely anything more than a preliminary to his linguistical researches; a generalized and independent development of that element of the science which approximates it closely to that of history. The third dissertation, read in 1822, exhibits a still more decided influence of the Sanscrit, and the importance of this language for the study of the philosophy of human speech. It was "On the Origin of the Grammatical Forms, and their Influence on the Development of our Ideas,"† an essay abounding in significant suggestions in reference to the historical growth, the internal structure and the general nature of human speech. These three dissertations may be looked upon as the first expansion and intensification of the views advanced but fragmentarily some years before in his prospectus relative to the Basque, and in the preface to his translation of the Agamemnon of Æschylus. They imparted to his studies a more philosophical direction, and led the way to more important and decisive results. For if to the English and the French be due the credit of having first brought the languages of the East to the knowledge of Europe, it was reserved for Humboldt to win Germany the honor of linking that knowledge to the ultimate and highest interest of man, and to transform it from ideal points of view into the order and consistency of a universal science.

But notwithstanding these advances, no one was more conscious than Humboldt himself of the insufficiency of the results, and of the necessity of a more extended examination of details in order to secure a safe basis for his theory. It is on this account that, when he found that the Chinese stood in contradiction to some of the general principles of his dissertations, he did not shun the labor of undertaking the study of this language likewise, and of comparing its peculiar characteristics with the results of his previous researches. It was then that the celebrated letter originated, addressed to Abel-Rémusat, *Sur la nature des formes grammaticales en général, et sur le génie de la langue Chinoise en particulier*: an essay in which his previously developed views concerning the nature of the grammatical forms, the origin, development, and general structure of language, are partly corrected, partly ex-

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\* Werke, vol. 1, p. 1, seq.

† Werke, vol. 3, p. 241, seq.

panded, or more clearly defined, with perpetual reference to the apparently abnormal and irregular character of the Asiatic idiom in question.

But there was still another point which yet awaited his attention. This was "The Nature of Writing, and its relation to Language in general." This subject suggested itself naturally to him from Champollion's new discoveries respecting the hieroglyphics, to the study of which he applied himself with great assiduity, and, in connection with it, also to the Coptic. That his researches in this direction, too, were as successful as they were earnest and profound, is manifest from several important dissertations, which he read before the Academy, chiefly during the years 1824 and 1825. They are entitled: "On the Phonetic Hieroglyphics of Champollion the Younger;" "On four Egyptian Lion-headed Statues;" "On the Relation between Writing and Speech;" and lastly, his incomplete paper, "On Alphabetic Writing, and its Connection with the Structure of Language."\*

We have now seen enough of Humboldt's proceeding to perceive that he aimed at nothing short of the universality and necessity of fundamental law in his linguistic studies. He could not, therefore, consider his position safe as long as there were other languages, or groups of them, to be examined, and compared with the results already obtained, in reference to a philosophical theory of speech. It was thus that, in 1827, he commenced a new series of researches; and this time they were directed to the group or groups extending from Sumatra to Easter Island, and from New Zealand to the Sandwich Islands; in other words, to the groups of the entire Asiatic and Australian island-world, in which he suspected the existence of a middle ground between the domains of the Hindu and the American languages. We thus find him already, in 1828, reading before the Academy an essay "On the Language of the South Sea Islanders," and between 1829 and 1831 applying himself with new zeal to the study of the Mexican.†

But he soon relinquished the American languages to younger investigators, to concentrate his attention within the limits of a narrower sphere, to the point where he suspected a contact between the civilization of the Hindus and

\* *Werke*, vol. 7, p. 294; and earlier separate edition, Paris, 1827. Its date is March, 1826.

† *Werke*, vol. 6, p. 483, *seq.*; vol. 4, p. 302, *seq.*; vol. 6, p. 426, *seq.*; vol. 6, p. 526, *seq.*

the members of the Malay group. Such a point of contact he found in the island of Java, in which there were manifest traces of Hindu influence, and where this influence culminated in the Kawi language, a peculiar, learned idiom, in its character and object similar to the Sanscrit.

The new study was soon attended with results, and he read an essay "On the Kawi Language" before the Academy as early as January, 1831. And so great an importance did he attach to this ancient idiom, as a point of departure for a more extended survey of the Malay group, that he resolved to subject both its grammatical and lexical elements to a minute analysis. His plan in doing so was, in the first place, to prove it to be the result of the epoch at which Hindu culture flourished on the island, and then, by an elimination of the Malay element, to make the latter the basis for an intended examination of the remaining idioms akin to it. It was to this study that Humboldt devoted the whole of the remainder of his life, and it gave rise to his great work "On the Kawi Language," the completion of which, however, he never lived to see, and which, as we have it now, was edited for the Academy by Bushmann, after the author's decease. The long and profoundly philosophical introduction to this work, however, as well as the portion of it which treats of the connection between India and Java, both of them have, fortunately for us, received the final touches of the author himself.\*

Before speaking of this\*introduction, which embodies all the results of Humboldt's researches in that direction, it is necessary to notice a few more minor treatises composed between the years 1827 and 1829, all of them relating to important points connected with the theory of speech. The first of them is a fragmentary dissertation "On the Dualis,"† read before the Academy in 1827, in which the method of his science is developed with a clearness and precision such as none of his previous writings ever exhibited, and in which the grammatical form in question is analysed in its most intimate connection with the nature of speech. The next is the no less remarkable and profound essay "On the Affinity between the Local Adverbs and the Pronoun in certain languages,"‡ in which the origin and function of the pronoun are

\* *Über die Kawi-Sprache auf der Insel Java.* 3 vols. Berlin, 1836-1839.

† *Werke*; vol vi., p. 562, *seq.*

‡ In the Academy's *Abhandlungen*, Berlin, 1830.

discussed, with illustrative examples from the Japanese, the Armenian, and the Tongish. In 1828, he read before the French Institute a dissertation "On the Affinity of the Pluperfect, the Reduplicating Aorist, and the Attic Perfect of the Greek, with the Tense-formation of the Sanscrit;"\* and the same year we find an English essay "On the best means of ascertaining the Affinities of Oriental Languages," addressed to Sir Alexander Johnston, and read before the Royal Asiatic Society of London on the 14th of June.† He had, in a similar manner, some time before, read an essay "On the Nature of the Verb," based upon observations on the American languages; and there are a number of other dissertations of a similar character which have thus far never appeared in type.

From all the documents which we have here enumerated it would not be difficult to construct a system of the philosophy of language as designed by Humboldt. But the author has exempted us from this labor by drawing the balance of the results of his immense researches, in the admirable introduction already spoken of, in which, with a profundity and acuteness rarely equalled, he discusses "The Structural Differences of Human Speech, and their Influence on the Intellectual Development of the Human Race."‡ Here, once more, he, as in fact in all his previous studies, links language and linguistics not merely to ethnography, but to the historical development of the race, to civilization, culture, and, in fine, to the highest problems connected with the nature of man. It is this introduction, therefore, which, in an attempt to expound Humboldt's system, shall have to form the main basis for our proceeding, while, at the same time, it will be our duty not to neglect such hints as we may be able to glean from the remaining portions of his writings already mentioned.

In this exposition of his system, Humboldt discusses the question concerning the origin, the definition, and the essential nature of language, the process of speech as exhibited in its constitutive elements, in articulation, the relation between thought and sound, the formation of roots, words, and grammatical forms, &c.; then, further, the organic principle and character of language, the idea of language, and the classifica-

\* Cf. *Werke*, vol. vi., p. 258; vol. vii., p. 352.

† *Werke*, vol. vi., p. 423.

‡ Reprinted in *Werke*, vol. vi., pp. 1-425. Original quarto edition, Berlin, 1836.

tion of languages ; and, finally, the development of language in history, and its relation to the latter. We shall now endeavor to give a brief outline of Humboldt's answers to all these questions.

The question concerning the origin of language is older than the time of Plato's *Cratylus*, from which we perceive that at that time it was current even among the sophists, and must have been so before them among the philosophers. It recurs again in Aristotle and his followers, and among the moderns in Bacon, Hobbes, Berkeley, Leibnitz, Spinoza, and the French materialists of the last century. All these philosophers agree in attributing a human origin to language, and they only differ in their method of accounting for it ; some making it a matter of necessity and invention, others the natural result of our physical and intellectual organization. Among the Germans, the empirical psychologists of the eighteenth century attempted a pragmatistical explanation, and like many of their predecessors, made human speech the result of arbitrary convention, while their opponents, the theologians, vindicated for it no less august an origin than a divine one, by claiming the Divinity himself as the first teacher of the human race. The latter of these hypotheses obtained very extensively, until the time of Herder, who supplanted it by investing its human origin with a profounder significance. According to him, language is neither so far above man that the Divinity should have been necessary to invent it for him, nor so far below man that the brute should have been able to invent it. It is the necessary and conjoint result of sensibility and reflection, both of them acting upon the basis of man's natural organization and of his connection with the external world. It is his reflection that has converted the sounds of nature into significant signs, and invested them with a human element ; and it is, again, his reflection which, in connection with feeling, has converted the forms and colors of the external world into sounds of speech.

Language is thus neither the inevitable product of mere physical organization, nor the mechanical manifestation of mere emotion, and least of all is it the result of arbitrary social convention ; but it originates in the depths of the conscious human soul, and constitutes the distinctive characteristic of our race *ab extra*, as reason does that from within.

Now, although Herder's theory was much more poetical than philosophical, Humboldt could yet scarcely do otherwise than follow in its traces, and develop more consistently



and profoundly what his predecessor had only indicated and invested with the garb of imagery. Humboldt's preparation for the question, however, was a much more thorough and extensive one than that of Herder. It was based not only on immense researches, but also on the no less earnest study of philosophy, more especially of the Critical System, and of the great poets Goëthe and Schiller, of both of whom he had been not only a reader, but one of the most eminent critics.

With Humboldt, therefore, the theory of a divine origin could no longer be a question, any more than the pragmat-ical or materialistic philosophical solutions by which he was preceded. In opposition to the notion of an "invention," he advances "that language could not be invented unless its type already pre-existed in the human intelligence;" "that man is man (*i. e.*, a human being) only in virtue of speech, and that consequently to invent speech he would already have to be man."\*

Humboldt is equally averse to the theory which derives language from the necessity of mutual assistance. "Speech," he says, "flows spontaneously, without any necessitation or even design, from the human breast. Man is essentially a singing being, but he links thoughts to his notes."† This explanation is substantially the same as that advanced in another passage, where he seeks the source of language in our "general capacity for speech," and designates it as the natural development of a faculty characterizing man as such.‡ And so far is he from making it the product of reflection or convention, that in another place he declares it "a veritable and inexplicable wonder that such a thing as a language should spring from the mouth of a nation, but a phenomenon no less astonishing than that which is repeated daily among us, although overlooked with indifference, in the stammering accents of every child."||

In his letter to Rémusat he declares himself expressly against the notion of a direct divine intervention, and accounts for the origin of human speech by the *génie inné à l'homme pour les langues*; but at the same time he vindicates for this innate faculty so high a place in our nature as to approximate it to the divine, and maintains inherent in it an *étincelle divine, qui lui à boavers tous les idiomes, même les plus imparfaits et les moins cultivés*.§

After thus defining his position in reference to the contes-

\* *Werke*, vol. iii., p. 252-253. † *Id.*, vol. vi., pp. 60-61. ‡ *Id.*, vol. vi., p. 204.  
 § Schlegel's *Museum*, vol. ii., p. 498. § *Werke*, vol. vii., p. 337.



ted point concerning the origin of language, and claiming it to be a purely human one, Humboldt next proceeds to give us the key to its comprehension, and this he asserts to be "the physiology of the intellectual man." In language, he says, the human intellect operates according to certain laws precisely like nature, and speech is the effect of our rational instinct. It is therefore the product of nature, but of the nature of the human reason; and if we enquire into the production of language, we have to look for it, in the individual as well as in the collective masses called nations, at the point where the first symptoms of intellect begin to make their appearance.\*

These definitions contain the determination of the general nature of language. As a product of the intellectual instinct of man, it is as perpetually alive as this instinct itself. It is not to be regarded as a *caput mortuum*, but as a living production, and as the act of this production itself. Its very essence consists in something that is in a state of constant and momentary motion. It is not so much an *ἔργον*, or work, as it is an *ἐνέργεια*, or activity. Even its fixation by means of writing can at best be but an imperfect preservation, and one which, in every instance, needs a living intervention to resuscitate it. And this energy, or general faculty of speech, is not an isolated power, but the entire man in the totality of his powers, as far as the latter are required or concerned in the production of speech.†

The most general and characteristic function of language is that it is a medium or link of communication. It constitutes, in the first place, the connecting link between the finite and the infinite nature of man. It bears the imprint of the double nature of man blended into a symbol. In language our spontaneity and receptivity act together, and the subjective unites itself with the objective. By the act of speech the external world becomes converted into an internal one; and it is thus that nature, its individual objects as well as the laws by which we conceive it regulated, becomes translated into something that is human. Language is thus a perpetual *prosopopeia*. As the isolated sound establishes a relation between the object and ourselves, so language, as a totality, constitutes a medium between us and nature, as the latter produces its impressions on us either from without or from within. It is an intellect-

\* *Werke*, vol. ii., p. 240; vol. iii., p. 253; vol. vi., p. 428; vol. vii., p. 336.

† *Werke*, vol. vi., pp. 40 and 42. *Einleitung*, p. 304. (The paging of *Einleitung* is here invariably that of *Werke*, vol. vi.)

ual world linked to sounds, and occupies a sort of middle ground between man and the external; and it not only represents objects to the mind's eye, but it also gives us the impression produced by them, thus blending and uniting our receptivity with the self-determining, active energy of our being.\* In like manner, language is a medium of communication between one individual and another, between the individual and his nation, between the past and present. The life from which it emanates breathes its living sound into the sense receiving it. In general, speech can only be conceived of as the joint product of simultaneous co-operation, in which every one is obliged to bear at once his own labor and that of all the rest.† Understanding and speaking are thus only different effects of one and the same cause, and this is none other than the capacity of speech essential to both. In him who understands, as well as in the speaker, the subject-matter must be evolved from his own inward power; and what the former receives is only an incitement in harmony with that which he himself can and is expected to impart.

It is this phase of reciprocal activity which, more than anything else, establishes the purely human nature and origin of language; and it is this, too, which offers us the best solution for the antinomies presented to us in the manifestations of speech. For, in the first place, language is never the work of an individual, but invariably the property of the entire nation, while at the same time it is always destined to serve as an instrument to the greatest imaginable diversity of individuals. It thus contains the double quality of differentiating itself, as one language, into an indefinite number of others, and of again integrating all these into one, as mere modifications of itself. Language is, in the second place, a perpetual genesis, and its very essence consists in the act of speaking, or in speech. Yet this constantly recurring process does not constitute the whole of it, and it contains also something that is permanent and firm. It produces within itself a stock of words and a system of rules, through which, in the course of centuries, it grows up into an independent power, and it thus becomes something more than the evanescent process of speaking; it establishes itself, at the same time, as the result of a multitude of previous acts of speech. This apparent contradiction constitutes the

\* *Einleitung*, pp. 53, 59. *Werke*, vol. vi., p. 530. † *Einleitung*, p. 53. *Werke*, vol. iii., p. 13.

peculiarity of language. It is in its very nature passive and active, subjective and objective, at the same time.

Both these antinomies are accounted for completely by the human character and origin of language. For, in the first place, individual speaking is linked to the speaking of the nation, and the speaking of nations to speech in general, which has its centre in the common bond and unity of our nature. For man does not possess any such thing as an absolutely isolated individuality; the I and the Thou are the essential complements of each other, and would, in their last analysis, be found identical. In this sense there are circles of individuality from each weak, helpless, and perishable member of our race as far back as the time of our hoariest antiquity. Without this, says Humboldt, no such thing as interchange of thought, or even comprehension, would ever have been possible.\* So, in respect to the second antinomy, the apparent contradiction involved in the activity and passivity of speech, Humboldt again finds it accounted for in the unity of human nature already spoken of. "In that which originates in something which is properly identical with myself, the distinction of subject and object, of dependence and independence, becomes obliterated. Whatever there is in language, traditional and established, determining and limiting me, can come from no other than a human source, and one that is most intimately connected with myself; hence, even that which is strange and unintelligible to me in human speech can be so only to my momentary individual nature, and not to my original or real one."† By thus referring our ability to speak and understand to a universal element common to all the members of the race, Humboldt moves it to the point where the vestiges of its human origin become blended with the divine, as far as man, in virtue of his intellectual and moral nature, can claim himself akin to the Divinity, and this is the only sense in which to him the question of a divine origin can have any scientific value or significance.

After this brief outline of Humboldt's views concerning the origin and general nature of human language, it is now in order to give a cursory survey of his further attempts to analyze the process of speech as exhibited in its constitutive elements, in articulation, the formation of roots, words, and grammatical forms, with their mutual relation and dependence on each other.

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\* Schlegel's *Museum*, vol. ii., p. 498.

† *Werke*, vol. vi., p. 65.

The process of speech being, as we have already seen, based upon the rational instinct, it is, first of all, necessary to inquire into the manner in which this instinct acts in the process in question. We have, in the first place, to answer that the action of this process can only be explained, as far as it is susceptible of explanation, in connection with the necessary mechanism of our intellectual life. When brought in contact with the external world, the activity of our senses unites itself synthetically with an internal act of the mind, and this joint operation gives rise to sensation. From the confused mass of our sensations another process, similar to the first, gives rise to perception, and when a perception isolates itself, it assumes the character of objectivity in reference to the mind and becomes a conception. Now, the process of speech is so closely linked to this process of the intellect and senses, that the one cannot be said to be complete without the other. The conversion of a perception into a conception, *i. e.*, into something objective, which may be re-admitted into the mind and reflected upon, presupposes already the use of speech. "In speech," says Humboldt, "our intellectual life makes way for itself through the lips, and the product of this operation is instantaneously and first of all returned to our own ear. The indistinct process of intellection gathers itself together into a word, as light clouds are wont to collect on the clear sky." It is through speech that man represents to himself, as to another Me, the varied phenomena of the outward and the inner world, which thus become part and parcel of his consciousness. Language is thus not only the necessary channel, but the very form and body, of his intellectual activity, and may therefore be said to be identical with it. It is on this account that speech becomes indispensable even to private thinking, which, be it never so solitary, is always a sort of dialogue with our own Thou, or a soliloquy. Nevertheless, says Humboldt, language is never formed by one man only, or in solitude. On the contrary, "that objectivity of our perceptions becomes augmented when the word coined by ourselves is heard from the mouth of another." and "man cannot fully comprehend himself until he has tested the intelligibility of his words by submitting them to others."\*

Such, then, is the fundamental law which, according to Humboldt, presides over the genesis of language. We have next to enquire what he says concerning *the concrete*

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\* *Werke*, vol. iii., p. 13; vol. vi., p. 590; *Einleitung*, p. 53, 55.

*process of this activity, and concerning the constitutive elements of speech.* His definition of this process, in so far as language is limited to mere speaking and the totality of speech, is that it consists in "the perpetually reiterated labor of the mind to convert the articulate sound into a fit vehicle for the expression of thought." This labor involves two constitutive principles, of which the one is the internal aptitude for speech, and the other the external sound. It may be regarded as a species of generation, in which the inner element or thought, in order to manifest itself, has to overcome an impediment in sound. This leads us naturally to enquire, How are these two elements connected, or what is the relation between thought and sound? This Humboldt maintains to be entirely beyond our comprehension. "The inseparable connection between thought, the vocal organs, and the ear, as exhibited in the act of speech, is based upon an original and unalterable arrangement of our nature, and is not susceptible of any further explanation."\* But, although the exact nature of this connection must remain a mystery to us, we may nevertheless, by a careful observation and comparison of the two elements, arrive at a certain degree of intelligence, so as to perceive at least the possibility of a close internal harmony and mutual interpenetration.

In the first place, there is manifestly, a certain elective affinity and general analogy between thought and sound. As the former, similar to a flash of lightning, or to a thrust, concentrates the entire perceptive faculty upon a point, to the momentary exclusion of everything else, so the latter bursts from the lips with an abrupt distinctness and with a certain degree of unity; and as the former takes hold of the entire soul, so the latter possesses pre-eminently a penetrating power, capable of thrilling every nerve. "In the sound the ear receives the impression not only of a movement, but of a real act, such as is also the thinking activity itself." As thinking, in its most human relations, is an aspiration from darkness to light, from the limitation of our finite being towards the infinite, so the sound of speech flows from the depths of our breasts in an outward direction, and in its passage finds a wonderfully adapted material medium in the supplest and most easily agitated of all the elements, the air, the apparent incorporeality of which is in itself to some extent a sensuous representative of the mind." The living sound of the voice proceeds from our breast like the very breath itself

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\* *Einleitung*, pp. 42, 51, 88, 304.

of our existence, and in this way communicates the life itself from which it emanates to the sense which receives it. The production of sound for the purposes of speech is aided to no small extent by the admirable arrangement of nature exhibited in the upright posture of man, from which the rest of the animals are excluded, and which almost seems to be the result of the elevating power of speech. For the latter does not want to lose itself blunted upon the ground; it requires free passage from the lips of the speaker to the one addressed, to be accompanied by the expression of the eye and of the countenance, or as by the gestures of the hand, and thus to surround itself simultaneously with everything that characterizes man distinctively as such.\*

The second and still more manifest analogy between thought and sound is found in the phenomenon of *articulation*. The organic concatenation and mutual dependence of parts involved in this phenomenon constitute the essence of speech, which contains nothing that might not in its turn be either a part or the whole. Articulation properly belongs to the inward operations of the mind as well as to the outward process of speech; it contains the point of contact at which the requirements of thought and the adaptedness of sound meet each other, and it is their contact at this point that gives rise to language. The articulation of the sound, contains the thought-forming property of speech, while that of thought contains its power to convert sounds into language. As, in the process of intellection, the mind at first divides an indefinite mass of sensations into elements or parts, which it then again strives to combine into something more general, or into a whole, so the organs of speech proceed with sound, which they at once separate and unite. They thus become the executors of the articulating power of the mind, while the latter possesses the passive property of suffering itself to be converted into articulated sound. Articulation is, therefore, the connecting link between thought and sound, and it contains the possibility of speech. That this is really so we learn even where one of the elements is wanting in the deaf-mute, who, in virtue of this intimate connection between the process of intellection and the organs of speech, learns to decipher the thoughts of another from the mere movement of his lips. An exact definition of the articulated sound cannot be given, except so far as its general characteristics coincide with those of the articulating activity of the

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\* *Einleitung*, pp. 51, 52, 53.

mind, and every attempt at a merely physical description or analysis of it must prove a failure. The articulated sound, we know, differs widely from a confused one, and from a cry, yell, shout, or shriek, which man produces in common with other animals. But this difference is so far from giving us any positive result that we cannot even exhaust its definition by characterizing it as musically high or low, long or short, shrill or dull, hard or soft. In fact, its real nature can rather be observed than comprehended, and that only in connection with the idea of speech, which, through the medium of it, generates and binds together thought and sound. Articulate sounds possess the property of eliciting ideas as soon as they reach the ear, and this because either some one of them is capable of effecting it, or because the formation of any one of them is such that it both admits and requires a number of others, homogeneous but specifically different, and capable of being referred to determinate classes, and all of them adapted to entering into necessary or arbitrary relations with each other.\* They thus differ from mere animal sounds or musical notes solely in their design and in their susceptibility of significance, or, in other words, of representing thoughts. The only general formula to which we can reduce them as a class is that all articulated sounds belong to speech, and conversely.\*

Mere articulation is, however, no more than the lowest and most general condition of the production of speech, and with it we have not as yet arrived at the genesis of the constituent parts of speech called *words*. It is true that there is no language without articulation, *i.e.*, without the sounds expressed by letters and syllables; but it is no less true that there is something more than bare articulation, when by means of words and sentences, language becomes really the expression of thought. The word is, therefore, the point at which the articulate sound, whether it consists of one syllable or the union of several, properly becomes speech. In the word we for the first time meet with a real coincidence of the unity of sound with the unity of conception essential to the definition of speech. Words are thus the proper elements of speech, and they are to each other and to their totality what the individual is to his species and to the *ensemble* of the animated world around him. Finally, the word, with its varied relations, is the limit up to which lan-

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\* *Einteilung*, p. 67. *Werke*, vol. iii., p. 244; vol. vi., pp. 537, 538, 545.



guage is a self-productive and distinct operation of the human intellect.\*

In an analysis of the process involved in the genesis of words we have again to distinguish the intellectual and the physical or phonetic side of it. Here the process in each direction exhibits three distinct stages, which, although always blended in practice, are yet manifestly a triple operation. The mind, in taking cognizance of the different objects which strike the outward or the inner senses, seeks, in the first place to isolate them and to comprehend them each as separate and distinct,—in other words, to form conceptions. It next endeavors to seize the analogies and differences of the individual objects, and to form more general categories to which it may refer them, as, for example, those of variety, species, genus, &c. It, lastly, either perceives or constitutes certain relations, by means of which the objects or conceptions are connected, or supposed to be connected, with each other.

Precisely so in language we find the *roots and radical parts of words* corresponding with the conception of isolated objects, and really the expression of it, however true it may be that, in the actual nexus of discourse, they rarely, of ever, appear alone or without the sign of some more general relation to speech. The intellectual act which marks the conception of an object is accompanied by another which refers it to a determinate category of thought or speech; in other words, to the purely objective designation of an object is added a sort of subjective or logical rubrication, through which that designation becomes linked to one of the general categories of speech. The two operations combined give rise to a phonetically complete word, which then appears either as a noun, verb, adjective, or other part of speech. But these words, again, and lastly, never appear isolated in discourse, which consist, of a complex and variously related tissue of thought. The phonetic expression of this third stadium of the process is found in the grammatical forms, as exhibited in case, number, person, word, tense, voice, comparison, &c.†

The question here again rises, How are the two sides of the triple operation just indicated, the phonetic and the intellectual, connected with each other, or, in other words, in what relation does the sound of a word stand to its significance? The answer is, again, that their connecting link resides in

\* *Einleitung*, p. 76. *Werke*, p. 257.

† *Einleitung*, pp. 75, 97, 122, 123.



articulation, but here in a higher degree or power of it than in the production of mere letters or syllables. We have already seen that the very definition and most essential nature of articulate sound involve a tendency to significance, and it is this same general tendency which in the genesis of the word results in a determinate signification. The province in which this principle shows itself most active is more especially that of the grammatical forms by means of which the words are correlated and connected in discourse.

Besides this general process of articulation, but yet as the direct consequence of it, we have to distinguish three different modes of designating objects or thoughts employed in speech, and these are the *imitative*, the *symbolical*, and the *analogical*. In the imitative designation the tone or note characteristic of an object is reproduced in the word, as closely as articulate sounds can be made to correspond to inarticulate ones. The two sounds are here brought into a direct conflict with each other, and this mode is on that account not exempt from a certain degree of crudity. It is almost exclusively confined to the names or the characterization of objects, and generally disappears with the advancement of a language. In the symbolical designation there is an indirect imitation of some quality which the sound and object have in common. For this purpose the objects are designated by sounds which, partly in themselves, partly in comparison with others, produce an impression on the ear similar to that which the object itself leaves on the mind; as, for example, the terms *stand*, *steady*, *sturdy*, *stout*, give us the impression of something firm, &c. This principle has exercised great power in the primitive formation of words, and its effect is even visible in those indications of more general relations which have already become known to us as grammatical forms.

In the analogical designation, finally, the words whose significations are more or less closely related are also expressed by similar sounds. There is, however, here no direct reference to the character inherent in the sounds themselves, as there is in the symbolical designation, but only to the affinity or analogy of sense. The principle is, therefore, but a secondary one, although it has likewise shown itself pre-eminently prolific of results.\*

But not content with the enumeration of these different links between thought and sound, Humboldt, in another passage, seeks to demonstrate an additional one in a preliminary act of the mind. In making sound the representative of thought, we introduce a connection of things the nature of which does not admit of anything like real union. This heterogeneity, therefore, not unfrequently requires a third element, in which they may meet, as it were, on common ground, and which may serve them as a connecting medium. This medium, he says, is always of a sensuous nature; as, for example, in the words *understanding* and *perception*, in the former of which we associate an intellectual faculty, and in the latter an intellectual act, with the purely physical operations of standing, and seizing, and so in numerous other instances of the sort. It should therefore, be our aim, in all our etymological researches to trace this sensuous medium wherever we discover or suspect evidence of its existence, and thus to rise from the concrete terms of language to those radical intuitions and emotions by means of which each one of them, according to its peculiar genius, links together thought and sound in the production of its words. This principle, however, presupposes all the rest already named, and is only applicable in cases where the question turns on abstract terms the sense of which is what we usually call a secondary one. It, therefore, presides rather over the relationship than over the formation of words, and operates more like an auxiliary to the connection of sound and thought than like an original mediating energy.\*

But however much all these analogies may serve to illustrate the obscure connection between thought and sound, after all it remains true that the intellectual and phonetic elements of speech are extremes that never can be reconciled completely, and that language, in spite of all the synthetic power inherent in it, will always remain a labor and a conflict, with its irradicable heterogeneity of thought and sound on the one side and the mutual dependence of both of them on the other. Thought can as little divorce itself from speech, says Humboldt, as man can lay aside the features of his countenance. Hence the mind perpetually strives to make itself independent of the domain of speech, and this simply because the word always is a limitation of its thoughts and emotions, which it never completely ex-

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\* *Einleitung*, pp. 109-111.

presses, and the nicest shades of which are often in danger of being lost or marred in the too general and more material element of sound. All that it gains or saves, however, in this struggle is always again added to the word, and this perpetual antagonism, the intellectual powers being properly alive, gives rise to an ever-increasing refinement of a language and to a greater affluence of significant expressions.\*

The perfect union of thought and sound, the proper and energetic interpenetration of the phonetic and intellectual elements, constitutes the highest perfection of language, the ideal or the goal towards which it is ever tending, but which it never completely attains. The genesis of language in its most rudimentary form is an essentially synthetic process, and this process renews itself until there is a more or less complete coincidence or balance of the two elements of speech. In proportion to the success of this synthesis, language approximates the domain of art, of which the very nature demands a complete representation of the ideal in its material form. The natural result of this consummation of language is artistic beauty, and this, in its turn, always constitutes an infallible test of its inherent general perfection.†

After this brief exposition of Humboldt's views respecting the origin and constitutive elements of speech, we now proceed to add what he says concerning some additional properties connected with the existence and phenomena of language, as, for example, its *organism*, its *form*, and *character*.

The structure of a language is to its minutest fibres an organic one, and everything in it is based upon analogy. As the direct emanation of a both physically and intellectually organic being it partakes of the nature of everything organic, in which each part can exist only through the other and the whole is animated by one all-pervading principle. This emanation, it is true, is but a gradual one, but it is nevertheless of such a nature that the first word already contains and presupposes the whole of it, and everything that belongs to the essential properties of speech is unconsciously given at once and as the direct consequence of the faculty of speech. Language may be compared to an immense web, in which each part stands in a more or less distinctly visible connection with the other, and all of them to the whole. In speaking, from whatever point we may proceed, we never touch more than a particular part of this web, but always and instinctively in such a manner as if all the remaining

\* *Einleitung*, p. 110.

† *Einleitung*, pp. 104, 108.

parts with which that one must of necessity be in harmony were present at the same time. The languages cannot be considered as mere aggregates of words; each one is a system according to which the mind links thought to sound. Each one is, lastly, also animated by a principle of organic unity. As soon as a people or a human intelligence takes in elements of speech, it must necessarily link them together into a sort of unity, although it may do so involuntarily and without becoming clearly conscious of the process, and this because, simply, we cannot conceive of the possibility either of individual thinking or of mutual comprehension without the operation of a principle like this.\*

As each language constitutes an organic whole, so each is, secondly, possessed of its peculiar *individual form*. The effort of the mind to elevate articulate sound into an expression of thought operates in every language in a determinate, uniform, and constant manner. The *ensemble* of the homogeneous and permanent, considered in its connection and systematically represented, constitutes the form of a language. This form is the complete objective representation of the individual *nîsus* by means of which each nation succeeds in making language the expression of its emotions and its thoughts. It can, therefore, be fully comprehended only in connection with the totality of a language, although it is no less active in each and even the minutest element of it. Commencing with the very alphabet, it manifests its regulating power through etymology until it reaches the subtlest niceties of syntax, and pervades the entire organism of the language as one of its most vital principles.†

But the province of grammatical forms is not the only one demanding the attention of the linguist. There is a higher and profounder element in language, which, however difficult it may be of exact analysis, may yet become a subject of feeling and reflection. The Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, for example, are closely allied to each other, and exhibit on many points a striking similarity of etymological and structural organization. Nevertheless, apart from even the differences of this organization, these languages are each of them possessed of a distinctive *individual character*. There is in the history of every language an era at which it may be said to have reached its maturity of growth, that is to say, at which its general form and structure are more or less complete. At

\* *Einleitung*, pp. 73, 85, 107, 113, 189, 338. *Werke*, vol. ii., p. 240; vol. iii. pp. 243, 253. *Kawi-Sprache*, vol. ii., p. 220.

† *Einleitung*, pp. 41-49. *Kawi-Sprache*, vol. ii., p. 221.

this point the activity of the nation rests from the production of the language itself, and passes on to the *use* of it. The people at large, the teachers of the people, the poets, historians, and, finally, the grammarians, now cultivate the language and employ it for their purposes. It is the peculiar manner in which this is done that gives rise to what we have just designated as its character. The phenomenon, however, links itself directly and intimately to the very nature of a language. The use of it produces, on the one hand, a feeling that there is something more than is directly expressed by it, and which, under its influence, the mind has to supply; and, on the other hand, the impulse to express, nevertheless, in suitable terms, whatever affects the mind. This feeling and this impulse, operating in conjunction, constitute the basis of the character of a language, which, to some extent, forms one of the primitive features of it, although it does not become distinctly developed until, as we have already said, it has become a more or less complete vehicle for thought. The character of a language manifests itself in a variety of ways. It may be observed in its etymological forms, in its manner of forming compounds, in the signification of its words, in its synonyms, and, lastly, in the laws which regulate the construction of its syntax. It appears, however, still more distinctly and completely in the two grand divisions of speech, in poetry and prose, in the culminating points of which language transcends its strict organic limits and passes into the domain of art. It is at this point that the philosophy of language meets on common ground with that of literature and history.\*

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ART. III.—1. *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century.* By W. M. THACKERAY. New York: 1853.

2. *Life and Works of Jonathan Swift.* By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

3. *Lives of the Poets.* By SAMUEL JOHNSON.

4. *Life of Joseph Addison.* By MISS LUCY AIKIN.

5. *Lectures on English Literature.* By HENRY REED.

6. *Biography of William Congreve.* By LEIGH HUNT.

THE reign of Queen Anne was one of the most splendid in the annals of literature. It was the age of Addison, Pope, Swift, Steele, Congreve, Bolingbroke, Prior, Gay; in

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\* *Einleitung*, p. 195, seq.

whose writings may be found all that is elegant in style, delightful in poetry, brilliant in wit, charming in humor, and beautiful in description. It was in this Augustan age that literary men began to occupy the elevated position in the world which genius and talent should always secure: Addison was appointed commissioner of appeals, secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, lord of trade, and finally, under George I., one of the principal secretaries of state. Prior was gentleman of the bedchamber to King William, under-secretary of state, and ambassador to the court of France. Swift was the chief-counsellor and intimate friend of the ministers, Harley and Bolingbroke, and was raised to the dignity of dean of St. Patrick's. Steele was a commissioner of the stamp office, governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, and commissioner of forfeited estates in Scotland. Congreve was commissioner for licensing hackney coaches, and officer in the custom-house, and secretary of Jamaica.

Of all the writers that have charmed and instructed the world by their wit and genius, there is none whom we regard with such a warm, personal feeling as Addison. He was so gentle, so tender, so kind, so loving, and bore his honors so meekly, that we love the man while we admire the writer. So many gifted men write like angels and live like fiends; so many

"Show us the steep and thorny way to heaven,  
Whilst, like puff'd and reckless libertines,  
Themselves the primrose path of dalliance tread."

But Addison's pure and virtuous life was a true and beautiful illustration of the Christian morality which he taught in his writings. All praise is due to the man who had the moral courage to stand forth as the defender of virtue in a dissolute and impure age; who proved by his own delightful works that wit is not incompatible with decency, or humor with purity. Addison's writings give a negative answer to the interrogation of Shakespeare:

"Where is that palace, whereinto, sometimes,  
Foul things intrude not?"

For they are distinguished by a singular delicacy of sentiment and purity of language, when the contrary was the prevailing sin of the literature of his time. Addison looked upon mankind not with the devilish hatred of Swift, the sarcastic gaze of Pope, nor the laughing eyes of Steele, but with the sad, loving eyes of an angel who wept at, while

he pitied, the follies and vices of men. He touches their wounds and weaknesses with the kind and gentle hand of a friend, not with the ferocity of Swift, who tears and racks and scourges them with the ingenuity of a fiend. Listen to Addison's sweet singing—how much love and reverence of the creature for the Creator does it not contain :

“ Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth :  
And all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Among their radiant orbs be found ;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
*For ever singing, as they shine,*  
*The hand that made them is divine.*”

Addison commenced his literary career by publishing several Latin poems, in imitation of Virgil, which were greatly admired at the proud seats of English learning—Oxford and Cambridge—but they are now seldom read. He next turned his attention to English poetry ; he addressed some verses to King William, and published a translation of part of the fourth Georgic, which had the good fortune to attract the favorable notice of Dryden, who, at that time (1695), occupied, without a rival, the poetical throne of England. Encouraged by his success, Addison addressed a highly complimentary poem to the Lord-keeper Somers, and dedicated a Latin poem on the Peace of Ryswick to Montague, the chancellor of the exchequer. The whigs were anxious to enlist in their party the rising talent of the nation ; a pension of £300 a year was bestowed upon the young poet, and he was allowed to travel. Addison spent four years on the continent. He remained a year in France, in order to perfect himself in the French language. Thence he passed to Italy, and lingered for months in those beautiful cities hallowed by religion, art, learning, genius, and song—Rome, Florence, Venice, Naples, Genoa. In 1701 his pension was stopped by the death of King William, and he was under the necessity of supporting himself. He became tutor to a young English traveller, with whom he journeyed through Switzer-

land and Germany, and, after passing a short time in Holland, returned to England in 1703.

Addison was now in his thirty-second year, without a profession and without an income, and for several months this most accomplished gentleman and scholar was compelled to hide his poverty and distress in a garret. A brighter day, however, was soon to dawn upon the fortunes of the poet. Marlborough gained the splendid victory of Blenheim. A poet was wanted who could properly celebrate this great event. Godolphin, the lord-treasurer, did not know where to find such a poet. He applied to Addison's friend and former patron, Montague, now Lord Halifax, and Halifax recommended Addison. The needy poet was very glad of such an opportunity to improve his condition, and readily undertook the proposed task. He wrote *The Campaign*, and his fortune was made; he was immediately rewarded by being made commissioner of appeals, with the promise of greater favors.

As a poet, Addison does not occupy a place in the first, or even in the second rank. Some of his poetical compositions, "The Campaign," for instance, contains fine passages and striking similes, and his poetry, like all his other writings, is pure and polished, but it wants vigor and fervor; it is too cold, too correctly classic; he loved the ancient poets too well, and imitated them too closely. Posterity has not bestowed upon his poetry the same meed of praise that it received during his life, and if he had written nothing but poems, the name of Addison would be scarcely remembered at the present day.

Soon after "The Campaign" appeared, he published the Narrative of his Travels through Italy. Like that of all his writings, the style is easy and elegant, but the book is overloaded with quotations from the Roman poets, and crowded with allusions to classical fables unknown except to the learned few, and, therefore, uninteresting to the unlearned many. Addison was now rapidly mounting the ladder of fame and fortune. In 1708 the whigs obtained the entire control of the government, and Addison came in for a share of the spoils. He entered parliament, and in less than ten years became successively under secretary of state, chief secretary for Ireland, and secretary of state. In 1709, when he was in Ireland, an event occurred which was destined in the end to establish his reputation as one of the most delightful writers of all time. In the spring of this year Steele started the Tattler. The aim of the latter, in



the publication of this paper, was to amuse the town with the fashionable gossip, compliments to noted beauties, criticisms on popular preachers, foreign news, accounts of new plays, and the literary gossip of Will's and the Grecian coffee-houses, which at that time were most frequented by the wits. Steele was well qualified to conduct such a paper. He knew the world much better than books. He had lived familiarly with all sorts of people—soldiers, authors, actors, courtiers, wits, men and women of fashion, lords and ladies. He was at home everywhere—in the queen's palace and in the club-house; in my lady's drawing-room and in the guard-room; in the coffee-house and in the spongeing-house. He paid dear for his knowledge. He was always sinning and always repenting. He was always in debt, and always promising to pay his debts. He loved his wife with the tenderest affection, yet he would often desert her to spend the night with his wild friends at the tavern. He wrote beautifully in praise of virtue, but seldom practised his own teachings. He published a book called "The Christian Hero," full of the prettiest precepts of morality, while his boon companions were the fastest fellows of the day—officers of the guards, gay young lords, and men of pleasure of every kind and degree.

The Tattler was very well received. The court, the town, and the country hailed with delight the advent of so pleasant a visitor. Steele had not consulted his friend Addison about the matter, but as soon as Addison discovered that he was the editor, he determined to give it his assistance. Of this assistance Steele says: "I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." This was partly true, for Addison's superior genius soon hid the lesser light of Steele. The best papers in the Tattler, Spectator, and Guardian were written by Addison. To him we are indebted for those delightful creations, Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb, so full of exquisite humor. To him we are indebted for those beautiful descriptions of death and immortality, the Visits to Westminster Abbey, the Vision of Mirza, and the Journal of the Retired Citizen. No preceding author had written the English language with such sweetness, grace, and ease. No succeeding author has excelled him in delicate wit, in charming humor, in happy but harmless satire. His writings display the easy, well-bred air of a gentleman, the elegance of a scholar, and the pure mor-

ality of a Christian. As an essay writer, Addison has had many imitators, but no equals. This is high praise if we consider that such distinguished writers as Johnson, Goldsmith, Chesterfield, and Mackenzie have attempted this kind of literary composition. In the year 1713 the fame of Addison was greatly increased by his play of "Cato."

"Envy itself was dumb—in wonder lost;  
And factions strove who should applaud him most."

Pope said: "Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days as he is of Britain in ours."\* It was performed for a whole month to overflowing houses. The town was in raptures. The name of Addison, the great Mr. Addison as he was called, was in every mouth. Complimentary verses were addressed to him from the universities and by the wits of the city. This contemporary admiration has not been continued by posterity. Cato is now scarcely acted and seldom read. The lofty declamations of Cato, who would not survive the ruin of his country, sounded, no doubt, very grand in the mouth of the actor; "the virtuous Marcia, towers above her sex," but it is with the coldness of a vestal virgin, not with the fire and glow and passion of a Roman lady. The characters are Romans only in name. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Beaumont, says a modern writer,† have shown us Roman passions, Roman patriotism, and Roman language; these frigid abstractions (in Cato) bear the same relation to the Romans of Shakespeare, or the Roman of Rome, as the waxen dolls in the window of a barber to the living, moving, thinking passengers who walk by them in the street. Only two or three quotations from this once famous play are familiar to the readers of the present day. The following are the most known:

"Big with the fate  
Of Cato and of Rome."

"My voice is still for war."

"Plato, thou reasonest well."

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,

But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

"When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
The post of honor is a private station."

In the reign of Queen Anne the coffee-houses were the favorite resorts of the wits. Here they met to discuss the

\* Letter to Sir W. Trumbull.

† Thomas B. Shaw, *English Literature*, p. 242.

news of the court, the city, and the continent. Here the last poem was read and the last play criticised. When Addison became distinguished as an author and statesman, he established his literary court at Button's coffee-house. Here his "little senate" of wits assembled, Steele, Budgell, Tickell, Phillips, and other devoted followers to do homage at the feet of their beloved sovereign. In this congenial society, Addison was perfectly at home, for he was not a lady's man, but, as Macaulay says, essentially a *man's-man*. Surrounded thus by his favorite friends, he would open his accumulated stores of wit, humor, and learning, and often, by his eloquent talk, hold them spell-bound until morning. Those who had listened to Addison's familiar conversation declared that it was even more delightful than his writings. Pope, with whom Addison was no great favorite, said there was a charm in his talk which could be found nowhere else. The celebrated Mary Wortley Montagu, who had known all the most brilliant wits of her time, said that Addison was the best company in the world. But Addison's extraordinary conversational powers were only displayed in the company of his intimate friends. In the presence of strangers, his eloquent lips were sealed, and his manners became constrained and embarrassed; no one who met him in large companies would have believed that he was the same man who had often kept a few friends out of their beds until four o'clock in the morning by his fascinating conversation.

One of the acutest judges of literature of our time, who seldom bestows undeserved praise, says that we owe as much pleasure to Addison as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in that artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural voice. He came, the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge, who castigated only in smiling. Johnson concludes an elaborate criticism on Addison in the following words: "His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." There is no name in the history of literature more enviable than Addison's—a prosperous and beautiful life, a happy death, and a glorious fame forever.

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\* Thackeray, "Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," lec., on Addison.

In the crowd of ambitious youths that surrounded Addison at Button's coffee-house, for about a year, was Alexander Pope. At an age when most youths have not thrown aside their tops and balls, Pope's young genius was preparing to wing its lofty flight; already he aspired to the poetical crown, which, since the death of Dryden, in 1700, no one had been deemed worthy to wear. In the year 1711 Pope established his reputation as the first poet of his age, and indeed of the eighteenth century, by publishing his "Essay on Criticism." This finished and elegant poem, the work of a young man of twenty-one or two, displays a ripe judgment, an extensive reading, and deep reflection far beyond his age. It was received with a burst of admiration, and, by universal consent, the laurel crown was placed upon his youthful brow. He soon after greatly added to his fame by that delicious little poem, "The Rape of the Lock," which has been justly pronounced\* the most faultless work of England's most faultless poet. It is, indeed, the most perfect piece of poetry in our language. In no other work has Pope so pleasingly displayed the peculiar marks of his genius: a rich and brilliant fancy, an exquisite polish of language, and a musical sweetness of versification.

The description of the heroine is beyond all praise:

"Fair nymphs and well dress'd youths around her shone,  
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.  
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore;  
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:  
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends;  
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride  
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide.  
If to her share some female follies fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

The rising glory of Pope began to dim the poetical reputation of Addison, just as, a hundred years later, the splendid genius of Byron caused Scott "to pale his ineffectual fires," and, fortunately for the world, to turn his attention to romantic fiction, in which he stands almost unrivalled. But Addison had reigned and ruled too long to allow a "brother near his throne." He, who had few equals, could

\* Horace Binney Wallace, "Literary Criticisms."

not bear a superior ; and he, who felt himself a sovereign, could not remain a subject ; and so the greatest poet and the greatest prose-writer of their age separated. Pope set up a rival court at Twickenham, a charming retreat on the banks of the Thames. Here he received the visits of his friends, who were among the most brilliant, the most polished, the most accomplished gentlemen that the world has ever seen. They were great and celebrated in their day and generation, and are still remembered : Arbuthnot, one of the wittiest, wisest, gentlest of mankind ; the all-accomplished Bolingbroke, the Alcibiades of his age ; the generous Oxford ; the great painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller ; the witty, the dashing, the magnificent Peterborough ; the splendid Congreve ; the kind, the indolent, the gentle Gay. Some of this delightful company Pope has described in sparkling verse :

" Granville the polite  
And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write ;  
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,  
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays.  
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,  
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head ;  
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)  
With open arms received one poet more.  
Happy my studies when by these approved !  
Happier their author when by these beloved ! "

In the year 1713, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, Pope commenced, and in twelve years completed, the colossal task of translating the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer. This splendid literary performance Johnson\* pronounces " a poetical wonder which no age or nation can pretend to equal." Had Pope written nothing else, this alone would have rendered his name immortal. It has not, indeed, the noble simplicity, the artless grandeur, and unaffected majesty of the great Father of Poetry ; but we have the authority of Johnson† for saying that it contains a treasure of poetical elegances. It overflows with rich, beautiful, and vivid descriptions of men, gods, nature, and battles, all expressed in the most pleasing and musical language. While Pope was occupied with this gigantic labor, he learned that Addison's friend and *protégé*, Tickell, was, with Addison's assistance, engaged upon another version of the Iliad. Pope was naturally very much concerned, for upon the success of his

\* Life of Pope, p. 183, v. xi., Murphy's ed. Johnson's Works, London, 1816.

† *Idem*, p. 184.

translation depended his fortune. He had been engaged upon it for years; it had been long advertised as being in preparation; subscriptions had been solicited, and many distinguished persons had promised to take copies; and now, when everything "pointed to a rich end," Tickell came forward with a rival translation, patronized and introduced by the great Addison, and puffed up by Addison's subjects, the wits of Button's. Pope's suspicions were aroused. He thought and believed that Addison, Tickell, and their friends had formed a deep conspiracy against his fame and fortune. These suspicions were, no doubt, unjust. Addison was too pure, too good, too lofty, to stoop to such baseness, either to serve a friend or injure an enemy. But Pope need not have feared a competition with Tickell. The former was a great poet, the latter was a little one. Pope left many noble and beautiful productions of his genius, Tickell left nothing which is now remembered, except his loving tribute to the memory of Addison. Tickell's version of the first book of the *Iliad* was published and soon forgotten. Pope's splendid translation lives, and will continue to live as long as the English language.

While Pope was still persuaded that Addison had endeavored to undermine his reputation, and, in consequence, his feelings towards Addison were anything but warm, a pamphlet appeared containing some reflections upon Pope. The latter was morbidly sensitive. He was small, sickly, and dreadfully deformed—a great and brilliant mind in a weak and diseased body—and was lampooned, caricatured, and insulted by his enemies on account of these bodily defects.

What were the reflections contained in this pamphlet, whether personal or not, we can never learn, for it is no longer in existence; but whatever they were, they stung the sensitive soul of Pope to the quick. He was told by the young Earl of Warwick, son of the noble lady whom Addison afterwards married, that the pamphlet had been written by Addison's direction. Pope was furious. In his anger, he wrote that most exquisite and most polished piece of satire, addressed to Addison under the name of Atticus. For pointed and piercing wit, and refined and delicate irony, these lines are unsurpassed in any language:

"And were there one whose fires  
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires,  
Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;  
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne ;  
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,  
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;  
Damn with false praise, assent with civil leer,  
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a fall, and hesitate dislike ;  
Alike reserved to blame as to commend,  
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend ;  
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,  
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged ;  
Like Cato, gives his little senate laws,  
And sits attentive to his own applause ;  
While wits and templars every sentence raise,  
And wonder with a foolish face of praise ;  
Who but must laugh if such a man there be,  
Who would not weep if Atticus were he ?”

“I sent the verses to Mr. Addison,” said Pope, “and he used me very civilly ever after ; and never did me any injustice, that I know of, from that time to his death, which was about three years after.”

Pope's triumph was now complete, and he might have rested content with the laurels that he had already won. But for years he had been subject to the malignant attacks of a horde of miserable scribblers, who, from their Grub-street garrets, threw dirt and foul things upon the greatest of living poets. They ridiculed his puny person ; they called him vile names ; they laughed at his personal defects ; they exhausted the vocabulary of abuse in heaping insults upon the devoted head of the little giant of literature. Was this not enough to make a savage misanthrope of him—to embitter him so that, like Lot's wife, he became “a pillar of salt ?” But he did not, like the most famous poet of the present century, pour forth his misanthropy in eloquent curses against the God that made him. He did not write volumes of magnificent poetry to tell the world that he was the most miserable of men. He did not call heaven and earth to witness, in lines of transcendent beauty, that life was a burden and death would be a release. He determined to take a sweeping revenge, and, like Cæsar Borgia, crush all his enemies with a single blow. He knew his power. He knew that he had a giant mind in a feeble body, and he determined to use his strength like a giant. He wrote the Dunciad. In richness of ideas, in strength of diction, and in intensity of feeling, this production surpasses all that Pope had previously done, and is perhaps the finest specimen of literary satire which exists in any language. The whole vocabulary of irony is



exhausted ; the whole universe of contempt is ransacked. We find the combined merits of the most dissimilar satirists—the wild, fearless, inventive, picturesque, extravagance of Aristophanes, the bitter irony and cold sarcasm of Lucian, the elegant raillery of Horace, and Juvenal's strange union of moral severity and grim pleasantry. It is curious to read these brilliant records of literary animosity, and to reflect upon the unenviable immortality which Pope's genius has conferred upon the meanest of scribblers and the most despicable of pamphleteers. Like the straws, the empty shells, and excrements of dead animals which the lava has preserved for uncounted centuries, and in which the eye of the geologist beholds the records of past convulsions, these names have been preserved uninjured through a period of time when many things a thousand times more valuable have perished forever ; and they exist, and will continue to exist, as long as the English language shall endure, imperishable but valueless memorials—the trash of literature, vitrified by the lightning of indignant genius.\*

This ferocious satire was received by the Dunces with a howl of indignation. They resolved upon revenge. They threatened Pope with personal violence, and, for a time, his life was in danger. They wrote pamphlets more abusive than ever, and published caricatures which must have tortured and torn the delicate and exquisitely sensitive soul of Pope. In a new edition of the *Dunciad*, published in 1742, Pope dethroned Theobald, the original King of the Dunces, and placed Colley Cibber on that "bad eminence." A perpetual war, in which no quarter was given on either side, was declared between the King of the Dunces and the King of the Satirists. Cibber answered Pope's satire with a pamphlet, in which he declares his resolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it, and to tire out his adversary by perseverance, if he cannot conquer him by strength. Pope pretended to be amused by the attempts of Cibber ; but it is related by the son of Richardson the painter, that he attended his father on a visit to Pope, when one of Cibber's pamphlets was put into the hands of the poet, who said, "these things are my diversion." They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhing with anguish ; and young Richardson said to his father, on their return, that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope.

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\* Shaw's English Literature, p. 221.



Between the years 1733 and 1740, Pope gave to the world his *Epistles*, *Satires*, and *Moral Essays*, addressed for the most part to his distinguished friends Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, &c. These admirable compositions, considered separately, are in most cases directed against some prevailing vice or folly, and it is perhaps in them that the poet's genius is seen in its fullest splendor. Glowing with fancy and a rich profuseness of illustration, adorned with every splendor that art or industry could confer, they are noble and imperishable monuments of knowledge, of acuteness, of observation, of finish, and of facility; for the poet had now attained that mastery in his art when the very elaboration of the workmanship is concealed in the apparent ease of the execution. They abound in happy strokes of description, in exquisite appropriateness of phrase, and a thousand passages from these charming compositions have passed into the ordinary conversation of those who speak the poet's language. Pope, with his whole soul, loved what is good and true, and with his whole soul hated what is evil and false. Who has not read and admired the noble and beautiful lines with which the *Dunciad* concludes?

"She comes, she comes! the sable throne behold!  
Of night primeval and of Chaos old;  
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,  
And all its varying rainbows die away,  
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,  
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.  
As one by one, at dread Medæa's strain,  
The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain;  
As Argus' eye, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,  
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;—  
Thus, at her fell approach and secret might,  
Art after art goes out, and all is night.  
See skulking Faith to her old cavern fled,  
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head;  
Philosophy, that leaned on heaven before,  
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.  
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,  
And, unawares, Morality expires.  
No public flame, nor private, dares to shine,  
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.  
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored.  
Light dies before thy uncreating word;  
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,  
And universal darkness buries all!"

In these astonishing lines, Pope reaches to the very greatest height which his sublime art has attained, and shows himself the equal of all poets of all times. It is the

brightest ardor, the loftiest assertion of truth, the most generous wisdom, illustrated by the noblest poetic figure, and spoken in words the aptest, grandest, and most harmonious. It is heroic courage speaking: a splendid declaration of righteous wrath and war. It is the gage flung down, and the silver trumpet ringing defiance to falsehood and tyranny, deceit and dulness.\*

The most brilliant wit, the most superb dandy, the most gallant and agreeable gentleman, and the greatest literary "swell" of this age of wits, was William Congreve. He first became known as an author by the comedy of the "Old Bachelor," which was written before he was twenty years old, and which had the good fortune of securing for him the patronage of generous Halifax, who bestowed upon him several lucrative places under the government. Johnson, one of the severest of critics, says of this comedy: "The dialogue is quick and sparkling, the incidents such as seize the attention, and the wit so exuberant that it o'er-informs its tenement." The brilliant young wit took the world by storm. Everybody acknowledged the successful chieftain. Dryden, the greatest literary character of his day, and himself the centre of a circle of wits, writes of him: "Mr. Congreve has done me the favor to review the *Nereis*, and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has shown me many faults, which I have endeavored to correct." Pope dedicated his *Illiad* to him in an address of great beauty, and highly complimentary. Addison, Steele, Swift, and all the wits acknowledged his talents, and showered praises upon him. Voltaire, during his visit to England, called upon him, as one of the leaders of literature.. Thackeray says: "The ladies loved him, and he was no doubt a pretty fellow." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said she never knew anybody that had so much wit as Congreve. He won his laurels with the easy and elegant grace of a gentleman-soldier of the household troop of Louis XIV.—in velvet slippers, flowing wig, and laced coat. His comedies are bright, witty, and brilliant, but the less they are read the better for the reader. Fortunately the world grows better as it grows older, and the comedies of Congreve, once the delight of the most polished society in England, would not now be tolerated in any society. Some of his verses may give an idea of his

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\* Thackeray's "English Humorists," Lecture on Pope.

grace, his elegance in compliment, his exquisite sarcasms. He writes thus of a young lady at a fashionable watering-place of that day :

"Cease, cease to ask her name,  
The crowned muse's noblest theme,  
Whose glory by immortal fame  
Shall only sounded be.  
But if you long to know,  
Then look round yonder dazzling row,  
Who most does like an angel show  
You may be sure 'tis she."

Here are some rather severe lines upon another beauty :

"When Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,  
With eyes so bright and with that awful air,  
I thought my heart would durst so high aspire,  
As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.  
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke  
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;  
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,  
And what her eyes enthralled her tongue unbound."

We now come to the greatest wit of the age of Queen Anne, if not the greatest wit of all times—Dean Swift. This famous writer, like Steele, Sterne, Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Burke, was an Irishman by birth. In his youth he was poor but proud, ambitious but obscure. He was educated by the kindness of an uncle, whom he hated for not doing more for him than he was able. When he was twenty-one years old he entered the service of Sir William Temple as private secretary. He received a salary of £20 a year, and a place at the upper servants' table. With a spirit as proud as Lucifer's, and a genius vast and mighty, Swift was compelled to bow with humble respect before his patron, and listen to his tiresome and oft-repeated stories. But, it was while occupying this dependent position that Swift laid the foundation of his literary fame: he had access to Sir William's valuable library, and availed himself of it to accumulate the vast stores of knowledge which he afterwards used so well in his writings. Swift was one of those flowers that bloom late; he was thirty-four when his first book was published. This may account for the extraordinary vigor and mastery of style which distinguished his writings from the beginning. They display none of the glitter and tinsel of rhetoric; they possess neither the delicate and exquisite humor of Addison, the dazzling brilliancy of Pope, the splendidly harmonious periods of Bolingbroke, nor the dashing gaiety of Steele. His

strength was in his keen and crushing wit, his withering and merciless satire. Wit and satire were his weapons—his two-edged sword, with which he destroyed his enemies and defended his friends. These mighty weapons raised him from obscurity and penury to fame and competence, from dependence and servitude to the companionship of the noble and great.

Swift commenced his political career as a whig, but in 1708 became dissatisfied with that party, and joined the tories, and was soon writing as vigorously and as fluently for his new friends as he had done for his former patrons. He was courted and caressed by Oxford and Bolingbroke, for they wanted the aid of his matchless wit. Dr. Johnson says\* that Swift for a time dictated the political opinions of the English nation. He was the real ruler of England. He wrote pamphlets, poems, lampoons, and letters against the opposition; his tremendous wit and dreadful satire was the chief support of the government. They rewarded his important services with approving smiles and flattering familiarity. But when he looked for a bishopric, they had none to give him. The queen and her advisers would not confer the mitre on the author of such a book as "The Tale of a Tub," whose boon companions were free-thinkers and infidels, whose books were loaded with a disgusting indecency which would have shamed the dissolute Wharton.

With all his great genius, with all his incomparable wit, with all his extraordinary talents, Swift fails to command our respect. This remorseless satirist, this Lucifer of Literature, was more feared than loved by all his acquaintance, except Pope, Bolingbroke, and one or two more of his particular friends. It seems strange that such a man as Swift, a cold, gloomy, misanthrope, could have won the devoted and enthusiastic love of two such women as Vanessa and Stella, one the most accomplished, the other the most beautiful woman of her age. His cruel selfishness caused one of them to die of a broken heart, and the other to suffer a long, lingering misery.

The greatest production of the genius of Swift, and one of the most remarkable books ever written, is "Gulliver's Travels." Being a work of universal satire, it will be read as long as the corruptions of human nature renders its innumerable mimic and sarcastic strokes applica-

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\* Life of Swift.

ble and intelligible to human beings; and even were the follies and baseness of humanity so far purged away that men should no longer need the sharp and bitter medicine of satire, it would still be read with little less admiration and delight for the wonderful richness of invention it displays, and the exquisite art with which the most impossible and extravagant adventures are related—related so naturally as to cheat us into a momentary belief in their reality. Swift was indeed a rarely gifted, prompt, and vigorous intellect; in his particular line of satire he is unequalled in literature; he did more, and more readily, what few besides him could have attempted; he played during his life a prominent and important part in the political drama of his country; and established himself by his writings among the prose classics of the world; but he was, as a man, heartless, selfish, unloving, and unsympathizing; as a writer, he degraded and lowered our reverence for the divinity of our nature; and as a statesman, he appears to have felt no nobler spur to the exertion of his gigantic powers than the sting of personal pique and the pang of disappointed ambition. Throughout the whole of his literary career, Swift never appears to have cared to obtain the reputation of a mere writer. The ruling passion of his mind was an intense and arrogant desire for political power and notoriety; as he himself says, "All my endeavors, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for the want of a great title, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts—whether right or wrong it is no great matter."\* His was a great, an immense, but an evil genius:

"Less than archangel ruined, and the excess  
Of glory obscured."

We are done. Time does not permit us to say anything of Bolingbroke, whose stately and harmonious diction cannot be too highly commended, but whose infidel and atheistical sentiments cannot be too highly condemned; of Prior, so honored and celebrated in his day; and of Gay, the favorite of all the wits of the age of Queen Anne.

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\* English Literature, by Thomas B. Shaw, p. 229.

ART. IV.—1. *Reports of various Trials in the principal Cities of the United States, from 1855 to 1865.*

2. *Women as they are, or the Manners of the Day.* By Mrs. GORE. London.

3. *Privileges of Women.* By JONAH S. MARSTON. London.

4. *The Poisoners of the Seventeenth Century.* Edinburgh.

5. *Remarkable Female Criminals.* London.

6. *Des Femmes avant le mariage, pendant le mariage et après le mariage.* Paris.

THERE is nothing in which Americans differ from other enlightened nations more than in their treatment of woman. In general the comparison is in our favor; so far as our intentions are concerned, it is so in nearly all respects; but in certain circumstances none more grievously err. The sex cannot be too much respected; a country in which they are not highly respected cannot be said to be highly enlightened. But the difficulty with us is that we are too indiscriminate in our respect; not only do we call them all "ladies," but we claim for the good, bad and indifferent the same privileges, and the same immunities. This is wrong and unjust; its tendency, instead of being salutary, is pernicious.

It is but a spurious gallantry that allows a woman to do what she likes with impunity merely because she is a woman; nor is it by any means a characteristic of a high civilization, as it is generally supposed. In no state of society is woman allowed more liberty than in the barbarous or semi-barbarous; and in no state of society is her husband more controlled by her. Even in countries where polygamy is established, the power of the favorite wife to do harm, by her influence on her husband, is proportioned to the degree of intelligence and enlightenment possessed by the latter, and *vice versa*.

There is no more interesting or instructive chapter in M. Guizot's admirable work on "Civilization in Europe" than that in which he shows from various authorities, ancient and modern, that in the primitive state of society woman is regarded as possessed of supernatural power, and revered accordingly as a superior being. That, in general, she is worse treated by her husband than she would be likely to be in an enlightened state of society does not alter the fact. The ancient Germans of the time of Tacitus consulted their wives much more than their enlightened descendants do at the

present day; nay, the Gallic women of the time of Caesar had more control over their husbands than the French women have at the present day. But neither race were indiscriminate in their respect or esteem; they made a wide distinction between the good and the bad, the worthy and the unworthy. While they dignified the former with titles, and allowed them to take part in their public deliberations, they inflicted on the latter all gradations of punishment, including that of death, according to the character of the crimes of which they were proved guilty.

We will take some pains with this branch of our subject, because most of those jurors who think they ought to acquit a woman, no matter how revolting is the crime she has committed; no matter how much she has disgraced her own sex; do so under the impression that they exhibit superior enlightenment. It is, perhaps, reasonable enough that it is those who claim to be most in favor of what is called "woman's rights" that are the first to raise shouts of triumph when a woman is acquitted under any circumstances. Whether they may be sincere or not in this exultation is but a secondary consideration; in either case they are the enemies rather than the friends of the sex, simply because the tendency of their course is to degrade them. That they call themselves reformers, and in some instances really believe they are, is no more than might be expected; but the truth is that the effect of their teachings, if successful, would be to cause society to retrograde instead of advancing. Be it remembered that not one of the rights claimed for woman, if granted to-morrow, would be new; all had been possessed before by their ancestors, but set aside as derogatory or unsuitable, according as civilization advanced. It is sometimes claimed that our wives and sisters are capable even of leading armies, and ought to be placed in such positions, the same as men, when found qualified. But the ancient Britons, made a general as well as a queen of Boadicea, at a time when they used to paint their naked bodies, as the red men do at the present day, and, unlike the red men, used to sell each other into slavery. Nor was Boadicea wanting in courage; perhaps, few male generals or kings had more. But the question at issue is not whether a woman has more courage than a man, but whether the battle-field or the camp is as suitable for her as home. It may be said that since Boadicea was a queen, what she did cannot be held to be a criterion of the course pursued in her time towards women



in general; but Tacitus tells us that the ancient Britons were wont to war under the leadership of *women*, and to make *no difference of sex* in places of command and government.\*

Still more to the point, if possible, is the testimony of Cæsar, who informs us that the Britons advised with their women in matters of peace and war; and if any questions arose of difference of opinion, they were referred to their arbitration.†

Now, the most liberal of the advocates of woman's rights would hardly maintain that, if our male legislators in both houses of congress cannot agree on some important international question, they ought to refer it to their wives and daughters, and be guided by their decision. Nor did the Britons become less gallant after their subjugation by the Romans; when driven into the mountains and fastnesses of Wales, they were as favorable as ever to "woman's rights;" in short, the ancient laws of Wales allow woman more privileges than those of any other country.‡ Indeed, they overlook or omit nothing in which the interest of woman is concerned; but while thus careful in protecting her, they are not the less particular in prescribing the punishment that shall be inflicted upon her when she is guilty of crimes much less heinous than murder or homicide. In other words, the same barbarians who provided that she should not be wronged in the slightest manner with impunity, either in person or property, provided at the same time that if, like a bad man, she committed murder, like a bad man she would have to pay the penalty with her life.

If we approach nearer to our own times we shall find that precisely in proportion as civilization advanced did "woman's rights" fall into disuse, and generally with her own consent and good will. In the earlier of the Anglo-Saxon charters that are still extant the queen's signature is found beside that of the king; and for nearly two centuries after this custom ceased her name continued to be joined with that of the king in the body of the charter. Nor did she confine herself to signing her name as long as she was allowed to do so; we are informed by Turner, in his excellent "History of the Anglo-Saxons,"§ that she often sat in the witenagemot (Saxon parliament) even after she became queen dowager.

\* *Fimenarum ductu bellare, et sexum in imperiis non discernere.* — *Vita Agricæ, et ann. 4.*

† *Mos inolevit ut pacis et belli cum fæminis consilia inirent. Si quæ quæstiones cum sociis inciderent, earam arbitrio has committerent.* — *De Bell. Gall.*

‡ *Vide Leges Wallicæ. 1, 2, De Mulieribus.*

§ Vol. iii., p. 180.



It is not alone the queen that sometimes signed the royal charters of the Anglo-Saxons; the historians of the time inform us that abbesses did the same. Thus, in the charter of King Offa to the Abbey of Croyland, the following entry is made: "J, Ceolburgha, Abbess of Berdea, have assented."\* That the abbesses enjoyed the same rights as the abbots is evident from all the works which give any account of the privileges allowed the sex at this early period of our history. The historian already quoted tells us that the charter of King Etelwulph was made "in the presence of, and with the subscriptions first, of the archbishops, after them of the kings of Mercia and East Angles, and an infinite number of abbots, abbesses, dukes, &c., and other faithful people of the land;" but he also informs us that "no lady accused of a crime was allowed any privilege by the Anglo-Saxon laws," and that "any one against whom a crime was proved, even though she were an abbess, was not only punished as much as a man in the same circumstances, but generally more, because it was held that a woman ought not to be as evil-disposed as a man."

From the characteristic gallantry of the Normans we need hardly say that they were not illiberal in their treatment of the sex; it was they who introduced the good old English adage, "When a man reigns a woman governs, and *vice versa*." Daniel tells us, in his "History of the Normans" (p. 72), that in the reign of Edward III., Alice Perrers possessed such an ascendancy that she was in the habit of sitting with the judges in Westminster Hall. Rymer mentions, with astonishment, the power she exercised.† But, great as it was, it did not secure her impunity when she violated the law; neither king, nor courtier, nor judge thought that because she was a woman she ought not to be punished when she misbehaved. We have a curious and interesting proof of this in Petyt's *Theatrum Criminatum*,‡ in which a full report is given of the proceedings in parliament against her, and in the same work there is a copy of a writ of Edward III., proclaiming that any woman who had been guilty of "*Maintenance in causes*" (receiving bribes and acting as the "lobby members" of the present day), and especially warning Alice Perrers from interfering in such matters, on pain of ignominious banishment from the kingdom. Thus

\* *Ingulphus, Hist.*, p. 854.

† Vide *De nave vocata la Alice*, vol. iii., p. 188, 50th Edward III.

‡ Vol. iii., p. 188.

she had power and influence as long as she was believed to deserve them, but when found to be unworthy she was held responsible for her conduct the same as any other person.

In the reign of Henry IV., the office known as Justice of the Forrest was filled by a woman. At the coronation of that monarch, Thomas Dymocke officiated as champion in right of his mother Margaret. The Countess of Richmond, officiated for years as a justice of the peace. It is well known to every intelligent student of English history that Queen Mary commissioned Lady Bartlett a justice of the peace in Gloucester; and in the *Harleian Manuscripts* we have the additional information that the lady usually sat upon the bench among the justices, as did several other ladies, with her sword by her side (*gladio cincta*).

That women acted as military officers at the same period is beyond question. Thus, in the work last quoted, we are informed that Lady Hawis de London held the manor of Esegarston of the king, *in capite*, by *sergeanty*, as part of Kidwelby, to conduct the vanguard of the king's army as often as he should go into Wales with one, and in returning to bring up the rear guard.\* The ladies who filled these various offices wore all the insignia belonging to them the same as men; those having military commissions not only wearing swords, but coats of mail. This habit continued up to the time of Elizabeth; even the Virgin Queen herself wore a coat of mail. That which she is said to have worn while reviewing her troops at Tilbury may still be seen in the British Museum. But this was one of the last, if not the very last, of its kind. The age of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Bacon, and Raleigh became too enlightened for this sort of woman's rights. All are aware, however, that at no time had women more power; but it is equally notorious that at no time was she punished in a more summary or severe manner. The latter fact is but too well attested by the executions of Lady Jane Grey and the Queen of Scots. That both of these celebrated but ill-fated ladies were cruelly wronged does not alter the fact that the public opinion of the day, however distinguished for its gallantry, was not at all opposed to the punishment of women when they were believed to have violated the laws.

We are here reminded of the absurd pretension that Luther was the first advocate of woman's rights; the facts we have already stated render it superfluous to take any notice of this,

\* Harl. Mss., No. 2087, p. 23.

were it not that it introduces us to a circumstance which is not only interesting, but amusing, altogether independently of the question at issue. It is well known that Luther was much more concerned about his own right to have a wife than he was about any extra rights a certain class of women might claim. And not only was John Knox no advocate of woman's rights when the two Marys were on the thrones of England and Scotland respectively; no speaker or writer of any age was more zealous and unwearied in his efforts to prove that women were utterly incapable of exercising the sovereign authority. In 1564 he preached in Edinburgh before Lord Darnley, the husband of the Queen of Scots, and boldly proclaimed to the people that "for their sins and ingratitude, in encouraging popery, God had set over them boys and women." At the beginning of the reign of Philip and Mary, he published his "*First Blast on the Triumph against the monstrous Regiment of Women.*" In this performance he maintained, with all the energy of which he was capable, that the rule of a woman was "repugnant to nature, a contumely to God, a thing most contrarious to his revealed will and approved ordinance, and, finally, the subversion of all equity and justice." This seemed somewhat strange to those who remembered that none had urged the claims of Lady Jane against Mary more zealously than John Knox. He felt persuaded that neither England nor Scotland could have a wiser sovereign than she; but no sooner is she executed than he discovers, in common with the large majority of his brethren, that no female sovereign could govern with either wisdom or justice. The "Blast" we have mentioned was only designed to be the beginning of a series; but when he had the "Second Blast" nearly finished Mary died, and was succeeded by Elizabeth. This produced another change in his views; one quite as sudden, not to say as unaccountable, as the former; he made it his business to have an early interview with Cecil, and inform him that Elizabeth formed an exception to the general rule laid down in Scripture against the women; that her whole life was a miracle, proving that she had been chosen by God; that the office, unlawful to other women, was lawful to her, &c.\*

We have alluded to the pious brethren of Knox as maintaining similar opinions for and against women, according to Scripture. Another preacher named Goodman had pub-

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\* *Stryke*, 121.

lished "Blasts" similar to those of Knox, but he also recanted. Several preachers who were in exile for preaching such doctrines to the people chose Aylmer, one of their number, to get up a "blast" in the opposite direction, in order to propitiate Elizabeth; and in about two weeks that pious and conscientious reformer published "*An Harborowe for faithful and trewe subjects against the late blowne blast concerning the government of women.* MDLIX. *Strasborowe*, 26 April." Nor was this without its effect, for in about three months after its publication the author had a bishopric. When some of his friends reminded him of his former opinions, he quoted 1 Cor. xiii., 11 with the air of a saint to whom a new revelation had been made, "When I was a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

Even this brief glance will show what woman's rights and their champions were up to the time of Elizabeth. But nothing in English history is clearer than that in proportion as the nation became enlightened the so-called rights of woman diminished; but need we add that her comfort increased, or that her moral influence improved?

There is no doubt that woman had a voice in parliament for centuries. The peeresses were not such merely in name, as many authors show. Thus, for example, Joseph Holland tells us, in his *Antiquity of the Parliaments in England*, p. 47, that among the earls and barons returned to parliament in the 35th Edward III., are, "*Marie Countesse de Norfolk; Alianor Countesse de Ormone; Philipp Countesse de March; Agnes Countesse de Pembroke; and Katherine Countesse de Athell.*" For centuries the women continued to be summoned by royal writ.\* And after this custom ceased the ladies still retained the privilege of sending their husbands to represent them. The evidence of this is to be found in many documents, but suffice it to mention the Dugdale MS. in the Ashmole Museum at Oxford, which contains "*A Catalogue of such Noble Persons as have had Summons to Parliament, and there sate in right of their wives.*"†

Thus a peeress might marry a common squire and send

\* The following extract from one of these writs will serve as a specimen: "Rex, etc., Maria Comitissa Norfolk, salutem, etc. Vobis in fide et ligeancia etc., mandamus quod—aliquem vel aliquos de quibus confidatis apud Westmon, mittabis—ad loquendum nobiscum—super dictis negotiis—et ad faciendum et consentiendum nomine vestro, super hoc quod ibidem contigerit ordinari."—*Rot. Claus.* 35 Edward III., M. 36, dorso.

† MSS. 6517, T. p. 45.

him to the House of Lords with her own title, privileged to take his seat and vote like any other member; and if he died, and that she chose to marry again, she could send her second husband in a similar manner. A still greater privilege enjoyed by peeresses was that of sending members to the House of Commons; and that they exercised it is beyond question.\*

Even in France, where the Salic law is nominally in force against women, the female noblesse not only held peerages, but exercised the judicial fonctions.† But in neither country have they exercised any such functions for the last century. In the British House of Commons they are not permitted to be present at the debates, except some change has taken place in their favor very recently. Nor were they thus excluded without stormy altercations; many a motion had been made against their admission before the old custom was done away with. We find a very amusing entry on the subject in "Grey's Debates," which runs as follows: "Some ladies were in the gallery, peeping over the gentlemen's shoulders. The speaker spying them called out, 'What borough do those ladies serve for?' To which Sir W. Coventry replied, 'They are for the speaker's chamber.' Sir Thomas Littleton said, 'Perhaps the speaker may mistake them for gentlemen with fine sleeves, dressed like ladies.' Says the speaker: 'I am sure I saw petticoats.'" Hatsell makes a note to this, in the second volume of the *Debates*, in which he says that he recollects one evening when the

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\* Several instances of this occurs towards the close of the sixteenth century; but we need only notice one. Thus, in 1572, the return of two members for the borough of Aylesburg, by Lady Parkington, is made as follows:

"To all Christian people to whom this present writing shall come: I, *Dame Dorothy Packington*, widow, late wife of Sir John Packington, knight, lord and owner of the town of Aylesburg, send greeting: Know ye, me, that said Dame Dorothy Packington to have chosen, named and appointed my truly and well-beloved Thomas Lichfield and George Burden, esquires, to be my burgesses of my said town of Aylesburg. And whatever the said Thomas and George, burgesses, shall do in the service of the queen's highness in that present parliament to be holden at Westminster, the 8th day of May next ensuing the date hereof, I, the same Dorothy Packington, do ratify and approve to be my own act, as fully and wholly as if I were or might be present there.

"In witness whereof, to these presents, I have set my seal, this 4th day of May, in the fourteenth year of the reign of our sovereign Lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, of England, France, and Ireland, queen, defender of the faith," &c.

The curious reader will find this record in Willis' *Notitia Parliamentaria*, vol. i., and in Brady's *Appendix to his History of Boroughs*.

† Les femmes sont capables de tenir pairies, ont opinion en jugemens, et y doivent adjournées et appellées comme les autres pairs, pour ce que elles prennent dignitez ayans exercise de justice.—*Du Hallan*, lib. viii., f. 232.

whole gallery and the seats under the front gallery were filled with ladies ; and that Governor Johnstone, being angry that the House was cleared of all the *men* strangers, amongst whom were some friends he had introduced, insisted that all strangers should withdraw. This produced a violent ferment for a long time ; the ladies showed great reluctance to comply *with the orders of the house*, so that business was interrupted for nearly two hours. Since that time ladies of the highest rank and influence have attempted in vain to gain admittance. The three succeeding speakers—Mr. Cornwall, Lord Sidmouth, and Mr. Manners Sutton—each distinguished for his politeness and gallantry in all other circumstances, persistently refused to readmit the ladies. So strictly was the rule adhered to, that even the celebrated Madame de Staël was refused, so that in order to gain admission in company with her friend Sir John Macintosh, she had to disguise herself in male apparel.

Because the ladies had originally much more power and influence in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons, they still have some left in the former. The peeresses are yet occasionally admitted to hear the debates of their husbands and friends ; but especially at the opening, prorogation, and dissolution of parliament by the queen or her commissioners. It is only as a matter of courtesy, however, there is no law that entitles them to it. That it was different in former times is evident from a thousand circumstances. In a speech made by Lord Shaftesbury in 1675, upon the dispute between the two houses on this very question, the following curious and significant passage occurs : “ I have heard of twenty foolish models and expedients to secure the justice of the nation, and yet to take this right from your lordships. I must deal freely with your lordships : these thoughts could never have arisen in men’s minds, but that there has been *some kind of provocation that has given rise to it*. Pray, my lords, forgive me if on this occasion I put you in mind of committee dinners, and the scandal of it ; *those droves of ladies that attended all causes : It was come to that pass* that men even hired, or borrowed of their friends, *hand-some sisters or daughters* to deliver their petitions.”\*

If any further proof were necessary to show that what is called woman’s rights, far from being a new discovery, as pretended by its advocates, is really but a remnant of bar-

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\* *Lords’ Debates*, vol. i., p. 165.

barous times, it would be found in the conduct of female sovereigns of the present day as compared with those of past times. Thus, for example, Queen Victoria is the sovereign of one of the most powerful and most extensive empires in the world; but on what occasion has she sought to emulate men in rough masculine work, or in what requires considerable physical strength and power of endurance? She has no ambition to sit on the bench, much less to put on male apparel and take up her position in the camp or battle-field. Even when she reads the address to Parliament, prepared for her by her ministers, she does so not like a man, but like a modest woman. And who does not respect her all the more on this account? Certainly there is no real friend, or intelligent admirer of the sex who does not. Although the empress of France is not a sovereign in her own right, like Queen Victoria, she has more than once been entrusted with sovereign power by the emperor. But how modestly, and yet how judiciously, has she exercised that power! Her chief object has been, not to make a display of woman's rights, but to do what she thinks will be most agreeable to her husband. Both ladies have been implored to pardon members of their sex sentenced to death, and although weeping bitter tears for their fate have declined to interfere with the course of justice. Sometimes, indeed, each has saved a woman condemned to death, but only when there were extenuating circumstances in her case; and need we say that were they to do otherwise, however kind and generous in their intentions, they would, in time, prove themselves not the friends, but the enemies of their sex?

If we are to judge the present by the past—and there is no safer criterion—we are bound to believe that none would treat women worse, if they had the power, than those who clamor most for her "rights." The most brutal and sanguinary of the miscreants of the French Revolution pretended to regard woman as their idol; they proclaimed that one of their chief objects was to release her from the cruel bondage under which she had hitherto labored, and elevate her in the social scale. They did, indeed, release her in a good many instances, but it was from the troubles of life; they elevated her, too, but it was to the scaffold! An instance or two will illustrate our remarks on this point: Barruel, one of the most reliable of the historians of the Revolution, tells us that the Princess Lamballe was placed in the prison of La Force, where she could see the sanguinary havoc of others, and note



the preparations for her own death. At seven o'clock she was dragged by the hair of the head into the dock, where other prisoners awaited sentence. The judge of that horrible tribunal put to her a few questions, to each of which she made a firm and direct reply. They next charged her with crimes; these she firmly denied. She was nevertheless condemned, and dragged to the place of execution amid files of murderers and a load of insults. She was next ordered to kneel down by the heaps of dead bodies that were piled up beside her, and commanded to ask pardon of the nation. Her reply was: "I have not injured the nation, and will not ask pardon." On being told that her compliance might procure her release, she added, with equal firmness: "I expect no favor from the hands of ruffians who dare to call themselves the nation." Two of the miscreants seized her by the arms and threatened to tear her to pieces; on her still refusing to acknowledge them, they rushed upon her with swords, cut off her head, laid open her body, took out her heart, *bit it with their teeth* in their fury, and then exposed her naked body to the populace! Mademoiselle Servan, a beautiful young woman of eighteen, was guillotined by the same advocates of woman's rights, because she would not betray the retreat of her father. Madame Cochret, celebrated for her beauty and worth, was condemned to death for having assisted her husband to escape the guillotine; it was in vain she pleaded, what was attested by two medical men, that she was with child, and implored them to spare her for the sake of the inoffensive infant, for they severed her head from her body.

Now, the very class who acted in this manner would be the first, if out of power themselves, to set up the shout of triumph at the acquittal of a woman whom they knew to be really guilty; nay, it is the same class which has done so much to bring trial by jury into contempt in this country; for it is that which exercises no discrimination, but is always going from one extreme to another; that which will suffer any inconvenience to-day to supply a stalwart servant-maid with a seat, salute her as a lady, with a profusion of compliments, and knock herself or her mistress on the head to-morrow, as if she were an ox, for the sake of a few dollars.

We are in no hurry to speak of the remarkable acquittals of women charged with murder which have taken place in this country during the last ten years; nor do we mean to



enter into any details on the subject, for it is not necessary. The facts are but too familiar to all; and we think it our duty rather to tell our readers what they do not know themselves, or may have forgotten, than what they are as fully aware of as we. We can truly say that none esteem the sex more highly than ourselves, and that none would do more to honor them. We have always regarded them as far less disposed to the commission of crime than the other sex; nay, we believe that it is but rarely they commit any of the darker class of crimes, except when prompted to do so by bad men whom they consider their friends. If left to the promptings of her own heart, woman is seldom otherwise than kind and generous. We think no one has described her so faithfully in this respect as Mungo Park, the great traveller: "I never addressed myself," he says, in his preface to his Travels, "in the language of kindness and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a kind and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, thirsty or cold, wet or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner that, if I was thirsty, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

But, if for no other reason than that she is thus a benefactress, she ought not to be encouraged to commit crime; since, in addition to whatever personal injury she may inflict on others, she not only degrades herself, but, so far as her influence goes, brings degradation on her sex. Nor is the evil entailed on society confined to the moral effect of her example; it needs no argument to prove that, if women can take the law into their own hands, and commit murder with impunity, under any pretence whatever, man will often make them the instruments of their bad passions. Accordingly, all the enlightened nations, ancient and modern, have felt the necessity of holding woman as strictly responsible for her conduct as man.

We need not remind our readers that the Jews, as well as the Greeks and Romans, punished the woman as well as the man with death, when the former deserved it, as well as the latter. Nor has Christianity, distinguished as it is above

all religions for its mildness and charity, made any exception in her case, much as it has elevated her in the social scale. Yet there have been times within the last three centuries when women have been shielded from the punishment due to their crimes the same as they have been indulged in other respects to their own detriment; but need we say that society suffered accordingly? Throughout the seventeenth century, and for a good part of the eighteenth, women seemed to think as little about poisoning their husbands, or any one, male or female, who incurred their displeasure, as they did about killing a dog that had the misfortune to displease them. Nor was the poisoning or killing mania confined to the women of any one country; it took deeper root in one country than in another only in proportion as its advocates of woman's rights were more or less numerous.

In order to illustrate our remarks on this point, we will now allude briefly to a few of the female criminals of different countries, glancing, as we pass, at the nature of their crime, and the manner in which they have been treated by the authorities. The female poisoners of the seventeenth century have formed an infamous epoch in history. The spurious gallantry to which we have been alluding in the course of this article was most prevalent in Italy during that period; and accordingly that country was disgraced by more murderesses than any other. But this fact is so universally known that we need take no further notice of it here. Were it otherwise, we might fill our whole paper with little more than a catalogue of the female criminals of Italy. As it is, we need only remark, in passing, that it required the utmost rigor of the law, combined with the important assistance rendered by the Church, to suppress the horrible mania.

Next to Italy, France had more false gallantry in the seventeenth century than any other country; and accordingly it had more female criminals in the same proportion. In proof of this we need only refer to the history of Madame de Brinvilliers, which shows that at this period the life of a man was nothing, whereas that of a woman was priceless; in other words, it was a more serious affair to trifle with the affections, or supposed affections, of a lady than it was to assassinate a man. While the latter might be done with impunity by a lady, especially if possessed of a certain amount of attractions, the penalty of the former was death. But experience taught both the authorities and the public that, after all, the best way to honor woman and raise her in the social scale was to hold her as strictly responsible for her

conduct as man, and hence it was that Madame de Brinvilliers and Madame La Voisin were both executed in 1676. Thus, the French had learned a lesson in regard to woman, more than a century before their great Revolution, which we have to learn yet. True, there were still men who thought that they could give no better proof of their regard for the sex than to try to shield them from the penalties due to their crimes. But that they were not the best men, or the best friends of the sex, is easily proved.\*

We have an interesting illustration of this fact in the case of the beautiful Madame Tiquet, and it is one to which we would call the especial attention of those jurymen who imagine that, in order to be gallant, they must allow a woman to do what she likes with impunity. The gallantry of Louis XIV. has never been questioned, but he dealt with female criminals precisely as he did with the male. If he thought there were extenuating circumstances in the case of either, he spared their lives. If a man and a woman were sentenced to death, he would pardon the former before the latter if the circumstances of his case seemed to entitle him to the preference; not but he would much rather pardon the woman if the cause of justice and morality seemed to justify his doing so. So great was the influence brought to bear upon the king in favor of Madame Tiquet, in 1699, that he hesitated whether he should commute her punishment to perpetual imprisonment, as implored to do by her friends, or allow her to go to the scaffold. But one of the most benevolent of men, and one of the best friends of the sex—no other than the venerable archbishop of Paris—warned his majesty that, if he spared her, no husband would be safe. By adopting this straightforward, manly course, the archbishop served the cause of justice and morality without in any manner compromising his sacred duty as a minister of religion. He caused no one to suffer for any revelation made to his confessors or to himself; by means of the confessional he learned that many were disposed to poison their husbands, and that in most cases the fear of capital punishment was the chief restraint on their conduct. This knowledge was of the greatest importance, and it was

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\* Elles sont capricieuses, "says Montesquieu," indiscrètes, jalouses, légères, intrigantes; leur petites âmes ont l'art d'intéresser celles des hommes. *Si tous ces vices étoient en liberté dans un état despotique, il n'y a point de mari, point de père de famille qui peut y être tranquille; on y verroit couler de flots de sang.*  
—*De l'Esprit des Loix*, tome i., p. 339; tome ii., p. 222.

the interest of all that the authorities should be able to avail themselves of it, especially as no one was compromised by it.\*

But let us see what was the nature of the case. Madame Tiquet was no such vulgar malefactor as several of our female criminals who have been allowed to escape under one pretext or another, while it could hardly be denied that they were guilty of the murder for which they were put on trial. So remarkable were her beauty and accomplishments that, in the records of the period in which she lived, she is pronounced "a masterpiece of nature;" but we are told that her only inducement to marry M. Tiquet was the hope of making a very splendid figure in the fashionable world as his wife. Because he contrived to make her a present of a bouquet of diamonds worth fifteen thousand francs, she easily persuaded herself that he was very wealthy. Pretty soon after her marriage, however, she discovered that this was not the case, and her former indifference was changed to aversion, although his affection for her was such that he did all in his power to maintain appearances. She was scarcely three months married when she engaged in an intrigue with the Chevalier de Mongeorge. Even when this came to the knowledge of her husband, he does not seem to have annoyed her much; but one evening, when he came home somewhat later than usual, he was shot by an unseen hand at his own door. It was the opinion of the doctors that he would have been killed on the spot had not the sudden alarm caused his heart to contract so that it did not fill the usual space. Being asked by the police what enemy he could point to as most likely to have sought his life, he answered that he had no enemy but his wife. She was highly indignant that any one should dare to suspect her, and persistently refused to abscond. Her numerous "woman's rights" friends made a great outcry when she was arrested, representing her as a much injured woman. Nor was it quite clear to the authorities that there was not some truth in the charge, until a certain *laquais de place*, called Auguste Catelain, voluntarily came forward and confessed that some months previously he, Moura, the porter, and several others had been engaged by

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\* From various cases of this kind that have come under our notice in different parts of the world, we could never agree with those who regard the confessional as dangerous to individual or national liberty, or in any manner injurious to the cause of truth or justice. We have yet to learn that any individual or nation has unjustly suffered by it; but we have not to learn that its restraining influence on the lower classes has prevented the commission of thousands of crimes.

Madame Tiquet to murder her husband. The other parties named were promptly arrested; the fact of her guilt was established beyond all doubt, and she was condemned to die with her chief accomplice Moura.

Now be it observed that among those who did all in their power to save her life was the husband whose blood she had paid for in advance. While scarcely recovered from his wounds, he threw himself at the feet of Louis XIV and implored him to pardon her. Under such circumstances it is not strange that the king hesitated; although the same facts show that the archbishop was right in sternly advising him not to comply. Madame Tiquet still maintained her innocence. Another remarkable circumstance in her case was that the judge who pronounced the sentence of death upon her had once been her lover; but he had now a duty to perform, nor did he shrink from it. According to the custom of the time, he bade her place herself on her knees before him, in order to confess her crime, and give such information as would bring her accomplices to justice. He then proceeded to pronounce an exhortation, in which he contrasted, in the most pathetic terms, her former with her present condition. "She, who was once the idol of the world around her, blessed with beauty, youth, talents, rank, and affluence, was a criminal on her way to the scaffold!" He entreated her to spend in repentance the short time that remained to her, and by an ample confession to relieve him from the pain of seeing her placed on the rack.

But no use. It was in vain to try to move the heart that had no more tender feeling for the generous husband whose life was devoted to her than that of the bloodthirsty panther for his prey. We are told that, cold, motionless, and with unshaken voice, she answered him: "You are right. The past and the present are, indeed, strangely different; for then you were at *my* feet, now I am at *yours*! But I have done with such recollections. So far from fearing, I desire the moment that is to terminate my wretched life and release me from my misfortunes. I hope to meet my death with as much firmness as I have listened to its announcement; and *be assured that neither fear nor pain shall induce me to confess myself guilty of a crime which I have never committed.*"

This sort of language, even from the most hardened criminal, not only pleases, but convinces, the mob; it was so in this case, and accordingly the judges, the king, and the archbishop were in turn subjected to the coarsest abuse. But

no sooner is Madame Tiquet brought to the rack than her resolution fails her, and she fully confesses her guilt, also that of her accomplice Moura, but exonerates her lover Mongeorge. The two criminals were brought to the scaffold in the same car; and both died side by side, the lady acknowledging the justice of her sentence, and begging forgiveness of all she had so cruelly injured. Now, who that knows anything of human nature will pretend that it was not better for the women of France to see this woman expiate her crimes in this manner, on the scaffold, than to see her undergo a mock trial, and then escape punishment amid the plaudits of the rabble?

So late as the beginning of the present century the Germans entertained the notion that no capital punishment should be inflicted on a woman, and the ill disposed and vicious of the sex indulged their propensities accordingly, until all save the unthinking and those who sympathized with crime agreed that a new course should be pursued if human life was worth preserving. Finally the authorities resolved to make an example; and for this they had opportunities enough. In 1807 there resided in Oberland, in Prussia, a respectable middle-aged female, who supported herself by knitting; she was a widow who had evidently seen better days, but had suffered much. Her deportment was remarkably quiet and her manner engaging. The ruling principles of her life seemed to be the fear of God and the love of her neighbor. She seemed industrious withal, but still unable to secure more comfort for herself than the common necessities of life. She was known by the name of Nannette Schönleben, but at this time her neighbors knew nothing of her history. As soon as it was understood, however, that if an opportunity of improving her condition offered she would be glad to avail herself of it, her excellent reputation procured her such a situation as she desired. In the month of March, 1808, a person of the name of Glaser, who resided at Kasendorf, engaged her in the capacity of housekeeper, at the recommendation of his own son, who had some trifling dealings with her, and formed a very favorable opinion of her character. In a short time she gained the entire confidence of her master, who regarded her as a model housekeeper; and she exercised the influence she possessed over him in such a manner that all his neighbors thought that he was perfectly right in his opinion. He was fifty years old at the time, and had been several years separated from his wife.

Some blamed him for this, and it was agreed among all that there was nothing in the conduct of the lady which justified the separation. As soon as Nannette learned these facts, she resolved to bring about a reconciliation. She wrote letters to the wife, and induced the friends on both sides to aid her in the good work. Nor did she fail to effect her object. Frau Glaser allowed herself to be persuaded, and the husband declared himself ready to receive her with open arms. In a short time the lady started for her old home, but, as she subsequently stated, with a heavy heart and strange presentiment. Writing to one of her friends, she remarked: "I cannot describe what I feel; there is a struggle within my heart that I cannot account for. Can it be a forewarning of evil?" The husband went to meet her; Nannette prepared a fête for her reception, and the whole village assembled to welcome her. Glaser seemed disposed to treat his wife with great kindness, and she was becoming quite reconciled to her husband. All her fears seemed to have passed away, when she suddenly took ill on the 26th of August, and died the same day; exactly four weeks after her return to her husband.

This was deemed an unfortunate event, but no one supposed that any one was to blame for it. As for Nannette, she was so deeply grieved that many thought she would not long survive her mistress. Soon after, however, she entered the service of a gentleman named Grohmann, who resided at Sanspariel, to whom Glaser recommended her in the strongest terms. Her new master was a fine young man, only twenty-eight years of age; but he suffered from frequent attacks of gout, and the devotion with which Nannette nursed him on these occasions, elicited his warmest gratitude. Yet he thought his wife would nurse him still better, and accordingly he resolved to have one. He made proposals to a young lady, which were accepted; all the preliminaries being arranged, a day was appointed for the marriage; but he was taken suddenly ill. Nannette never quitted his bedside during his sufferings, which were fearful; but she could not prevent him from dying, and she was inconsolable. It seemed strange that a young man who had merely an occasional attack of gout should die so suddenly; but it did not occur to any one that he was treated otherwise than tenderly by Nannette. Far from suffering in her reputation, the manner in which she had conducted herself at both those places so strongly recommended her that a lady named Gebhard, who was about to be confined, thought herself particu-



larly fortunate in obtaining her services. Nannette attended her during her confinement, and the child was happily born ; but on the third day the lady was seized with violent vomitings, and after suffering much pain she died. Even this does not seem to have excited any suspicion against Nannette, for she still retained her place in the family and was regarded as a model housekeeper. Finally, however, after she had administered the fatal drug to several others, she was arrested. She, of course, pretended to be the most innocent of women ; but as soon as she learned, while on her trial, that poison had been found in the stomachs of several of her victims, she confessed that she had twice administered arsenic to Frau Glaser, but only as a medicine, and without any intention of putting her to death. A strong effort to save her was made by the quasi-philanthropists on the ground that this statement was strictly consistent with her conduct through life ; but the authorities were inexorable. She was found guilty of at least half a dozen of murders, and sentenced to death, with the assurance that she had no mercy to expect. Satisfied this was the truth, she occupied the interval that elapsed between her trial and execution in writing a sketch of her life. This is one of the most revolting biographies ever written. Passing over the catalogue of her acknowledged crimes as too sickening to mention, we confine ourselves to what seems to have contributed chiefly to her fall, for even she had once been a good and virtuous woman. She states that, in order to dissipate an attack of melancholy under which she labored for some months, she had recourse to novel reading. " My first book," she writes, " was ' The Sorrows of Werter.' The impression it made on me was so great that for some time I could do nothing but weep. Had I had a pistol, I should certainly have shot myself. I next read ' Pamela,' and ' Emilia Gallotte.' After these I read a small pamphlet which contained the trials of five women charged with murder, all of whom were acquitted, although nothing could be clearer than their guilt." To this she adds that she was married in early life to a notary named Zwanziger. This person had neither energy, industry, nor spirit ; he not only allowed her to do as she liked, but in order to raise funds urged her to do what was alike disgraceful and dishonorable to both. The habits of the notary were so irregular that few wondered when he died suddenly in 1796. Doubtless he was her first victim ; but her subsequent course, as described by herself, afforded new evidence of the fact that



the woman who will deliberately assassinate her husband will not be likely to spare any stranger, male or female, who happens to incur her enmity, or by whose death she may expect to profit. One of her last remarks on her way to the scaffold was that it would have been well for herself, as well as for society, had she been detected in her first offence and tried and executed for it. "Then," she says, "several lives would have been spared; a vast amount of suffering would have been prevented; and I should not now have had so many crimes to answer for in leaving this world." We need hardly add that the fate of Nannette had a salutary effect both on the authorities and the public. For several years after, the jurisprudence of Prussia was not called upon to dispose of any similar case.

Until the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes gave false gallantry its deathblow in Spain, nothing was more common in that country than the murders of husbands by their wives. But that justly celebrated work opened the eyes of all classes to the injurious tendency of the notions then prevalent as to the manner in which a woman ought to be encouraged, even in her crimes. Ever since, women have been held responsible for their conduct quite as much as men; the former, as well as the latter, have been inexorably executed when found guilty of murder. We will note one case, as an illustration,—that of Donna Maria Mendieta of Madrid, who, towards the close of the last century, excited horror and amazement throughout Spain by the assassination of her husband. It was found on investigation that her paramour, Don Santiago San Juan, committed the deed, at her instigation, while her husband was lying sick and helpless in bed. She had made such arrangements as enabled the assassin to escape, after the commission of the crime, without being observed by the servants. That she had not committed the murder with her own hand was evident to all; but she was immediately arrested, nevertheless, and safely lodged in prison. It was supposed that Santiago was absent from Madrid at the time of the occurrence. In order that this might be urged in his favor in the event of suspicion falling upon him, he took formal leave of his mistress, in presence of several of the servants, about ten days before the murder, taking care to notify her that she need not expect him back for at least a month. But the police soon found that he had been all the time lurking about in the metropolis, from one hotel to another, under a fictitious name. However, it was found impossible to arrest

him until she herself involuntarily betrayed him by a letter she wrote from the prison, addressed to Don Thaddeo Santia, Madrid. At this period it was the custom in Spain to hang out a list of letters brought by the post, the addresses of which were not sufficiently explicit. Santiago saw the letter, and by calling for it threw himself into the coils that were spread for him. Soon after, the two were brought to trial. She was one of the most beautiful women of Madrid, and belonged to one of its most ancient families; but the judges were inflexible. Both the lady and her paramour were sentenced to death, and they were accordingly executed. Until the last moment, they solemnly protested that they were innocent; but, just as the fatal cord was adjusting about their necks, they made a full confession of their guilt, and acknowledged the justice of their sentence. Now, need we ask how much better was it for the interest of the sex to see the laws thus vindicated than it would have been to turn the trial into a farce and allow the guilty to escape?

We return again to France for the purpose of noting the case of Madame Gottfried. In 1825 a gentleman named Rumpff established himself in a house in Bremen, which belonged to, and was also inhabited by, a widow lady of the above name, who, by common consent, was a charming woman, and who was as much celebrated for her kindness and gentleness of manner as she was for her beauty. But all regarded her as unfortunate, and they sympathized with her accordingly; they thought it a great pity that such a good woman should have lost two husbands, her father, mother, brother, and several children, all in the course of a few brief years. She used to lament, herself, with tears in her eyes, that she had to perform the painful duty of ordering thirteen coffins of the undertaker; but she added that she had the consolation of knowing that she had tenderly nursed all her lost friends, never leaving their bed-side until they were beyond the reach of all earthly aid. Although now forty years of age, she had still claimants for her hand, for the worst thought entertained about her was that she had a poisonous breath, which was fatal to all who inhaled it at certain times or under certain circumstances. Partly for this reason, and partly for her "ill luck," the friends of Mr. Rumpff tried to dissuade him from establishing himself in her house. In many features of his character this gentleman was much like Dr. Burdell, the victim of a woman whose character is still more like that of Madame Gottfried. Rumpff had no faith

in the reasons assigned by his friends, and he had no idea of resigning a residence that suited him on absurd grounds.

Unlike Dr. Burdell, Mr. Rumpff had a wife and family. For some time, however, the latter seemed to have great reason to congratulate himself, and his wife was, if possible, still better pleased with the change than himself, for Madame Gottfried seemed to have no other care but to render herself agreeable to both, and do all in her power for the children. Such were their relations for eight weeks, when the general joy was interrupted by the sudden death of Madame Rumpff, who was seized with a violent vomiting two or three days after her confinement. Nothing could exceed the attentions of Madame Gottfried, and so well did she play her part that the chief consolation of the dying woman in her last moments, while writhing with agony, was that she left behind her so kind a friend to protect her orphans and comfort her bereaved husband; and to all appearance her hopes and wishes were fulfilled to the letter. So friendly and affectionate was she to the children that they called her no other name than Aunt Gottfried. The infant was doing quite well, but the nurse who had charge of it soon became so extremely ill that she had to leave, declaring that whatever was the reason, she felt she should never be well as long as she remained in the house. Nor did Mr. Rumpff's apprentices fare better; they, too, were seized in turn with violent fits of vomiting, and some three months after his wife's death he became ill himself in a similar manner. Being a strong, robust man, he struggled resolutely to overcome the supposed malady; but in vain; he could keep nothing on his stomach; everything he ate caused him the most excruciating agonies, and his health declined from day to day. In about two weeks he lost the use of his fingers and toes, and became as weak as an infant. Amid all this suffering the idea of poison never occurred to him; but he thought that there might be some decaying substance about the house which exhaled a vapor fatal to the health of all who inhabited it. He made a close search for the supposed substance, causing the boards of the floor to be lifted, the walls to be opened, &c., but with no result. It is not strange that in time his mind began to fail; he now began to doubt whether, after all, there might not really be some evil spirits that pursued mankind to their destruction, wasting their bodies and withering their minds. These doubts he first expressed to Aunt Gottfried; but she told

him to trust in God, that she would watch over him like a mother; and when he described to her his sleepless nights of anguish, she earnestly wished him such sweet rest as blessed her own pillow. This state of things went on for a year, the patient growing weaker and weaker from day to day, until finally all regarded him as near his end. As was usual with him in the spring, he ordered a pig to be killed for his family, and the butcher sent him a small choice bit of the animal to taste. Finding that it agreed with his stomach, unlike anything he had recently taken, he deposited the remains of it in a closet for his next day's luncheon; but when he came to take it at the proper time, he found it was not as he had left it; and looking more closely, he was startled by perceiving some grains of white powder sprinkled over it. This attracted his attention all the more readily because he remembered to have remarked the same appearance on some salad, broth, and other articles which he had recently taken from the hands of Aunt Gottfreid. The suspicion of poison occurred to him now for the first time; he said nothing, however, but privately sent for his physician. A chemical examination soon revealed the mystery; the white powder proved to be arsenic. This discovery was made on the 5th of March, and the day following she was arrested. The police found her in bed; she protested that she was unable to leave, no matter what was their business, with her, for this she pretended to have no suspicion of. It will be remembered that Mrs. Cunningham affected to be very ill also, and that it was deemed highly improper to shock her feelings in such a state. It was otherwise, however, in the case of Madame Gottfried, for she was forcibly taken out of bed and carried off to prison. The news of so unexpected a catastrophe spread dismay all over the city. First, scarcely one believed that she could be guilty; the general impression was that there must be some mistake. Who could believe, they said, that one so amiable, so friendly, and so pious—one so much esteemed and respected by all who knew her—would be guilty of poisoning her own friends? A lady, too, continued another, who could see no one in pain or misery without shedding tears. Nor was this any misrepresentation, for she wept while her victims writhed in the agonies of death, and called on God to pity them and release them from their sufferings. The fact only shows, however, that she could shed tears whenever she wished, and assume any character which she thought

was most suitable to her present circumstances. So numerous were her crimes, and so long did it require, in consequence, to collect evidence against her, that three years had elapsed from the time of her arrest until she was brought to the scaffold. It was clearly established on her trial that she had murdered fifteen persons, and that she had destroyed the health of an incredible number. Until she saw that the evidence against her was too conclusive to be set aside, she persistently insisted that she was an innocent woman, whom unprincipled enemies had conspired with each other to ruin; then, however, she confessed all, and wrote a history of her life, the details of which are still more revolting than those given by Nannette. The account she gives of the poisoning of her own mother would show by itself that she was a woman in nothing save the form, but the worst of fiends. Had her trial been one of those farces that have disgraced the criminal jurisprudence of this country during the last ten years, the world would never have known how one may seem kind, pious, charitable, in short, in every respect, exemplary, and still be at heart a bloodthirsty demon, capable of murdering her own innocent children. It is only when criminals are brought to condign punishment that they reveal those facts which prove the most valuable lessons to the private citizen, as well as to the legislator, the Christian minister, and the moralist.

But one more foreign case and we are done. We select that which took place at the republican city of Hamburg in 1786, because all the circumstances connected with it showed that a people may have a high appreciation of freedom, and be sufficiently chivalric, and at the same time observe no distinction of sex or condition as affording an immunity from punishment when a capital crime has been committed. One morning in the month of February, in the year mentioned, two laborers found a package wrapped in matting on the road between Hamburg and Lubeck. They lifted it and took it to the nearest house, where they opened it, in the presence of witnesses, to see what it contained; and to their amazement and horror they found the contents to consist of a human body, without head, arms, or hands. Those who found it took it from house to house to seek a resting-place, but no one was willing to receive so hideous a burden; having thus failed in their efforts, they thought it best to carry the frightful package back and leave it where they had discovered it. This occurred on Tuesday the 24th, and on the evening of the same

day, as the mail coach was passing the spot, the attention of the postillions was attracted by the horses shying at a bundle lying in the road, which on examination proved to contain a human head and two hands wrapped in a handkerchief; a little further on they discovered, in a similar manner, the trunk which the laborers had just left there. The affair was thus brought to the notice of the authorities, and an investigation was immediately commenced. The body appeared to be that of a man fifty years of age, in good health, and the articles of dress he wore showed that his condition of life was respectable. The sack enclosing the trunk was marked with the initials P. R. W., and the shirt bore the letters J. M. H., but none could tell whom did either initials represent. The laborers remembered, however, that on the morning of the day they found the corpse, about ten o'clock, they observed a carriage drawn by four black horses, with a coachman and postillion, standing in front of the new inn at a spot called the Fleishgaffel. It started on the road to Lubeck whilst they were near, and at such a pace that when it reached the Hogenberg, where the road is steep, they lost sight of it; and it was exactly at this spot they afterwards found the body. Later in the day they observed the same carriage pass through Lutzen on its way back to Hamburgh.

When the news reached the latter city, it was suspected at once that the mutilated corpse was that of a tobacco merchant named Wachtler, who, according to the report of his wife, had left home for a long journey on Wednesday, the 22d; but the fact that no one saw him going, or knew anything of his intention to do so, created suspicion at once, especially among those who were aware that the husband and wife had frequent disagreements. All was vague, however, until a person named Hennings came forward on the 29th, and stated that he had been applied to by Frau Wächtler some days previously for one of his livery carriages to convey her as far as Lubeck, where she expected to meet her husband. She was very anxious that he would set out on Thursday evening, but he refused to travel by night, and they agreed to start at an early hour on Friday. As she mentioned that she should have rather a cumbersome package to carry, he recommended that she should allow him to fetch it and arrange it in the carriage beforehand; but she remarked that it was not necessary; that she would rather see to it herself, as it was something she was very careful about. Even in the morning he was not permitted to see it; he was invited up stairs to

take a cup of coffee, and while he was absent it was carried out and deposited in the carriage.

He did not think there was anything very remarkable in this, but when they reached the Hogenberg, the lady called out to him to stop, that she felt very ill; at the same time she expressed a wish that himself and the driver would walk a little in advance, taking the child who accompanied her with them. In a few minutes they returned and found her apparently quite recovered. Soon after, the same thing occurred, but this time she told Hennings that she felt so ill she could not proceed any further, but wished to return to Hamburgh. All this seemed natural enough to him, and he had no suspicion that there was anything wrong. It was different, however, when he heard that a body had been found exactly at the spot where the carriage had stopped. Those acquainted with Wächtler were called upon to examine the body, and their report confirmed the worst surmises. A guard was immediately placed over the house to prevent Frau Wächtler from communicating with persons from without until she was sent to prison. Many circumstances were now brought to light which tended strongly to show that she was the guilty person. A laundress named Neumann came forward and stated that, on the morning of the 22d, Frau Wächtler had sent for her and given her a bloodstained bed to wash, with strict injunctions to bring it back clean on the following Saturday. The laundress said that when she came to the house she found her "sitting on the bed as white as a corpse." It was first suspected that the servants must have been privy to the murder; but on an investigation it was found that there was no ground for any such suspicion; even her paramour, a hairdresser of the neighborhood, was entirely exonerated, although arrested as an accomplice. The substance of the evidence given by the servants of the accused is as follows: At half-past two o'clock Frau Wächtler awoke them and ordered coffee to be immediately prepared for her husband, who, she said, was about to start on a journey. The cook went below to get it ready, but she desired the waiting-maid to stay beside her. When the coffee was brought up they drank it together, the wife sitting on the side of her husband's bed, and looking very pale; the bed-clothes were drawn up, and they supposed their master was asleep. After some time, seeing that he did not stir they enquired for him, and were informed that he had just stepped to a neighboring room to see to the



packing of some wares he intended to take with him, and would be back immediately. It was after this she sent for the laundress as already stated, and then shut herself up for some hours. When the servants were readmitted to her room, she appeared to have been washing linen; the water was red, and there were some stains of blood on the floor. One of these seemed to point to an adjoining room, and the cook, whose curiosity was somewhat aroused, went there, and saw three sacks standing together, two containing soiled linen, but in the middle one she thought she felt a human head. Horror-stricken, she hastened out of the room, but could not resist the feeling that urged her to return. This time she was satisfied that she felt not only the head, but also the knees and calves of the legs. It occurred to her that it must be the body of her master; but she thought it impossible that her mistress could have contrived and executed such a deed alone.

But the worst witness against her was her own daughter, a child seven years old. She was accustomed to sleep with her father; and she related that on the night in question, just as the clock was striking two, her mother lifted her out of the father's bed, and had her placed in another, with her brothers. The suddenness of the action seems to have thoroughly awakened her; for although she was bade go to sleep again directly, she found it impossible to do so; and as she lay feigning sleep, to satisfy her mother, she observed her leave the room and presently return with a hatchet, with which she struck the father. "Father stirred a little, and there was blood on the sheet. Then mother sat down on father's bed, and drew the clothes up over him, and I went to sleep."

The trial was postponed three times because Frau Wachtler accused other persons of having committed the crime; but the only effect this had on her fate was to protract her trial, which in consequence of it lasted three years. Each of those she charged with the murder, was fully acquitted, and proved to be innocent; finally, when she saw that all her plans had failed, and that all her money would not save her, she made a full confession of her guilt two or three days before she was executed.

It is painful to reflect that in not one of these cases would the law have been vindicated had they recently occurred in this country. The worst of the criminals would have escaped under one pretext or another. The most probable result



would be that the jury would not agree; that there would be at least two or three whose "gallantry" would not permit them to condemn a woman. If, perchance, all agreed, it would probably be to acquit her on the ground that she had received some slight or insult which no lady should be expected to submit to; if the crime was proved to be too deliberate, so that it could be considered in no other light than as premeditated, then it would be found that she was insane just at the moment she committed the deed, but now quite sane and fully able to resume her former position in society.

Not only are law and justice permitted to be made a farce of in this way by our jurymen, encouraged by a vitiated public opinion, but disgrace is brought on the bench as well as the bar at the same time. It is hardly necessary to explain how this is done, for it is notorious. Who that knows anything of our jurisprudence is not aware that nine-tenths of the lawyers who undertake to defend our female malefactors act more like pugilists, or fish-women, than like advocates? Let the most exemplary person that ever lived appear as a witness against these "learned gentlemen," and he is sure to be treated as if he had devoted his whole life to thieving and lying. A stranger would think that it is he and not the prisoner at the bar who is on trial. But who would abuse even a murderer as these pettifoggers often abuse ladies and gentlemen whose only wish in the case is to state the truth when called upon by the authorities to do so? It is obvious that, even were our jurymen disposed to do their duty honestly, "without favor or affection, malice or ill will," the cause of justice would be greatly injured by this disgraceful system, since there are but few whose zeal for the vindication of the law is such that they will subject themselves to be thus used for it. Nay, many suffer serious injury themselves rather than submit to such an ordeal. The class of lawyers alluded to pursue this course whether their clients are male or female; but for the latter, they think they may throw off all restraint, and bully and abuse all who will not do as they direct them.

It is not alone in criminal cases that our jurymen and lawyers violate their trust in this shameful manner; in civil cases they pursue the same course and receive the same applause from the mob. In the latter as well as in the former, their object is not to discover what is right and just, or what is wrong and unjust, and proclaim it accordingly, but to show

that a woman is right whatever she does ; that she is no criminal, although it is clearly proved that she has committed murder, and that she is a virtuous woman, although the proof that she is the reverse is equally clear.

Those who administer the law in this way would have the world believe that they are very manly ; but the truth is that they are very unmanly, and that none despise them more than the sensible part of the sex whom they pretend to honor. If the jurymen who give the sort of verdicts to which we have referred would appear in their box dressed in the largest hoop petticoats, they would be much more in character than they do in their ordinary costume ; and the same garments would serve the pettifoggers much more fitly than gowns. In short, it is no wonder, for the reasons mentioned, that all classes have lost confidence in trial by jury. Had it not been for this, we would have been among the first to denounce the recent trials by court martial. Not because the military court has not done its duty conscientiously and fairly, for we think it has ; but because we should not like to see such a precedent established, if we saw any reason to expect that the ordinary courts would vindicate the law and punish the guilty. But there was not the least ; the proceedings in a civil court would only have added to the number of legal, or rather illegal farces with which our jurisprudence has been disgraced during the last seven years.

It is obvious that we are not peculiar in this view of the case ; for then there would have been no court-martial after the war was over. Our rulers felt convinced that certain parties were guilty of murder in its worst form ; but they felt almost equally certain that an ordinary jury would either disagree about their guilt, or acquit them altogether, and thus encourage others to imitate their example. None regretted more than we that a woman should be included among those doomed to the gallows ; but we felt at the same time that, if a woman was found as guilty as the men, she ought to suffer the same penalty with them. None will deny that military officers who have distinguished themselves in defence of their country, have as much gallantry as the jurymen who acquit all women ; as much as the pettifoggers who abuse all that give testimony against any woman ; as much as the crowd of idlers or malefactors who throw up their hats in triumph when any woman is acquitted. Who would hesitate for a moment to say which of the four parties would

be the first to protect a woman if she were in danger? which would respect her most if she deserved it? or which would appreciate her charms most if she possessed such? Assuming the officers to be gentlemen properly so called, it is to them the distinction would be awarded in each case; but precisely because they possess gallantry, because they are gentlemen actuated by a sense of honor, they would remember that they have a grave duty to perform—a duty to society as well as to the government in whose service they are; they would also remember that their respect, esteem, and admiration are due not to the bloodthirsty or base of the sex, but to the virtuous and good, who would have every right to reproach them if they neglected to make that distinction.

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- ART. V—1. *M. T. Ciceronis Opera Omnia*. Parisiis, 1827–32.  
 2. *B. G. Niebuhr's Lectures on the History of Rome*. Edited by L. SCHMITZ. London, 1849.  
 3. *T. Mommsen: Römische Geschichte*. Berlin, 1856–9.  
 4. *Merivale's History of the Romans under the Empire*. Vols. 1–3. New York, 1863–4.  
 5. *Cicero's Letters to several of his Friends*; translated by W. MELMOTH. *Letters to Atticus*; translated by Dr. HEBERDEN. *Life*, by Dr. MIDDLETON. London, 1848.  
 6. *Cicero*. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY.  
 7. *Life and Times of Cicero*. By W. FORSYTH. London, 1864.

CHARACTER may be called the general expression of spirit. The body has its forms and features, which we unconsciously gather up into a certain unity expressing to us the entire outward man, and the features of the soul naturally blend and pass over into a harmony of their own. This generalization we seize, or attempt to seize, as it represents to us the very essence of the inner man. We name it character. It is the faithful miniature projected by the hidden soul—the brief though full utterance of the moral nature. It is, in short, the sum total of the meaning of the man. But there is more in character than in the man himself. Its roots go down into every soil he treads; its juices borrow from every stream he crosses. Each of us is, like Ulysses, a

part of all that he has met. We are the resultant of two forces—the innate tendency and the outward shaping. The wax is moulded, the loaf is leavened, the foundation is built on, the vine grows towards the light; and there comes something different. At the bottom there is temperament; and above, and through this, is circumstance. Which is the greater? Proverbs, which embody the essence of vulgar wisdom arising out of the average experience of life, are Janus-faced, looking both ways. The voice of philosophy varies according to the mouthpiece of the hour. History is the record of circumstance and men, as biography is the story of circumstance and a man. But history is made by varying interpretation, to lean now this way under the weight of law, now that way under some human impulse. To-day it admits only law, science, circumstance, abstractions; to-morrow it is the sum of biographies, and tells us of the eternal might of temperament, will, and character.

While talent, learning, and action are, in a measure, external to the man, character is wholly a part of himself. In the one case there is accretion, in the other a natural growth, showing personality and spontaneous life. Lacordaire used to maintain that the great want of our time is character. There is too much of culture and ornament, but not enough of the flavor of the individual. Instead of building up from without, we should unfold from within, aiming first of all to vivify, strengthen, and enrich character. History testifies to an aggregate character of men in the mass as well as to individual character. Each race has a way of its own, which we can all see and feel, though it is impossible always to define it. This is what Voltaire termed the genius of a nation, meaning whatever distinguishes one people from another. We fuse all that is peculiar into an average, which thenceforward stands for the spirit of the nation. It is a true though ideal conception of national character. Probably we never find our conception fully embodied in any individual; nor do we ever see in nature any object conformed throughout to its standard. Take, for example, the old Roman character. We look upon it as forming a certain national type. We have a conception, more or less vivid and complete, of a certain composite standard, which is real if taken piecemeal, but fictitious as a whole. Each of us has in his mind's eye an inventory of the chief elements in the make-up of the ideal Roman. It was pre-eminently the masculine character of the world. Built of a tough granite, it did not admit the orna-

ment and finish which we meet elsewhere. Its traits were all positive and strongly marked. It revealed no negatives and half-shading. Stoical in suffering, unscrupulous in means, selfishly aggressive in all its aims, cruel in execution, sceptical in regard to the unseen, resolute, self-centred, and unfeeling, it was a character admirably shaped for action, for pushing its way through the world, and doing the real business of life. The nation naturally took its place as the proper pioneer and road-breaker for our modern civilization. Never was there a race so thoroughly practical, so devoted to material interests, and with such a common-sense, hard-headed way of looking at things. They wrote themselves down in deeds, not words; they never originated an idea. They contributed nothing to the development of any, if we except the two ideas of law and duty. And their idea of law was rather legality and formalism than pure justice and right. Their idea of duty, it is true, rose to a majesty never before equalled; but it was the duty of the citizen, not of the individual. The man was altogether sunk in the state. So that there was very little of our modern casuistry as to questions lying between the man and his conscience: the first duty and the last was self-abnegation towards government.

Such, in the main, were the outlines of the Roman character; yet where can we see them perfectly defined? Whom can we take for the typical Roman? Not Cæsar; for he was a universal man, who would overfill any standard made up of averages. Not Pompey surely; for his constant study of effect, his tricks of acting, and his vainglorious self-consciousness were wholly alien to the simplicity and directness of the national character. Set off with the pomp and circumstance of the Orient, he was in spirit and habit far more Asiatic than European. The great Scipio—one of the most peculiar names in history—has come down to us invested with a kind of personal fascination and rare kingliness of character, and an air of large serenity and repose, quite un-Roman. He was more and other than pure Roman. Most persons would be inclined to single out the elder or the younger Brutus, or one of the Catos, as completely embodying all the national traits and ideas. But the claims of either Brutus lose much of their force by reason of an unpleasant flavor of charlatanism and of the *ad captandum* which continues to linger about them, and which in the case of the younger Brutus amounts almost to positive taint,

when taken in connection with his well-known usurious and peculating propensities. The Catos best represent the great central ideas of justice and duty, but they hardly conform to the standard on all sides. The fussiness and old-womanishness of the Censor detract much from the symmetry of his character. And we do not quite like to see an ideal man loaning his wife, or prescribing the suitable diet for a wide circle of friends, or in the guise of an amateur quack, dosing all his kith and kin through their ill turns. The Uticensian, in the midst of a nation remarkable for practical tact and knowledge of men, was noted as a perfectly impracticable and unelastic member of the community. Cicero wrote to Atticus that Cato did much mischief by laying down his dicta as if he were living in the republic of Plato, not in the dregs of Romulus. And Merivale has well described him as "a pedantic politician and a scholastic formalist," one whose character "was a system of elaborate though perhaps unconscious affectations." He was, in fact, a dilution of his great-grandfather, seasoned with some very unpalatable hobbies. Sulla was more a Sybaritic Greek than a Roman. Perhaps Marius represented most completely the entire cycle of the national character regarded in its lowest grade. There was in the man an innate scurviness and dog-in-the-manger spirit anything but heroic, or true to the temper of the people in its higher forms. A knot of such fellows might have fused into a party of roughs, but could never have grown into a nation.

What, then, shall we say of Cicero? Can we take him for the true representative Roman? By no means, for, properly speaking, he was hardly Roman at all. He had less of the havor of the soil than any of the national chiefs. Cicero was the Frenchman of antiquity. His whole nature seems to us thoroughly French. He looms before us as the primeval cultured Celt. No other historical Roman, and no Greek, with the possible exception of Alcibiades, had so many purely Celtic traits: at whatever point we meet him, we are constantly and irresistibly reminded of the characteristics of that ancient tribe as described in the old classic writers. In reading his orations, his philosophy, and above all his letters; in dissecting the make-up and temper of the man, his logic saturated with rhetoric, his ready wit, his quick perception, his fickleness, his gusts of passion, his sudden laughter and tears, his verbosity, his lack of endurance, dignity, and consistency, his frivolity and vanity—almost every-

where, in short, we meet with a peculiar flavor, a certain seasoning, which we of Saxon lineage regard as characteristic of all our Celtic cousins.

This quasi-Celtic ingredient is the leaven which leavens the whole loaf. It is an element to which we owe much, for it has contributed largely to give us our thorough knowledge of Cicero. It led him to come out of himself, to deploy all his strength and weakness in the face of the world, and place himself in some sort of personal relation to every one. He had no reticence, no *mauvaise honte*, no delicacy about making revelations of self. His personality crops out everywhere, for it was his delight to thrust himself before mankind in all sorts of postures and guises. It was a supreme gratification to him to tear down every barrier of reserve between him and his intimates, and then gush forth in the most confiding abandonment of conversational or epistolary intercourse, deluging with the secrets of his soul the friend whom he had happened to buttonhole. He had the French passion for living out of doors, for washing his linen in public, and for making himself the hero and his friends the victims of a memoir, which, however, was never in his case moulded into a systematic treatise, but made up of fragments scattered hap-hazard on all sides. Yet these piecemeal revelations were nowise inferior to any former dissertation on self made by the best of them: they outlined and filled up the man completely. And so much of all this still remains that we know Cicero to-day almost as his nearest friends did—*intus et in cute*. We know him quite as well as we do the Cardinal de Retz, the Duke de St. Simon, and the many other worthies who flourished in the memoir-making days of the old regime. He was, indeed, his own Boswell—a most communicative autobiographer, sending forth always, without let or hindrance, whatever chanced to lie uppermost at the moment.

It has been remarked that no one of the ancients could so well stand the severe test which Cicero has afforded of himself, in his Letters, though they convict him of vanity, inconstancy, sordidness, jealousy, malice, selfishness, and timidity. This is undoubtedly true; for, in the matter of practical morality, in freedom from gross vice, and pureness of living, Cicero was far in advance of his contemporaries. His character was more than ordinarily good, yet he was a man of no character. This seeming paradox arises from the sophism always lurking in the word character. In so far as



the moral element enters into the use of the term—in so far as it denotes a collection of qualities based on certain principles of action proceeding from some higher or lower standard of abstract morality—Cicero was a man of better character than the average of his time. He professed higher motives of action, though his profession did not invariably bear fruit in practice. Perhaps he conformed less to his higher standard than others did to their lower. He practised less vice if he did not uniformly display more virtue than his fellows. He kept more within the letter of the law, if not within its spirit: he committed fewer great breaches of the technical rules of morality, religion, and law, than any prominent man of his time. But he did much towards making up in quantity what was lacking in quality. His deviations in a petty way were very numerous, exhibiting wonderful resources in the art of concocting new varieties of the lighter shades of culpability. Of indiscretions, errors, peccadilloes, faults, and the like, the harvest was large; and intertwined with these there came to light no slender growth of sins against the truth. These were of all hues, from whitest to blackest, including white lies, romancing, mental reservation, prevarication, perversion, downright fibbing, duplicity, and hypocrisy. So that his lapses were plenty enough, taking all together. He was very little of a saint, indeed: the times were bad, and he was a trifle better, to say the least. In the morality of private life he was esteemed particularly pure.

Still, as we have said before, Cicero was a man of no character. The term character may imply will as well as morals, and mark degrees of force no less than of goodness. It may be taken to mean the aggregation of distinctive, strongly pronounced qualities of any kind manifesting strength and self-sufferingness in an unusual degree. And in this view its only criterion is the innate vigor, the creative energy, which comes of a happy combination of robust spiritual traits. But just here Cicero's nature was deficient and altogether weak. It was wanting in self-derived, positive traits. There was no firmness nor homogeneousness of texture about the man. He had no tone, no strong original bias, no inflexible determination to this side or that. As he was wholly wanting in self-centred reliance, he neither ruled himself, nor knew the secret to command others. He had nothing of the instinct of leadership, and could not have had under any circumstances. In populous city or desert island, it must have been all one with him; for he was of wax, not iron—the



mould, to take shape, not the pattern to give it. He always found it difficult to take a side steadily, and in casting about for a choice he seldom decided of himself, or from the merits of the case, or according to high principles involved. To make up his mind, he leaned on friends and incidentals. He had, from first to last, by nature and conviction, all the instincts of a trimmer. Without touching upon other instances, three cardinal cases may be mentioned from different periods of his life.

In youth, he for some time held the balance uncertain between the Sullan and Marian factions, until at last the scale, overweighted merely by the claims of kinship and the hope of rising in the state, dipped down to Marius and his rabble. Still he went on whiffing between the traditions of the rival chiefs; so that even the tolerant and admiring Niebuhr confesses, in reference to this matter, that there was throughout life a kind of discord in his character. Again, in his prime, during his consulship, the very culmination of his life, he shuffled most scurvily between nobles and people, in his attitude towards the agrarian law proposed by Servilius Rullus. He had not the nerve to break at once with either party, so he tried the mad expedient of riding two horses at once, in order to please both sides. He was neither *pro* nor *con*, but on the fence, glibly rattling off all the while, both ways, the twofold Shibboleth. Here it was all Gracchus, agrarianism, the great Marius, and the sacred tribunate; there it was the privileges of caste, the glorious Sulla, legal quibbles and the not-give-an-inch policy. And all this was the utterance of one and the same man, speaking to-day in the forum to the populace, and to-morrow in the senate-chamber to the Conscript Fathers. It was not simply the indecision or evasion of a halting nature, but the downright duplicity of an unscrupulous trimmer. In time the folly of his simulation became apparent even to himself, and the lover of the commons then leaped over into the arms of the nobles. Partisan Middleton himself could not fail to see with half an eye that the case did not look well for his favorite, and therefore, assuming that Cicero was always an aristocrat at heart, defended the coquetry of the youthful politician with the multitude as a necessary and justifiable condition precedent in order to get office. Of course, after he had successfully climbed to power, it was proper to kick down his ladder, and take another foothold.

Still later in life, during the gathering blackness, and in

the very thunderings of the tempest-tossed commonwealth, the man of words hung irresolute. Aghast at the awful portents, he did not act, but nervelessly awaited the fury of the elements. Fearful of neutrality, and equally fearful of committing himself positively and unreservedly to either party, he at last weakly declared for Pompey and his cause. He showed no fervor of devotion in his advocacy, for that might break the charm, and close the one loophole of escape which a judicious lukewarmness would keep open as an avenue to reconciliation in case of possible mishap. Neither measures, nor men, nor consistency, nor honor, nor reputation, availed so much as the desire for personal safety in any event, come what might. This fluctuating temper and half-hearted partisanship have, however, often been praised as the highest virtue, under the circumstances—the only course remaining in the premises to a true lover of his country. He saw, it is said, that the times were out of joint, but knew no way to better them; he had no hearty faith in either of the contending leaders. One great fact stared him in the face—his bleeding country—and he wept; which was all that could be done. His indecision was simply a prudent moderation, and his post of trimmer was nothing less than the high and honorable office of mediator between angry factions.

In answer to such misplaced eulogy many things might be said. For our present purpose, however, it will be sufficient to touch merely upon a few points. Nor will it be necessary here to pronounce any judgment upon the questions at issue between Cæsar and Pompey; for, whatever our own view may be, the conduct of Cicero can be fairly surveyed only from his own stand-point. His meed of praise must be apportioned according to the sincerity of his convictions, and the consistency of his practice with his avowed principles. That he mourned deeply and sincerely the feuds of his unhappy country there is no reason to doubt. To Papirius Pætus he wrote that he had bewailed the miseries of his native land longer and more bitterly than ever tender mother bewailed the loss of her only son. In a letter to Nigidius Figulus, he remarked that the calamities of his country had spoiled him for the jocose epistles of happier days, and made him unable to write, or even to think, cheerfully; in fact, he thought himself guilty of a crime in still continuing to live. And so his letters of this period to nearly all of his friends breathe similarly of deep-seated sorrow. This lamentation was creditable to his sensibility, but some

broader foundation was necessary in order to raise a superstructure of exalted patriotism. A large majority of the nation must likewise have sincerely mourned over these troublous times, and preferred the piping times of peace; for in the tempest there was danger lest all should go down. But in patriot statesmen tears should ripen into earnest deeds, or they are of little worth. If there was really no door left open to a sincere man for action, the only consistent course remaining was complete inaction; either one thing or the other. But Cicero took neither course, and therefore shut himself out alike from the possible benefits of the first and from the personal dignity of the last. His plan was one of half-action, of shilly-shallying. He believed in some sort of logic of events, and was averse to taking too firm a stand anywhere. His policy was really a no-policy. In his own eyes it doubtless seemed a masterly inactivity, laudable for its wise moderation and hopes of mediation. It was, in fact, only the weakness of a negative nature, always uncertain whether the better course, on the whole, was to work or to wait. So the two heterogeneous elements of doing and not doing were mixed to the neutralization of one another.

To one who would fain believe in the sincerity of Cicero's attachment to Pompey, it is fatal to read the conflicting testimony of his own declarations. To one set of friends he writes professing the greatest esteem, affection, and gratitude for this greatest man of any age, whom he calls his beloved, and to whom he confesses himself indebted for everything he possesses. Meanwhile he is asserting to another set of correspondents that Pompey is a do-nothing, who has ruined himself and lost every supporter; that he has nothing noble, nothing exalted, nothing that is not abject and plebeian; that he is all mystery and artifice; that he has sunk irretrievably. The writer shows the fertility of his invention by concocting extraordinary nicknames in order to lash his pseudo-friend in the dark. It puts him in high spirits to be able to write to a friend concerning the abyss into which this great Sampsi-ceramus, as he often calls his lost leader, has fallen; and his jealous vanity is gratefully soothed, as he confesses, by the thought that his own reputation with posterity will now be in no danger of an eclipse from the prominence of a too illustrious rival.

Nor is it easy to draw the distinction sometimes urged, and to say that Cicero was devoted to the cause, though not to the leader. He was half-hearted towards both, showing no

more steadiness to measures and principles than to the man who represented them. His partisanship or patriotism, whatever it is called, was like his friendship, laggard and freakish. After the gage of battle had been flung down, and while Cæsar was pounding the Pompeian lieutenants in Spain, Cicero had not yet quite made up his mind where to stand and what to do. Indeed, so little had he gone over to the enemy, that Antony, acting in behalf of Cæsar, thought it not out of place to send to the wavering orator a letter of advice touching his conduct. Long after this, Cæsar kept approaching him with favorable offers of place and patronage, in a way which so shrewd a judge of men would never have attempted if it had been apparent that the door of agreement had been finally closed and bolted so as to cut off every avenue leading to the citadel. They were not such offers as spring from personal friendship alone, nor such as could be made either to a thorough Cæsarian or to a full-fledged Pompeian. With the one they would have been unnecessary, and with the other useless. They were thrown out as random shots to sway a purposeless man. On his way home from Cilicia, while the air was rife with portents of evil, Cicero dropped an informal note to his wife and daughter, informing them that he expected a civil war to break out, and supposed it might become necessary to declare for one side or the other. His want of faith in Pompey's policy, civil and military, appears in the remark in a confidential letter to Athens, that he had long ago found Pompey to be the most unstatesman-like of men, and now knew him to be the most unmilitary. A subsequent letter to Atticus records the conviction that Pompey's policy for the past ten years had been full of mistakes. So little was the aimless orator inspired by true love of country, that he still clung feebly to the skirts of Pompey and his party, although he well knew their avowed design, in case of success, to wreak the direst and completest vengeance, by fire and rapine and barbarian sword, not only on Rome, but throughout Italy. His son-in-law, Dolabella, who knew him well, conceiving his motives of action to be simply his personal relations to Pompey, urged him strongly to declare for Cæsar, the favorite of fortune, saying that everything had been done which could be claimed from friendship and gratitude. So lightly did his political principles, views, or sentiments, however they may be named, sit upon him, and so strong were his convictions of the worth of expediency, that he agreed with Cassius to be governed by the result of a

single battle. Cassius, therefore, in accordance with the spirit if not the letter of their pact, hastened upon the first reverse to hand over his fleet to Cæsar, victor. His comrade still adhered to Pompey, yet so negatively, that he was felt to be a hindrance to the cause. He disgusted all his associates by his constant levity and sneering when in camp before the enemy; and it was felt that a heavy burden was removed when he went away to Dyrrachium, where he awaited the final wager of battle. And after Pharsalia, still dubious and half-regretful concerning his course, he thought it well to write to Marcus Marius in defence of his policy, claiming to have sacrificed safety to honor in joining Pompey. Yet safety was so far consulted that, as he says, many friends condemned him for not laying down his life in the cause; and he seems to have been still uncertain here as elsewhere, whether on the whole he had done right. To Cæsar he soon became reconciled, and, though not professing the same political creed, was far from making himself objectionable. Always overawed by the personal majesty of the great Dictator, and magnetized by his presence, he maintained a judicious reserve until the Ides of March were over, and then he boldly trampled on the dead lion, and heaped execrations on his memory. We can hardly believe that these rancorous attacks were dictated by an eye only to the common weal; the time, the circumstances, his previous conduct, and his own revelations of himself, all forbid such a thought. So long as the famous letter to Lentulus Spinther exists, with its special pleading, its tortuous apologies, its acknowledgment of inferior motives, and its confession of a preference of persons to principles, and of an individual bias in political action, so long will it be natural for men to think that the flickering patriotism of the declining republic took shape from a hesitating temper, unsettled principles, wavering passions, and private griefs, as well as from an honest regard for the general good.

We have dwelt at some length on this portion of Cicero's career not simply because it was the most critical epoch of his life, but because it best illustrates the ups and downs of his conduct, and furnishes perhaps the best key to unlock the waywardness of his character. His deficiencies and inconsistencies arose from the want of some one high dominant principle to direct and regulate thought and action throughout all their phases. His various faculties were never co-ordinated into any true harmony of expression, but seemed

tumbled in together without subordination or symmetry. The noble and the mean often rubbed clothes, touched hands, and warmly embraced. There were fitful flashes of beauty and strength, but no even flame of order. He needed a strong and constant motive-power to give steadiness of movement—a power arising from the controlling action of some superior faculty, passion, or sentiment, asserting and maintaining for itself the central place, and ruling his entire nature with paramount and uniform sway. Seneca said: "*Nemo sine vitio est; in Catone moderatio, in Cicerone constantia desideratur.*"

This want of a firm and steady central principle in Cicero's character may be best brought into relief by comparing him in this one point with Caesar and Pompey, the greatest of his compeers. A cardinal difference between them and him strikes us at once: they were both positive men, with a purpose, while he was a negative man, without one. They had each a motive-power within, giving vigor and uniformity of action. But the want of this was Cicero's notable deficiency.

Let us look first at Pompey. The central principle of the man was a deep-seated, over-mastering pride, inborn, inbred, and all-pervading. He was a devout believer in himself, a very ultra-Pompeian. He seemed to himself born to be king of men. Homage and place, in his view, naturally gravitated to him because he was their true centre, and it could not be otherwise. They fell to him not by chance as a favor, but from necessity as a due. All his sentiments, opinions, and actions were moulded by his supreme self-sufficingness; everything grew out of this root. From this as a stand-point he surveyed the world of men and things; through this his life gained a consistency which otherwise it might have lacked. To this was due, in great part, his early advancement, for it was difficult to withhold any prize from a majestic boy whose faith in himself was so firm. He looked and acted like one predestined to rule; and so men hastened to ratify destiny. Hence, too, mainly came his fall. His overweening self-confidence led him to lean upon himself alone, disdainingly to take the precautions and employ the means which were essential to success, and of which any less royal person would have gladly availed himself. At this time, moreover, men had begun to doubt their splendid idol, who, so serene and self-centred, had made such abundant drafts on their reverence. He had carried matters with so high a hand, and

had so often failed to make performance and promise run parallel, that now, in his decline, others failed to accord to him that confidence which he still retained in himself. They had come to doubt, and doubt was to him ruin. In the old days, it was enough for him to wait majestically while others would labor for him; now they had become lukewarm in their labor as in their reverence. But in his prime it must have been no easy thing to withstand his lofty mein, his sublime arrogance, and his calm assurance in his own sufficiency for the needs of the nation. One who bore himself so loftily in his own spirit could not fail, the people thought, to attain an equal height in action. His supreme majesty quelled all cavillers. Who could doubt the greatness of a being who never doubted himself, but was everywhere all in all to himself, like a god? His presence, dignity, and magnificence drew to him worship, but never a hearty confidence. He was distrusted while he was admired. He conciliated none, yet bore down almost all by the sheer force of an inflexible pride counterfeiting the seal of kingship. But his lordly way could not avail long with the nobles, for they preferred for leader one who was more devoted to the cause, and was less self-conscious and artificial—the simpler, straight-forward Cato. Cicero, though an adherent of Pompey, always looked askance at his leader, and could never forget the many snubbings he had received. There always rankled in his mind the cool indifference of Pompey, dictator, towards the merits of Cicero, saviour of the republic. He took it ill that Pompey showed him no affection, and wrote him no letters of congratulation for services which the universe applauded. He expostulated in a petulant letter for such treatment, yet at the same time expressed the hope that Pompey would some time come to appreciate his claims, and admit him to friendship on equal terms. Such terms, however, could never be granted to Cicero or any one else. Neither Pompey nor Cæsar could tolerate a rival near the throne—the former from pride, and the latter from love of power. While with inferiors Pompey could be affable enough, he exhibited to those claiming equality only opposition or insolence. He cared nothing for the common badges of place and power, craving, as Plutarch says, only unusual honors which would set him apart from all others. In this he was not influenced by a love of power; for when the greatest power ever granted to a Roman citizen was offered to him—the supreme dictatorship, to crush Mithridates—he sighed at the burden,



and longed for the freedom of private life. Whenever he sought power, it was not as power, but as place—as a guarantee of his ascendancy over others—the outward seal to the greatness of which he had always full assurance to himself. He had no desire to take upon himself the trouble of ruling over such a beggarly set of fellows as mankind in general. As he was indifferent to the public, the public thought him a demigod, and discovered late, or never, how much earthly dross had been fused with the divine gold. His faith in himself was strong enough even to hoodwink fortune, who gave him the laurels woven for other brows, and suffered him to reap the rich harvests sown by Crassus, and Catulus, and Metellus, and Lucullus. He saw no reason why he should not reign over the past as well as the present; and it was in this spirit that he used to quote Sulla, and say, “Sulla potuit: ego non potero?” In short, from whatever point of view we survey his character, we find it centre always in an imperial pride, which dazzled and magnetized the world by mocking it, and secured the prizes of life by believing them to be due, and waiting for them to come to their master. It was this which inspired an oriental majesty of demeanor and a calm self-worship almost irresistible. It organized and reduced to method all his faculties, and gave to the whole man a consistency and roundness of character seldom known, a consistency which would be lacking in a view taken from any other centre.

A far different style of man was the great Marian leader—the world-subduing Cæsar. His character was, like Pompey’s, rounded into the completeness of a symmetrical, self-supporting arch; but, unlike Pompey’s, its keystone was not pride, but love of power. He sought for distinction not in itself, nor as ministering to pride, but simply as the visible assurance of power, the sign and seal-manual of authority over others. He cared little for the distant homage and semblance of awful worship with which his rival delighted to inspire mankind; nor did he value at a pin’s fee the gauds and trappings of place which tickled the feeble soul of the show-loving orator. His pride did not ask the post of demigod, nor was his vanity eager for the *digito monstrari*. It was substance, not shadow, which alone could satisfy the tremendous needs of that aspiring soul. And so that he got the substance, it was of little moment how he got it or in what guise it came—whether in naked majesty, or wreathed with flowers, or set out with tinsel ornament. He aimed



first, last, and only, to become foremost man of the world. To this one object all other things were means and incidents, or else mere makeshifts and matter of indifference. Throughout all his seemingly devious way, he was striking straight, by an infallible intuition, and by the very necessity of his nature, for leadership in one way or another. No one form of power could suffice: his very being seemed to demand supremacy over his fellows in nearly every mode of human thought and action. No other such manifold man has ever walked the earth. He was all powerful: the question of his superiority was simply the question of what he might choose to turn his hand to. He not only burned for general dominion over all, but was resolute to surpass each man in his own specialty. It was not enough to beat with their own weapons generals, philosophers, orators, statesmen, historians, grammarians, bookworms, critics, and men of letters; he must enter the lists with the men of the world, the *arbitri elegantiarum* and outdo the common soldier in the endurance of physical hardships, and in valor against the enemy. Nothing of all this arose from mere love of display. It was his nature to crave dominion of every sort; to seek to surpass others in little things as well as in great ones. He would not otherwise have been self-consistent; he would not have been the Cæsar of whom history has told us. But while these minor ambitions struggled each into a foremost place, they were always subsidiary to his grander purpose to rule the world. They were wheels within wheels, forwarding directly or indirectly the great central movement, and never jarring.

Cæsar could be facile, elastic, and versatile beyond all other men in what he deemed, comparatively speaking, the trifles of life. But the mainspring of his existence—the will to rule—was stiff as steel, and never swerved a hair. He stickled at nothing which could further his ever-present aim: expediency towards that end was a virtue—the god whom he worshipped, and to whom he constantly sacrificed. His cardinal motto was, “When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do;” for thus, it seemed to him, by the straight-forward logic of intuition, he might best master the Romans. The perfect simplicity of his character has been remarked as giving to him in an unusual degree the tact to discern, and so to avail himself of the signs of the times. It was the simplicity which springs from a sovereign purpose, and gives both homogeneity within and singleness of vision without. He knew thoroughly man, men, the times, and the world, and used

them as he listed. He mingled so easily with the citizens, and was so much at home in all the ways of their world, that few were able at first to see, under his jaunty dandyism and careless profligacy in youth, anything but gambling, dissoluteness, debt, and unprecedented largess for the popular spectacles. In all this he was merely handling the necessary tools, familiarizing himself in all the ways and means, schooling himself in the temper of the people, and making himself at one with them. Sulla, however, early looked below his easy exterior, and discerned many Mariuses even in the boy. Cicero, who had begun to fear that a dangerous plotter against government lay concealed behind the gracious demeanor of the extravagant young man of fashion, was disarmed of his suspicions when he perceived how carefully Cæsar arranged his hair, and adjusted it with one finger. Such a man, it seemed to him, could never overthrow the government, or even think of doing so. Yet undoubtedly at that time, as well as later, it was the continual aim of Cæsar to make himself, in some shape or other, the very pivot of affairs—the focus of the commonwealth. But the time had not come then; and he was only learning. As he himself said, it would always have been his preference to be first man in an Alpine hamlet, rather than second man in Rome. Lucan said that Cæsar could bear no superior, nor Pompey an equal. A further difference might be added: superior power was what Cæsar's ambition could not brook, but it was the thought of equal dignities which shocked Pompey's pride. The same distinction would hold in regard to Plutarch's saying, that while the gods had been contented to divide heaven, hell, and sea among three, the whole Roman empire was not large enough to contain these two. A compeer anywhere would have been equally offensive to both, though from different motives.

In the matter of morals, Cæsar was neither better nor worse than his age, but a good expression of its average. He was as good as he cared to be, or as he thought it would be worth while to be in the given circumstances. His mind being absorbed in other things, he troubled himself little about any theory or over-scrupulous practice of ethics, being content in this regard to go with the current. He believed that there cannot be two first principles; and nature had from the beginning decided in his case which should be first, and culture had only confirmed nature's fiat. A perfect circle must have but a single centre; and from a centre of power, not morals, his character always radiated. Hence, from the dire

necessity of consistency with himself and his aims, his humanity and many of the finer traits natural to him were deflected from their course. To show Cæsar's natural kindness, Cicero recounts, in a letter to Atticus, the favors received by himself and his brother Quintus, and then exclaims: "Ye gods! should you not love this man?" But nowhere can we find so symmetrical an edifice erected on the corner-stone of power. Nowhere can we find faculties so grand co-operating uniformly towards what might be called at once their chosen aim and their final cause. The strong will, the self-reliant, searching, far-reaching intellect, the unbending devotion to a purpose,—these permeated a strongly pronounced individuality, and, disciplined to harmony, and inspired to strange energy by a lofty ambition, combined to give to Cæsar an original personality—a character of his own, which, either in volume or in degree, we could not confound with any other. His, too, was pre-eminently a seminal mind, whereas Pompey, from the utter barrenness of his nature, never did, and never could in any circumstances, have originated anything. Cicero's mind was of the transmissive order—a conduit from large reservoirs down to the channels of daily use. It was a grafted stock, bearing fruit not quite its own, but nourished with its own juices.

Cicero, unlike Pompey and Cæsar, can hardly be said to have had, as we remarked above, any character at all. There was nothing about him that was original, distinctive, peculiar to himself, stamped with the impress of his own soul. He had neither the vigor nor the steadiness which comes only from the influence of some one supreme central faculty. The centre of the man, so far as he can be said to have had a centre, lay in his vanity. That was his pivotal point. It was the nucleus round which his very existence gathered, the fountain of his actions, the key-note of his views of life, and the root of his philosophy. Nothing pleased him so much, and nothing did he yearn for so eagerly, as to make a good appearance before others. As his desire to please was a maximum, and his fear to offend a minimum quantity, he was spurred on to unremitting labors, in order to secure the coveted applause, while he was for the most part left free from any torturing doubt of a triumphant success. Having in himself no real self-reliance, and distrusting the sufficiency to itself of any verdict of his own soul, he was necessarily led to surrender himself to the judgment of the world, or of the limited circle which was the world to him. For similar reasons, he

was always disinclined to commit himself to opinions which were original or distasteful, or even not quite certain of acceptance by his coterie; for there would be risks about novelties, and his chance of approbation would be far greater to take up opinions which were in vogue, and hammer them out in graceful style for popular use. So in all his philosophy he never thought, or even aimed to think, a real thought of his own. In speculation and in action, his constant enquiry was: What will they say? Which course will secure to me the loudest plaudits? How can I make the best appearance before my friends, and keep myself most acceptable in the long run to the people? In every given case, the first thought of all was of himself, how he would look, and what would be said of him; and then, and not till then, came other considerations. While Pompey looked upon the world as a little spot far beneath his own greatness, and Cæsar regarded it as a kingdom worth ruling, Cicero saw in it a theatre admirably adapted for display. To Pompey, mankind were inferiors; to Cæsar, citizen-subjects; and to Cicero, audience and spectators. He drew his breath, and had his very existence in the voice of those about him. His hunger for fame gives to us the impression of a constant desire on his part to produce a certain lasting stage-effect on others, rather than to do deeds which should of necessity bring glory. To satisfy any moral or intellectual needs of his own was to him of far less moment than to present an appearance. "What will they say about us six hundred years hence?" was a question often raised, quite as much in earnest as in sport, when any new course must be taken. On returning to Rome after his exile, his first thought was regarding his wings, which, he said, had been clipped by his opponents; and which, he trembled to think, might possibly never grow again. He boasted with great unction of the attention shown to him, and of the fact which his nomenclator assured him, that not one prominent citizen was absent when he made his entrance into the city. The welcome he met with would, of course, justify some elation; his mistake, however, was in looking at it merely as a personal matter, and in making it the ground for undue displays of egregious vanity. This was a mistake of which he was often guilty; looking, as he did, from the wrong stand-point, and through a false medium, he inevitably saw things distorted, and in unnatural relations.

As Cicero was steady in nothing, and was not wholly one thing or another, so he was not uniform in his vanity, or in

his thoughts about his vanity. The climax was reached in his celebrated line, "O fortunatam, natam me consule Roman;" while its lowest dip appears in his weary, half-serious, half-jocose saying, as he counted the waves on the beach at Antium, disgusted at the very thought of writing: "I would rather have been a duumvir here than have been consul at Rome." The key-note to his more common sentiment is found in a letter from his province of Cilicia to Atticus: "In the meantime, it is something splendid that Ariobarzanes should live and reign by my assistance." What usually pleased him most, was to have some show of power, accompanied by a liberal outlay of admiration on the part of the bystanders. He even persuaded himself that he had never spoken of himself in any of his speeches, unless attacked, which simply proves that his memory on that point was not good. In a letter to Atticus, which nobody else was to read, he had no need, he said, to fear the reproach of vain-gloriousness in speaking of himself; and accordingly he availed himself of the opportunity to speak of himself as actually inspired in a certain oration recently delivered to the senate on the state of the nation. He writes that once, on entering the theatre, he was received with great applause, and adds, having apparently at the time some unusual scruples of modesty, that it was silly in him to mention it. What chiefly embittered his exile was the fear lest, after all, he should fail to receive the meed of applause and admiration which he felt to be his due, and for which he hungered. This horrible fear of being cheated with both contemporaries and posterity gave rise to an almost unparalleled series of self-torturings, unmanly whimpers and howlings, and degrading revelations of self. He wrote truly of himself to Atticus: "I want not merely my goods and my friends, but myself; for what am I?" His whole nature was almost unhinged, and reason tottered on her throne. The thought of suicide constantly presented itself as the only resource left to mortified vanity, and was again and again broached in his familiar correspondence. His friends thought him insane. And not till his welcome back to Rome had given to him full proof that his name was on the lips of the people, and that his services were properly recognized by others, and loudly praised by all the world, not till then was Cicero really himself. Such an utter overthrow, such bounds and rebounds, could have been experienced only by the most negative nature. A character positive on any side, one built up solidly from any

foundation-principle, and resting on any corner-stone whatever, one having any real centre of its own, inspired by any high master-passion, and buttressed by sentiments or opinions which not only sustained but had become a part of itself, could never, from any cause, so long as it existed and retained its identity, have been guilty of such abnegation, of so humiliating a surrender of itself. But Cicero had nothing in himself to which he could appeal; he saw only the image of himself as reflected in the mirror of the world. Pompey, on the other hand, saw only himself in himself; and Caesar saw the world in and through his own soul. To Cicero the calm assurance of having done his duty was of little worth; nor could he derive much satisfaction from a belief in the favorable verdict of future times, and a triumphant vindication of himself and his measures, so long as the salvos of his contemporaries were withheld. "Be a senate to yourself," he once wrote to his friend Plancus; advice which no man ever needed more, or followed less, than himself. The oracle at Delphi read the character of the youth correctly when it urged him not to be led by the opinions of others, but to trust to himself. And Livy, referring to the want of manliness and, so to speak, the flabbiness of character which marked him, said that he bore none of his calamities as a man should, except his death. Even at that time he kept hesitating and paltering between conflicting emotions, uncertain what he had best to do, until circumstances forced a decision, and left him no escape, and then he confronted his assassins courageously. In fact, he never took a position, or started a movement until inaction and neutrality were out of the question. It was not in his nature to take time by the forelock and meet coming events half-way. He looked to see which way the wind lay, trimmed his sails, and waited for some mighty blast to drive him out on the great deep. It was thus even in his conduct towards the Catilinarian conspiracy, and in the fulmination of the Philippics against Antony, events which have always been regarded as the two pivotal points of action in his career, and in which his decision and courage have been deemed worthy of special praise. But with Catiline and Antony alike he kept off and on, blowing hot and cold, until the last moment. And what finally roused him to action in each case was the necessities of the party of the senate, in whose eyes he, with the feeling natural to a *novus homo*, always aimed to appear well, together with his own innate love for precedent and order, and his desire to keep

affairs on their old footing, a desire which, though always strong, never rose to effort until some impulse from without had overcome its inertia.

The Letters of Cicero are the best which antiquity has left us, and among the best of any time. And their excellence as letters arises quite as much from his moral or voluntary weakness as from his intellectual strength. His character was so little pronounced, with so few rough points, and so feeble a bias towards any one direction, that it was easy for him to make himself one for the time being with the person addressed. His rare versatility and tact enabled him to project himself into, to appreciate nicely, and to adapt his thoughts, tone, and diction to the sentiments of all. And while doing this he completely revealed himself. It is much to be regretted that so large a part of his correspondence has been lost, as it would have added so much to our pleasure and profit, and to our knowledge of him as a man. So humiliating are the revelations made of himself in his letters to his brother Quintus, to that "afflicted woman Terentia," his wife, and to his friend Atticus during exile, that Wieland declared that it would have been well for his reputation if his freedman Tiro, who probably first collected them, had burned them all. His reputation might indeed have been better, but not so true. We should, then, have known him with more or less correctness, as the orator, statesman, and philosopher, but we should have totally misconceived him as Cicero. These letters are invaluable, as they show better than all the others how he lived, moved, and had his being in private life, when he was not mounted on stilts, nor acting a part, nor under restraint from position or office; and all the more so, as they were penned at a time of trial singularly adapted to test and to make known in naked truth the stuff he was made of. We could not at all dispense with these letters if we would know the living, household Cicero. Merivale remarks of them that they exhibit the writings of a mind which wreaks upon friends the torments of self-dissatisfaction, and that, from his tendency to exaggerate his feelings, they contain an overcharged picture of his imbecility. They have, it seems to us, that truth which chiefly concerns us—truth to character. It is at least the flitting truth of the moment, if it is not the truth of every moment and every month. These letters fix the Cicero of the minute. He did not think and feel thus all the time, for he was the creature of moods, and given to many



sudden ups and downs. But that he was capable of thinking and feeling thus at some times is unquestionable ; and this is a truth which we cannot afford to lose.

The other letters of Cicero—*Ad Familiares*—exhibit him generally in a more pleasing light. Middleton, Niebuhr, the Abbé Mongault, Melmoth, Merivale, De Quincey, and Forsyth, have given eloquent testimony to their charm, elegance, and variety, and to the perennial interest which attaches to them. Starting from widely different stand-points ; bearing the outflow of shifting moods ; disclosing the inmost thoughts of a sleepless intellect ; the aims, the plans, and the deeds of an agile protagonist in the world's arena, and the recesses of a morbidly impressible spirit ; reflecting constantly, and often with a naive unconsciousness, the hot temper of the times ; addressed to all classes, for every conceivable purpose, in every variety of tone and diction ; accommodating themselves with singular felicity to the idiosyncrasies of each correspondent—these letters remain the delight of each succeeding age. They embody, still fresh for us, the culture of the scholar, the speculations of the philosopher, the views of the statesman, the periods of the orator, the gusts and schemes of the politician, the countless activities of the man of the world, the thoughts of the moralist, the opinions and sentiments of the connoisseur, the *otium cum dignitate* of the gentleman-farmer, the raillery of the wit, the tastes, digestion, and experience of the accomplished diner-out, the quick thoughts of the supple conversationist, and the *tout ensemble* of the citizen and man of family. Combined with these, it is pleasant to find—always the tact, oftentimes the delicacy and sensitiveness, and now and then the tenderness and sympathy, of woman. And it gives us no inferior joy to catch glimpses of fine golden threads running here and there, twisted of the sportive freshness, the fun, the frank simplicity, and the artless prattle of childhood. We see him, in short, running over the gamut of thoughts, sentiments, and moods, scandal, and all manner of gossip, sound sense and delightful nonsense. Forsyth speaks of his letters as harping ever on the vanity of ambition and the worthlessness of popular applause, and says : “ We would not willingly exchange that letter to Atticus, in which he says of himself that he knows he has acted like a “*geguine donkey*” (*me asinum germanum fuisse*), for the stiffest and most elaborate of his political epistles.” He gives an inside view of his real opinions about politics, measures, and men, exhibiting often-



times, a singular running commentary on his opinions as advocated in public; chats, weeps, grovels, and grows ecstatic in his domestic scribblings to Terentia and Tullia; discusses wit, mouldy cheese, sausages, literature, epicurism, and good cookery with Papirius Pætus; tells many friends of his fasts, feasts, and dietings, his love for this or that dish, what his notions are about the science of good cheer, and writes from the very midst of a banquet to say how dearly he loves festivity—albeit he is not addicted to gallantry; tells Varro how he reads and walks, what he is studying, thinking about, and writing; does not scruple to boast freely of his own great deeds, possibly boring his correspondents not a little with the familiar egotism; descants unreservedly on the excellence of his own letters, justly remarking that much of their merit is derived from their great resemblance to conversation; writes, *in forma mendicantis*, to Luceius one of the most absurd letters ever left behind by a great man, begging for an extravagant laudation of his own consulship, measures, and deeds, in the history which Luceius is proposing to write; and then, being much gratified with this singular performance, writes to Atticus to ask Luceius for the privilege of a squint at the epistolary treasure; eats his own words, stoutly denies having had anything to do with the scandal which his hand had actually penned, and contradicts in one letter what he had just written in another; convicts himself of duplicity and insincerity towards Cato, Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Crasus, Appius, Pulcher, Piso, Gabinius, Vatinius, Ptolemy, and others, and even on one occasion towards his best loved friend Atticus; and writes much special pleading to Lentulus to vindicate his consistency; writes to his dear freedman Tiro missives running over with affection,—on one occasion despatching three within twenty-four hours, and brimful of commissions, advice, and vagaries,—giving directions regarding business, the house, the library, the copyists, health, and regimen, sending an artistic cook for the greater well-being of the faithful servitor, and always professing undying attachment; praises the country, and longs for retirement, and says that Rome is the only place—there's no place like Rome; beseeches Cælius to send all the gossip of the metropolis to the exiled proconsul in Cilicia, promising in return the desired panthers and other favors; talks with Fabius Gallus about his pictures and statues, vents his spleen freely on his intimates when in the mood, and jokes in every vein of wit and

humor with Atticus, Volumnius, Cornificius, Valerius the pettifogger, Papirius, and the much-quizzed Trebatius, a Roman barrister in full practice among British barbarians; proposes to one correspondent that each should write under an *alias*, and with another, agrees upon private marks in his letters to indicate the real weight to be attached to his recommendations of particular persons; now attests himself free from vainglory, then confesses his immoderate love of praise, and proves his consistency by continually setting forth his great deeds, and always fishing for compliments; introduces neat little dissertations concerning philosophy, statecraft, men, business, pleasure, morals, manners, laughter, and all sorts of agreeable trifles, as well as *de omni scibili*; dating his versatile effusions at all hours and from all places, before sunrise, in the garden, the study, the senate-chamber, at a friend's house, from a dinner party, in the midst of an argument, oration, official duties, or authorship, from his town-residence and his dozen different country-seats, from all parts of Italy and the regions round about, and from far Cilicia.

We have aimed in this article, as our title indicates, to present the negative side of Cicero, rather than the positive. And from this stand-point it seems to us a deeper insight and a clearer conception of his real character may be gained than from any other; for as a man he was by nature more distinguished by what he was not in point of character than by what he was. Still the true complement to our view would be one from the other side, representing whatever was positive in him and in his relations to the world. De Quincey remarks, that in the revolution of the republic the only great actor who stood upon the authority of his character, was Cicero. This may be true or not according as it is taken; according—employing the distinction set forth above—as we conceive the word character as denoting a moral or a voluntary element. True if character means comparative freedom from vice and personal purity; not true if it implies the magnetic will, and indicates the existence of traits in themselves distinctive, positive, and salient in any degree. Cicero carried no weight: there seemed nothing behind him. Once, descanting on the character of Cato, he spoke of him as one whose weight of opinion was equal to one hundred thousand. But Cicero himself calls to mind the man from Crotona, whose opinions had little authority, but who spoke as if he had come from a great city.

Mommsen's stern dissection of the nerveless orator may not be entirely just; but he is not far from the truth when he says, that in the politics of the time Cicero's authority carried no weight; that as a statesman he was "*ohne Einsicht, Ansicht, und Absicht.*"

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- ART. VI.—1. *How our National Debt may be a National Blessing, &c.* By SAMUEL WILKESON. Issued by Jay Cooke, General Subscription Agent of the Government Loans. Pamphlet. Philadelphia, 1865.
2. *An Inquiry concerning the Rise and Progress, the Redemption and Present State and the Management of the National Debt of Great Britain.* Fourth Edition. By ROBERT HAMILTON, LL.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh.
3. *Elements of a Plan for the Liquidation of the National Debt of Great Britain, &c.* By RICHARD HEATHFIELD. London.
4. *Histoire financière de France.—Histoire financière d'Angleterre.* Par M. BAILLY. Paris.
5. *Du Système financier.* Paris.

ON no subject have political economists differed so much as on the influence of a large public debt on the interests of the nation. The author of the pamphlet at the head of this article is by no means peculiar in the opinion that "a national debt may be a national blessing." Statesmen like William Pitt and the late Sir Robert Peel have maintained the same theory, although only when in need of money for other purposes. But Mr. Wilkeson makes a very serious omission; he assigns no reasons, adduces no arguments, exhibits no authorities in support of his statements. If a king, emperor, or president takes up his pen to advocate views which are at variance with those entertained by the general public, it becomes incumbent on him to make some effort to prove that he is right. The most illustrious statesmen or lawgivers have not considered themselves exempt from this duty. Any one who does must not wonder if he is misunderstood, misrepresented, or even ridiculed. There is many an important fact which, if stated dogmatically, without any explanation of the principles upon which it is founded, would seem ridiculous even to intelligent men; whereas, if the

person putting it forward took the pains to explain those most ready to sneer might be the first to adopt his views instead of laughing at him.

However, we like the spirit in which the pamphlet is written; if it is not exactly true that a national debt is a national blessing, it is better that we should regard it in that light than as a national curse, which would excite discouragement and discontent. If one gets his arm broken,<sup>†</sup> it is much more philosophical for him to thank God that it was not his neck, and go to the surgeon as soon as he can, than to sit down and whine and tell his friends how unfortunate he has been, until mortification sets in.

Even when a debt has been needlessly contracted, it is much better to try to pay it off good humoredly than to grumble over it. But has not our debt been unavoidable? What will justify a nation in borrowing if not the preservation of its life? If an individual pays any amount, however great, to save his life, when he could not have saved it at a less price, would not any one who grumbled at his doing so show that he valued the money more than his friend? It has cost us a considerable number of millions, it is true, to save the Republic from dismemberment, but is it not worth a hundred times as many more?

The only fair questions then are, Is the management of the debt in judicious and trustworthy hands? Will it be increased as little as possible? Are all proper means to be adopted for its liquidation in a reasonable time? We think there are few who, from the experience of the past, will not answer at least the first and second query in the affirmative. It is this fact which gives Mr. Wilkeson's pamphlet all the importance it possesses; had it come to us bearing on its title-page the names of officials or agents who had misused or mismanaged the public money, we should either have thrown it aside altogether, or denounced it as we do every performance that reaches us, whose object it is, in our opinion, to impose on public credulity.

We will now proceed to examine Mr. Wilkeson's pamphlet, and try to do so in a fair and candid spirit, cheerfully accepting as truth whatever we can regard in that light, but as freely pointing out error wherever we think we detect it. First, we are presented with a table of the indebtedness of the four great powers of Europe, together with that of the United States, the interest paid by each government, &c., which we copy:

	DEBT.	INTEREST.	DEBT PER CAPITA.	RATIO INTEREST TO YEARLY PRODUCE.
France, 1863.....	\$2,541,274,806	\$132,360,000	\$62.12	
Austria, 1864.....	1,263,400,000	75,100,000	36 00	
Russia, 1864.....	1,116,800,000	27,100,000	19.64	
Great Britain, 1863..	4,006,942,117	127,564,548	129.33	3.81
United States.....	3,000,000,000	165,000,000	86.72	3.63

These debts Mr. Wilkeson calls permanent ; so they are permanent, inasmuch as it is found difficult, or impossible, to pay them ; but not one of the governments of Europe would wish to retain its debt as a source of wealth or any benefit to the nation. Perhaps there is not a single cabinet, one of whose members does not regard the national debt as our author does ; but in no cabinet would a majority be found entertaining the same opinion. This, we think, is as it ought to be, and we will give our reasons for that impression before we close. In the meantime, we will briefly examine some of the secondary statements of Mr. Wilkeson. The first is : " We can easily pay our debt." If the word " easily " were omitted, we think this would be correct enough, especially as it is not meant that the present generation should pay all. " Our ability," he says, " to pay our war debt has been demonstrated by an exhibit of the resources of the nation."

That these resources are immense none can question ; it is no vain glory or exaggeration to say that they are greater than those of any other country ; but, boundless as they are, we hold that it would be impossible to demonstrate, by any process whatever, that they could be " easily " made pay three thousand millions ; that is a much larger sum than Mr. Wilkeson seems to have calculated with any degree of accuracy. But, if he be correct, it would be better not to pay it if we had it in our power ; our doing so would be not a blessing, but a misfortune, for the simple reason that " our debt is just as much capital added to our wealth."

*" The funded debt of the United States is, he says, in effect the addition of three thousand millions of dollars to the previously realized wealth of the nation. It is three thousand millions added to its available active capital. To pay this debt would be to extinguish this capital and to lose this wealth. To extinguish this capital and lose this wealth would be an inconceivably great national misfortune."*

This conclusion he arrives at by taking England as an example ; but except in a few instances, and under certain

conditions, English statesmen have always regarded the subject in a very different light ; as have the statesmen of every country in Europe. No other subject has occupied the attention of political economists so much as to devise some project by which the national debt could be paid off in the shortest possible time. All the books that have been written upon it, even within the present century, would make quite a large library by themselves. At least a hundred different plans have been proposed by as many writers, including cabinet ministers, jurists, college professors, divines, &c. Even the project of paying the national debt by contribution was by no means new when proposed in this country some months ago by one of our leading journals. Substantially the same proposition had been made on the same grounds half a century previously, by no less a personage than the Bishop of Landaff, who wrote a pamphlet on the subject, maintaining that, if all could not be paid by subscription just then, the nation ought, "at least, pay that part which has been added to it by the Seven Years' War, by the American war, by the last war, and by this." The *Edinburgh Review* of the time, in commenting on this project, remarks: "Bishop Watson proposes that we should take the present opportunity to pay off the whole of the national debt. He urges, on behalf of this bold scheme, a good number of declamatory reasons, such as *the terror with which so grand an operation would strike our enemies*, and the advantage of lessening the great imposthume growing on the body politic before its bursting proves fatal.\*"

It is needless to observe that all propositions for the payment of the debt have been made on the ground that it was a burden which it was at least inconvenient to carry ; nay, was it not for this reason that the sinking fund was established ? Is it not for the same reason that every government in Europe, whose financial affairs are judiciously managed, is at this moment doing all it conveniently can to discharge its debt ?

But Mr. Wilkeson tells us that "the interest of the debt only becomes the measure of its burden. Great Britain," he says, "does owe to Great Britain *confessedly* four thousand millions. But, practically, and by consent and harmonious arrangement, Great Britain owes to Great Britain only one

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\* *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1804, Art. "Bishop Watson on the National Debt, &c."

hundred and twenty-seven millions of dollars a year; and that is a very small debt for the proprietors and workmen of the 'workshop of the world' to owe to each other." (p. 4.) This is exceedingly loose sort of logic. It requires little argument to prove that no debt can be said to be paid unless the creditor receive the principal as well as the interest; it is equally evident that, if the money is to be paid, it must come out of the pocket either of the debtor or his successors; and this is the principle on which the English funding system, which our author takes as a model, is founded.

The benefit of compound interest, which accrues to a nation in its transactions with the public creditor, is what England depends upon chiefly for the payment of her debt. She borrows the money at simple interest, and gets compound interest for it; she appropriates certain portions of the public revenue to the half-yearly payment of the interest, and also to defray the expenses of management. The sinking fund is thus caused to increase at such a ratio—the surplus of taxation being added to it—that, if no new debt is contracted, millions can be paid from it annually towards diminishing the public burden. Those acquainted with the principle of compound interest will readily understand this; its wonderful power of increase is well illustrated by Mr. Price. "A penny," says that gentleman, "so improved from our Saviour's birth as to double itself every fourteen years, or, which is nearly the same, put out to five per cent. interest at our Saviour's birth, would by this time have increased to *more money than would be contained in one hundred and fifty millions of globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and all solid gold.*"\*

This seems extravagant; but it is very near the truth. Yet, if we examine the facts, we shall see what slow progress it makes even in times of profound peace. As Mr. Wilkeson bases all his statements on the debt of England, we will draw our data, for the present, from the same source. From a cursory glance, we find that in 1722 the national debt of England amounted only to fifty-five millions. For seventeen years afterwards she enjoyed profound peace. During the whole of this period the funding system was in operation, yet the debt was diminished only eight millions. Thus, when the Spanish war commenced in 1739, the debt amounted to

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\* See preface to Price's *Observations on Reversionary Payments*. Third edition, London, 1845.



forty-seven millions; at the close of that war, in 1748, it had increased to £78,293,312. From this we see that a comparatively insignificant war of nine years added about four times as much to the national debt as a continued peace of seventeen years had taken from it.

When the war against the American colonies commenced in 1776, the national debt of the mother country amounted to £135,943,051; at the close of the war, in 1783, it had increased to £238,484,870—that is, the seven years' war against her colonies cost her £102,541,819. This was followed by ten years of peace; but at the end of that period the debt was reduced only about four millions and a half—not half a million a year. When the war of the French Revolution commenced, the debt of England was £233,733,609, and before the peace of 1801, it more than doubled, being £561,203,274. The peace which followed this, instead of diminishing the debt to a considerable extent, *added forty millions to it*. Thus has the debt continued to increase in peace and war for nearly a century, until it has attained its present enormous dimensions, although the sinking fund has been in operation all the time.

But had the result been otherwise—had a large amount of the debt been discharged, it would have been at the expense of the nation. The following formula will illustrate this: Suppose a state whose revenue arises from taxation to borrow \$20,000,000 at five per cent. interest. It is obvious that as long as this debt remains unpaid the country must submit to a taxation of one million a year for the interest alone. But if \$200,000 of the principal is paid, the interest on that amount is no longer due to the creditor; this is equal to a saving of \$10,000 a year to government—the same as if that amount were added to its revenue. But let us suppose that, instead of devoting this amount to any other purpose, the government hands it over to the public creditor in addition to the \$200,000; then it is clear that \$210,000 of the debt will be extinguished. Now, if, instead of paying in this manner, the government had lent the \$200,000, at compound interest, payable half yearly, it would have amounted to just the same amount in one year; that is, the \$200,000 would have brought \$10,000. When the creditor has received this \$210,000 of principal, he is entitled to no further interest on any part of the amount, and the result is the same as if \$10,500 were added to the yearly revenue. Without extending the formula, it may be remarked that, in general,



at the end of any number of years, the debt extinguished in this manner will be equal to the capital which would have been produced in the same time if the \$200,000 had been lent to accumulate by compound interest. But, in either case, how is this money obtained? Is it produced out of nothing by the magical power of compound interest? Not a penny of it! Every dollar which has been appropriated to the extinction of the principal debt, as well as every dollar paid for the interest of what remains unextinguished, is raised by taxation. If this be not sufficiently clear, let any intelligent person ask himself what is to be gained by discharging a debt with borrowed money, if as high interest is to be paid for the latter as for the former. But Mr. Wilkeson sees a great difference between individual debt and government debt, and tells us how, as follows:

"The difference between the debt of an individual and the debt of a government is as broad as the difference between night and day. The holder of an individual's promise to pay watchfully expects pay-day, and demands payment. A great government, like that of England, is not importuned to pay its funded debt—is *practically begged not to pay it*—practically entreated to *keep the money forever*, and only to pay the interest twice a year. Demand for long credit by an individual is accepted all over the world as a measure of inability to pay, and lenders lock their chests and put their hands behind their backs. On the other hand, the longer the credit asked by the government of the United States, the more eager are lenders to lend. The longest government loans are highest priced and most sought. Investments love repose next to security. *The life of a government, founded on the will of an intelligent people, is enduring.* The contingency of the death of an individual is an element in the measure of his credit. It affects personal credit in every case. This contingency never affects the credit of a government. The holders of its bonds never have to negotiate with heirs or executors, nor watch with solicitude the administration of an estate whose relations have all been changed by the sudden removal of its manager. *The debt of a constitutional government*, like that of Great Britain or the United States, is accepted among men as *absolutely sure and perfectly safe*. It is not possible for an individual's debt ever to attain to this character of perpetuated and perfect value."—p. 7.

That the holders of United States bonds are perfectly safe we have not the least doubt. There is no bank in Europe or America in which we have more confidence; we entirely agree with Mr. Wilkeson that, as long as the public funds are managed so judiciously as they are now, there is no safer investment, and, consequently, that the longer the credit asked by the government, the more profitable is the investment to the lender. Nor do we mean to question that the government of England is perfectly solvent, or that there is any serious risk in investing in its stock. At the same

time, Mr. Wilkeson is very much mistaken in the opinion that, because a nation is great and powerful, it follows that its bonds must always be "absolutely sure and perfectly safe." The most cursory glance at the financial history of England alone ought to have satisfied him on this point.

How can the bonds of any country be said to be "perfectly safe" when it finds it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to raise sufficient funds for its current expenses? And how often has England been in this position? Nay, how often have her bond-holders suffered? Did not the very minister who had assumed so much credit for establishing the sinking fund, and who had so often represented it as absolutely necessary to *save the nation from ruin*, lay violent hands upon it by appropriating a million of its produce to the supplies of the year? To this day the most serious charge made against William Pitt, as a statesman, is that he was always too ready to increase the national debt, and, consequently, to enlarge the burden of taxation.

We have never met an intelligent Englishman yet who would seriously maintain that England has sustained no injury from her enormous national debt, not to mention its being a blessing to her. If all Englishmen did so, the world would know that they were wrong. What, for example, but her debt caused her to provoke her American colonies to rebellion? It was precisely because the British minister had to raise £4,840,821, in taxes, to pay the interest on the national debt, and found it extremely difficult to do so, that the Stamp Act was introduced into the House of Commons in March, 1764, at his instigation, and passed the following year by that body, in order that the colonies might be made "*to bear a part, at least, of the burden that oppressed the mother country.*" Can Mr. Wilkeson deny this? Was it a blessing that thus placed England in a position that led to the loss of her best colonies? To the latter, indeed, it was a blessing, but it was the most humiliating blow that ever England had to bear.

Nor shall we find any better results arising from the operation of the national debt if we turn to any of the other European states included in Mr. Wilkeson's table. We need not go beyond France, which is the first on his list. That country has, indeed, a large debt; but we have never heard it urged that it was beneficial to the nation, or even that it has not proved injurious; but the reverse we have heard and seen often enough, and we are convinced that it is true. So early as 1715, St. Simon proposed to the regent

to assemble the States-General and declare a general bankruptcy on account of the burden of the national debt. All the principal historians of France admit that its great increase, caused by the wars of Louis XIII. and of Louis XIV., contributed more to the fall of Louis XVI. than any other cause. But we have still clearer evidence than this, that a large national debt is neither so good nor so sure as Mr. Wilkeson would have his readers believe. Thus we find that, in 1798, the bonds of France, known as *deux tiers* were depreciated almost immediately to the extent of 70 to 80 per cent. In a very short time they became utterly worthless, and, as a necessary consequence, the government became bankrupt. But Mr. Wilkeson may tell us that this was a mere matter of form, so far as the public creditors were concerned, because a government debt is so widely different from an individual debt. But such proved not to be the fact in this as in many other cases; for the failure of the government to meet its payments, as stipulated, was productive of the greatest suffering. In the language of the historian, two hundred thousand families found themselves ruined in a single day; a multitude who had been living on rents, pensions, and the proceeds of their labor, and all they had to spare, were reduced to the most frightful misery.\*

Mr. Wilkeson places great stress on the form of government. In the extract we have given, from page 7 of his pamphlet, he tells us that "the life of a government, founded on the will of an intelligent people, is enduring," and that "the debt of a constitutional government is accepted as perfectly safe," &c. It is certainly true that, if a country may be blessed by imposing a heavy debt upon it, no governments are entitled to so much credit as constitutional governments, since they excel all others in producing large debts. The reader need only turn to Mr. Wilkeson's own table in order to understand this. It shows that constitutional England has nearly four times as large a debt as despotic Russia; more than three times as large a debt as Austria; and nearly twice as large a debt as France. Thus, in proportion as a country is more despotic than another, it has a smaller debt, and *vice versa*. But the disparity between the debts of the different countries *per capita* is still greater.

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\* Plus de deux cent mille familles se trouvèrent ruinées en un seul jour. Une multitude de rentiers et de pensionnaires perdirent tout à coup le fruit de leurs travaux et de leurs épargnes, et se trouvèrent dans la plus affreuse misère.—*M. Hyacinthe Maury*.

Thus the English debt *per capita* amounts to \$129.33, while that of Russia amounts only to \$19.64; that is, every Englishman has to pay *more than five times as much annually for the public debt as every Russian* has; every American has to pay *more than four times as much as every Russian, &c.* It may be some consolation to the Englishman or the American that, if he has to pay a larger tax than his neighbor, it has been imposed upon him, not by one person, but by a score or a hundred; which would be about the same as to prefer paying six dollars or four dollars to a company of hatters for a hat, rather than pay one dollar to one hatter who had the power of selling his hats as he chose, or keeping them all to himself, if that pleased him better.

Nor is it always true that it is safer to deal with six men, or even five hundred, than with one. As it is our disposition, as well as our duty, rather to tell the truth than to laud any form of government further than we think it deserves it, we must remind our author that it is precisely when and where the people have had most power that the public creditors have fared worst. It is well known that Cromwell was more anxious to enrich his friends and supporters than he was to pay the public creditors. And be it remembered that it was the republic of France—not the monarchy—that repudiated its debts in the manner indicated above, and brought ruin on hundreds of thousands. Here was a popular government, but was it safe and enduring on that account? Was there not more safety, as well as more stability, under the despotism established by Napoleon I.?

We do not mean by this that a despotism is better than a republic or as good; none appreciate the superior advantages of the latter more highly than we do ourselves; but that is no reason why we should give it credit for virtues which it is notorious it does not possess. On the contrary, the weak point of a popular government is the facility with which it accumulates debt. It is this facility which best explains the difference between the several debts of the five great powers as exhibited in Mr. Wilkeson's table; for it cannot be pretended that France and Russia are not as warlike nations as England. Still less can it be pretended that those governments could not tax their people, if so disposed, to as burdensome an extent as England; if they did not possess this power, it would be absurd to call them despotism.

Nor is the superior stability, or durability, claimed by Mr. Wilkeson for popular governments as a guarantee of safety

to their creditors, founded on any stronger basis. The history of the world shows but too plainly that the reverse is the fact. It is not necessary to go back to the republics of Greece or Rome for proof of this; we have illustrations enough in modern times. What, for example, has become of the republic of Venice, with all its glory and power? What of the Dutch republic, that set at defiance the imperial power of Spain in her palmyest days? Has not England herself had a republic, and how long did it last? Has not France had a republic twice, and how long did it "endure" either time? What security did it afford the public creditor?

It is obvious, then, that, if we ought to feel no particular uneasiness about our debt, it is not because the form of our government is republican, because it is founded on the will of the people, or because it bears a resemblance to the government of England or any other country. The truth is that the nature of a large public debt, or the influence which it is likely to produce on the nation, is as great a mystery to "the people" as the quadrature of the circle, or the magic stone of the alchemist, which is to transmute all metals into gold. The opinion, or the vote, of one person who understands a subject is of more value than that of five thousand who do not understand it; and hence it is but natural, after all, that the masses may denounce or execrate to-day what they hurrahed and threw up their hats for yesterday; for it is now just as true as when Horace wrote his beautiful ode, *Ad fortunam*, that the will of the mob is a very precarious foundation to build upon:

"At vulgus infidum, et meretrix retro  
Perjura cedit."

The reason why we think there is no cause for alarm, notwithstanding the vast amount of our debt, is that not only are our resources almost boundless, but our situation and circumstances are such that we can use them in time to the best advantage. It is these resources which constitute our wealth according as they are made available; they are so much added to our wealth; the debt is certainly not an addition to our wealth as asserted by Mr. Wilkeson; it is more correct to regard it as so much deducted from that wealth. We hold, also, that the only effectual way to discharge the national debt is by the overplus of profits afforded by those resources when made available; and that the sooner it is paid without having recourse to any violent means, or without prejudice to vested rights, the better for the nation.

Hitherto we have adduced only our own views and arguments in refuting the assertions of Mr. Wilkeson ; but we do not assume that these ought to be accepted by our readers if we cannot show that they are corroborated in every important particular by writers on political economy, and especially on this particular branch of it, who are recognized as authorities. None will deny, we dare say, that Professor Hamilton may be regarded in this light. Now we will ask the reader to remember what wonderful efficacy Mr. Wilkeson ascribes to the funding system, and then hear what the professor has to say on the subject. "Convinced," says Dr. Hamilton," that the sinking fund has contributed *nothing* to the discharge of the public debt, that it has occasioned a large *addition to our public burthens*, we next enquire whether any and what advantages have been derived from it. The means, and *the only means*, of restraining the progress of national debt are saving of expenditure and increase of revenue. Neither of these have a necessary connection with a sinking fund. But if they have an eventual connection, and if the nation, impressed with a conviction of the importance of a system established by a popular minister, has, in order to adhere to it, adopted measures, either of frugality in expenditure, or exertion in raising taxes, which it would not otherwise have done, the sinking fund ought not to be considered as inefficient ; and its effects may be of great importance. We are not of opinion that the sinking fund has contributed *in any degree to frugality in expenditure*. The time during which it has operated has not been a time of national frugality. Ministers have had the full power of raising what loans they pleased to supply the means of any expenditure, *however lavish* ; and it will not be said they have used this power with a saving hand. In regard to increase of taxes, we are of opinion that the sinking fund has had a real effect in calling forth exertions which, although they might have been made as well and as effectually, would not have been made unless to follow out the line which that system required. A loan is made, and the revenue is considered as charged not only with the interest, but a certain proportion of the principal annually. Taxes are imposed *to meet the one as well as the other*. If the sinking fund had not been in view, it is likely taxes would have been imposed *for the interest only*.\*

Now let the reader bear in mind the distinction which Mr

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\* An inquiry concerning the Rise and Progress, &c., of the National Debt, by Robert Hamilton, LL D., F.R.S.E., p. 158.

Wilkeson draws between a public and a private debt, which he informs us are as different from each other as night is from day. Prof. Hamilton, however, like all other writers of eminence, is of the opposite opinion; and he illustrates his view of the subject as follows: "A private gentleman, whose estate is encumbered, may, if he have any credit, pay off all his debt every year by *borrowing money from other hands*; but if he *spends more than his free income*, his embarrassments will continually increase; and his affairs are so much the worse by being conducted in this manner, from the fees he pays to his agents. The *absurdity of deriving any satisfaction* from this annual discharge of his debts will appear still stronger if we suppose him, instead of borrowing from other hands, only to renew the securities to the same creditors, annually paying a fee to the agents, and a *douceur* to the creditors themselves, on the renewal. *All these observations are equally applicable to the debt of a nation conducted as ours is.* It would not be impracticable or very difficult to redeem our whole debt in any year if the measures we follow be redemption. It would only require a large loan every month; and the large sums we were thus enabled to pay would supply the funds for these loans. Our capitalists would be well pleased to promote these loans, as they would derive a *bonus* from each. Such a system *would be ruinous in the extreme*; and the system we follow is the same on a smaller scale, and is therefore only pernicious in a less degree."\*

Although Mr. Wilkeson does not seem to have very carefully studied the subject upon which he has written, we have little doubt that, if he were asked who is the most reliable British writer on political economy, he would not hesitate to award that distinction to Dr. Adam Smith, author of *The Wealth of Nations*. The superior authority of this work is universally acknowledged throughout the Continent, as well as in England; but does the author agree with Mr. Wilkeson in regarding the debt of a nation as an addition to the nation's wealth? We shall presently see. The chief means of increasing the public debt is war; then, if a large permanent debt is a blessing, surely war cannot be very seriously condemned, notwithstanding its manifold horrors, though it be productive of no other benefit to those who carry it on. But, in commenting on this branch of the subject, Dr. Smith observes: "Had not these wars given this particular direction to so large a capital, the greater part of it would natu-

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\* *Ib.*, p. 191.



rally have been employed in maintaining productive hands, whose labor would have replaced, with a profit, the whole value of their consumption. The value of the annual produce of the land and labor of the country would have been considerably increased by it every year; and every year's increase would have still more augmented that of the following year. More houses would have been built, more lands would have been improved, and those which had been improved before would have been better cultivated; more manufactures would have been established, and those which had been established before would have been more extended; and to what height the real wealth and revenue of the country might by this time have been raised it is not perhaps very easy even to imagine.\*

Perhaps Mr. Hume exaggerated the danger of the national debt of England when he stated, in his "Essay on the Public Credit," that either the country must destroy the debt, or the debt will destroy the country; it is sufficient for us to know that the most profound thinkers of Great Britain have regarded the national debt in a very different light from that of a blessing.

Nor do the political economists of Italy, France, or Germany take a more favorable view of its operations or influence. "A country," says Ricardo, "which has involved itself in the difficulties attendant on a large public debt would act wisely in ransoming itself from them, at the sacrifice of any portion of its property which might be necessary for the redemption of the debt." Those who have most debt to pay are apt to think most on the subject; and accordingly we find that next to the English, of all Europeans, the French have written most on national debt. If any of them have maintained that it is a blessing, the fact has escaped our attention, or our memory. "The habit, or necessity of living by expedients," says M. Maury, "is not less dangerous for nations than for individuals. In casting itself into the easy way of loans, the nation places itself on a rapid declivity, where it is no longer possible for it to stop; and at the bottom of which it almost always falls into that abyss of misery and shame which is called national bankruptcy"†

\* Wealth of Nations, vol. ii., p. 119, McCulloch's edition.

† L'habitude ou la nécessité de vivre d'expédients n'est pas moins dangereuse pour les peuples que pour les individus. En se jetant dans la voie facile des emprunts on s'est placé sur une pente rapide, où il n'était plus possible de s'arrêter, et au bout de laquelle on est presque toujours tombé dans cet abîme de misère et de honte qu'on appelle la banqueroute publique.—*Hist. financière de la France, par M. Bresson, tome ii., p. 250.*



If we inquire who is the greatest authority among celebrated writers, we shall find that it is Montesquieu, the illustrious author of *De l'Esprit des Loix*: then, if we examine his ample pages, we shall see that neither Professor Hamilton, Mr. Hume, Dr. Adam Smith, nor any other writer whatever is more decided in the opinion that a large national debt is injurious to any nation that is burdened with it. Not but in Montesquieu's time as well as now there were persons who believed that it was no harm, but rather good, for a nation to be indebted to itself. "Quelques gens," says the philosopher, "ont cru qu'il étoit bon qu'un état dût à lui-même; ils ont pensé que cela multiplioit les richesses en augmentant la circulation."\* This shows that the ideas of Mr. Wilkeson are at least more than a century old, but it also shows that even then they had been exploded as fallacious. Montesquieu explains how the mistake occurs on a superficial view. He shows the disadvantages which a nation labors under by being burdened with a large debt, and then admits that, if there are advantages arising from the same cause, he does not know in what they consist. "Volà les inconvénients," he says, "je n'en connois point les avantages." He then proceeds to illustrate his view. If ten persons, he says, have each a thousand crowns of revenue in landed funds or business, this produces for the nation, at five per cent., a capital of two hundred thousand crowns. If these ten persons employ the half of their revenue, that is to say, five thousand crowns, to pay the interest on the hundred thousand crowns they have borrowed from others, that still produces for the state but two hundred thousand crowns; that is, in the language of the algebraists, 200,000 crowns—100,000 crowns—100,000 crowns = 200,000 crowns.†

He now shows how the mistake is generally made, namely by regarding paper which is but the representative of money or wealth as the thing itself. But we will let the philosopher give the idea in his own language: "Ce que peut jeter dans l'erreur," he says "c'est qu'un papier qui représente la dette d'une nation est un signe de richesse; car il n'y a qu'un état riche qui puisse soutenir un tel papier sans tomber dans la décadence; que s'il n'y tombe pas il faut que l'état ait de grandes richesses d'ailleurs." This is undoubtedly the philosophy of the subject—that is, instead of a large public debt adding to the wealth of a country, none but a rich coun-

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\* De l'esprit des Loix, liv. xii, chap. xvii.

† *Ib.*

try can sustain a large debt, or save itself from decay. If a country is rich notwithstanding its great debt, it is not on account of the debt, it is so but in spite of it; in other words, if it does not break down under the pressure of the debt, it is because it has great riches independently of it. This is the case with us as well as with England. Our seven-thirty bonds are safe and productive capital to those who invest in them, not because our national debt is large, but because we have almost inexhaustible resources, and possess sufficient enterprise, industry, and skill to turn those resources to the best advantage.

As Mr. Wilkeson makes the debt of England the criterion whereby we are to judge in every particular of the effects of our debt, ought he not to have reminded us that we have accumulated our debt at a much larger ratio than England. England has been engaged in more wars in one decade than we have been during the whole period of our existence, and her enemies have been the most powerful and most warlike nations in the world. Not only has she had to support her own army, but also to pay large subsidies to the armies of her continental allies; there have always been some of her colonies from which she has derived no revenue, but which have been a loss to her rather than a gain. At other times, she has found it necessary to make war on her colonies thousands of miles from home. We have had only to protect ourselves at home, with the broad Atlantic between us and all the great powers. Yet, if we compare our debt with that of England, what a near approach does the former make to the latter! Why, if we are to regard the interest as the measure of the burden, as we are told to do by Mr. Wilkeson, our debt is the largest in the world, not excepting that of England, which has been accumulating for nearly four centuries. In the comparative table already referred to, the interest of the debt of the United States is given as \$165,000,000, and that of the debt of Great Britain as \$127,564,548. It is important not only that this fact should be known, but that it should be remembered and pondered upon, so that it may exercise a salutary influence on future expenditures.

But if we have thus felt it our duty to refute certain erroneous theories of Mr. Wilkeson, we are not the less disposed to give him credit for any theory or suggestion that is founded on reason and truth; and we regard in this light the statement that "the national debt will be the bond of our Union;" for there are many things that are not good in themselves,

but the reverse, which, by producing a community of interest and feeling, serve to unite in one brotherhood those who might otherwise be at constant enmity with each other. But we will let Mr. Wilkeson state the case in his own words :

"This, our national war debt, should be held forever in place as the political tie of the states and the bond forever of a fraternal nationality. It will give a common interest in the Union that nothing else can give. It will impart to a copartnership between thirty-five millions of people the unity of feeling arising from a community of interest in a copartnership capital of three thousand millions of dollars. Tied to the Union by the Union debt, nor Western States, nor Southern States—states beyond the Rocky Mountains, nor states by the Atlantic Sea—states that plant, nor states that weave—states that mine, nor states that smelt and hammer, can ever find inducement in sectional interest to draw asunder from each other. The proprietary interest of the voters of the several states in the national debt will be sufficient forever to ensure the prompt stamping out of life of all the politics that may dare a second experiment in disrupting the United States of America. Had we possessed a huge Union debt in 1860, and had as much of it been diffused among the mountaineers and planters of South Carolina as is now held in Rhode Island, as much in Alabama as now in Indiana, as much in Georgia as now in Minnesota, as much in Virginia as now in Connecticut, the war for slavery had never been waged. While holding the Union bonds, the South would never have made war upon the Union. No practical means could have got at those bonds and taken them out of the South, and sent them here or to Europe to be cashed, so as to have brought the fighting men of the slave states to a willingness to make war on the government on whose perpetuity the payment of the bonds depended. And for the future, there can be no better gage and pledge for the harmonious and co-operative life of the returned Southern States, and for the permanence of the restored Union, than the national diffusion of the national debt. The bond of interest is the bond of concord. We already feel its contracting pressure from Tennessee, Louisiana, Alabama, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, where the sale of the seven-thirty loan has been established."—p. 10.

We are willing not only to admit the truth of this, but also that it is a valuable truth, one worth millions of dollars. Supposing that the country were about to be dismembered to-morrow, who would not vote to pay hundreds of millions more to unite the different sections together, so that instead of dismemberment the integrity of the republic would be guaranteed for at least another generation? It is because several of the propositions of Mr. Wilkeson are of this character that we have been induced to treat even the grossest of his fallacies with much more lenity than we usually do such things. We also agree with our author that the national debt is a good basis for national banking; and that national banking is a great convenience, if not a substantial service, to the country, few will deny :

"The bonds of the United States, accepted throughout the United States as the highest security, and having a uniform value in every one of

the states, are the only real and safe equivalent for gold and silver, and the only available basis for a uniform banknote currency that shall be money all over the republic. Commerce demands this uniform currency. Politics requires it. The money that is at once current in Massachusetts and Alabama, that has par value in Nebraska and South Carolina, in Virginia and New York, that is taken and passed without scrutiny or suspicion by the advocates of slave labor and the advocates of free labor, by extremists in the South and extremists in the North, by the people of the two seaboard and the people of the Mississippi valley, has the mission to wear down the sectional barriers which the doctrine of states rights and the partisanship of politics have, for three-quarters of a century, been building up into fortified camps of division and civil war. And the uniform national banking currency will perform this mission."

Among the suggestions made by our author, which show that he means well, although rather ambitious in his style as well as illogical in his statements, is that in reference to a revision of our excise system. The following two paragraphs are in the right spirit :

"Revise the excise system itself. Knock the inquisitorial and annoying features out of it. Quit counting the teaspoons of the people. Stop feeling in pockets for watches to tax. Cease this inspection of buggy-wheels and counting of harnesses, and the spectacled peeping into the work and incomes of tailors, shoemakers, and smiths. Quit this counting off on masculine fingers that should be hoeing corn, the bonnets made by milliners, and the manufacture of rainbow wrappage for our dear girls. Quit taxing the matches with which the people light their candles. *A great nation should scorn such sources of revenue.* A free people should be freed from inquisition into domestic life by salaried officials. The pride of a nation, its truthfulness, its reasonable right of privacy in conducting its business, should be sacredly shielded by law. Petty sources of income to the United States of America should be flung away. To the utmost possible extent personal annoyance should be avoided in gathering this income.

"The revenues that are collected on the hearthstones and in the barnyards—all those that irritate in the gathering, and, consequently, demoralize, should be scornfully abandoned by us, and that, too, right speedily and forever. **DIRECT AND NOT INDIRECT TAXATION SHOULD BE THE ORDER OF THE DAY.** The English have no trouble in raising the immense amount of yearly revenue required to carry on their government and to keep down the interest on their debt. They, wiser than we, get it almost wholly out of six articles—spirits, wine, tobacco, sugar, tea, and coffee. After two hundred years of experiment in raising public income, the English have finally set up their principal machinery for its collection in custom houses and distilleries. Let us imitate their proven wisdom."—pp. 16-17.

If our author had reasoned throughout his pamphlet so correctly and sensibly as he has in these two paragraphs, we should not have had a word to say against him. And who will not agree with him that our present arduous revenue system ought to be modified as soon as possible? for it is unworthy of a fifth-rate nation, not to mention the great Republic of the West. We imagine that there is but one class who would object to this, namely, the lazy drones, good for nothing

else, who are engaged as assessors and collectors, and who would not endanger their precious lives if the nation were torn to pieces, whether by foreign or domestic foe.

Another of our author's statements in which we concur is, that "increase of population and increased manufactures will lighten the debt by diffusing it." "Organize emigration," he says; "remove to the United States the cotton manufacture of England—bring here a large part of the silk and muslin manufacture of France—the iron-make and cutlery manufacture of Britain—lift up and bring here a large portion of the mining population of Europe—set it down in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and that farther imperial mineral domain which extends through seventeen degrees of longitude, and sixteen degrees of latitude, and contains an area of more than a million square miles, literally crammed with gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, lead, tin, salt, quicksilver, gypsum, asphaltum, and marble, and which asks only an amount of labor relatively equal to that expended on California, to yield four hundred millions per annum out of two millions alone—gold and silver."

This view of the case is somewhat exaggerated *ex more*. It is not so easy to remove the cotton manufacture of England, the silk and muslin manufacture of France, &c., but it is perfectly true that there would be work for all in the United States for a century to come. This increase of labor would enrich the country much more readily and more certainly than any amount of national debt.

The conclusion of the pamphlet is devoted to the needless task of proving that the "payment of the national debt by subscription is wholly impracticable." As already observed, this was proved in England more than a half century ago, when it would have been much easier to pay the British debt than it would be now to pay the United States debt. There was no harm, however, in making the proposition; and the journalist of the present day had just as good a right to do so as the divine of sixty years ago, even though the former merely wanted to perpetrate a joke while the latter was not more serious in the most elaborate or most pious of his sermons. To this we need only add that, let Mr. Wilkeson blunder as he may, and misrepresent in certain particulars the views of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Government Agents, however unintentionally, as long as our loans and funding system are so skilfully and honestly managed as they are at present, our debt, large as it is, need be no cause of alarm to the nation.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Works of Sir William Jones.* London.  
 2. *Institutiones Linguae Persicae cum sanscrita et zendica comparatae.* J. A. VILLIERS. Giessen. 1840.  
 3. *Grammatik der lebenden Persischen Sprache.* Leipsick. 1847.  
 4. *A Grammar of the Persian Language.* By DUNCAN FORBES. London.

IN tracing the history of a nation a double sequence of events must be kept in view, the one logical, the other chronological; the former having for its object to connect the events narrated by the chain of cause and effect, the latter to assign facts to their proper period in time. A history constructed in violation of this principle has no value as a source of instruction, since it is a knowledge of the causes of events, more than of the events themselves, which teaches us what to avoid and what to imitate. The absence of correct chronological sequence entails a confusion which renders a narrative completely worthless, and at the same time seriously impairs logical sequence, since contemporary events often bear the mutual relation of cause and effect, a relation which could not be appreciated apart from a knowledge of the fact that they are contemporary.

Starting with this principle, which lies at the very basis of history, and applying it to the country whose name heads this article, we are stopped *in limine* by a serious lack of both conditions. Notwithstanding the numerous and laborious researches of the archæologists of the last and the present centuries, but comparatively little has been discovered serving to throw light on the ancient history of Persia. True, the untiring zeal and profound scholarship of Sir William Jones, Sir William Ouseley, and M. d'Herbelot, have opened the way to discovery, and have developed many interesting points, although none of the latter have been entirely rescued from the mazes of doubt. This appears all the stranger to us on reflecting that Persia occupies a central position in Asia, and that both profane and sacred writings are replete with allusions to the greatness of the early Persian princes. But the reason of this anomaly may be discovered in certain peculiarities of the Persian religion, peculiarities to which we will now merely allude, as we intend dwelling on them at greater length hereafter. If we accept, with M. Cousin, that every age and nation has its

fixed, dominant idea, which influences each existing institution, and gives tone to religion, politics, social economy, literature, science and art, we shall find therein the key to the problem before us. We shall find that the prevailing thought of early Persian times was such precisely as to detract from the importance usually bestowed on the means and conditions of constructing sound history.

In examining the annals of the Persian religion we discover that the earliest form was based on the metaphysical idea of dualism, to wit: that an eternal struggle is going on between the principle of light and the principle of darkness; and that compared to this interminable strife, the wars of princes are but trifles. According to the Zoroasterian idea, Ahriman the principle of darkness and Ormuzd the principle of light are two abstract powers, without shape or visible form, all reaching, ever-existing, though dependent on the supreme god Mithra, and compelled by the nature of things to fight incessantly till victory shall fall to the side of Ormuzd. Having no idea of a deity beyond these twin-conflicting powers, the Persians worshiped no idols—"Neither image, nor temple, nor altar," says Herodotus, "have ever been erected in Persia, and the Persians have no such anthropological views of the divinity as the Greeks."

The effect of this devotion to an idea was to exalt the universal, the invisible, the divine; to regard it, as the only reality; to deem it alone deserving of profound contemplation, and to spurn the merely human as illusory and unreal. We, as men, according to Zoroaster, are but mere phantasmagoria, the only reality being the dual principle which is neither seen, nor felt, nor heard. In consequence of this forced alienation of the human soul from God, and the substitution of a double, universal, thinking substance, which is inappreciable as far as it is real, mere human works sink into insignificance, and a forced subjection to and exaltation of blind necessity become the first duty of man. Hence, we see art vainly endeavoring to reproduce in Persian sculpture and hieroglyphics, this strange conception of the human intellect. We find vast misshapen figures striving to eliminate humanity, and to embody the idea of invisible, necessary power. On the other hand, human events are of dwindled importance, being considered but as the product of unreality. Wars are waged, empires and dynasties pass away, and neither poet nor historian, neither child of Melpomene, nor of Clio, springs up to chant or narrate the valor of kings and heroes.



\*In this way we venture to account for the striking lack of materials which exists concerning the history and civilization of ancient Persia; but a supplementary reason may be assigned. Though we derive most of our knowledge of Persian antiquities from Greek and Jewish sources, yet the perverse orthography prevalent among writers of both nations has caused a great deal of confusion. Thus we see that Ghustasp, the eleventh king of the Pischdadian line was called Hystaspes by the Greeks; and Lohorasp, a prince of the Caianian dynasty, was called Esdras, by some Jewish writers.

Previous to the time of Sir William Jones it had been customary to look upon the Pischdadian race of kings as the first that ruled in Persia, though it was impossible to settle definitely the precise period of their assumption of the sovereign power. Sir William Jones, during his sojourn in the East, discovered a work written by Moshan Fain, a learned Mahometan, which throws most unexpected light on this difficult question. According to this writer, a powerful monarchy had been established for ages in Iran before the accession of Cayumers, the first of the Pischdadian race; that it was called the Mahabadian dynasty, and that many of its princes had raised their empire to the zenith of human glory. Accepting this account, we are still in doubt to what nation of the East to refer these Mahabadian princes, though the probability is, according to Sir William Jones, that they sprung from a Hindoo stock. This conjecture is strengthened by the striking resemblance we discover between Hindoo pantheism and the dualism of the Persians. Assuming the truth of this opinion, the first Persian line of monarchs must have been the oldest in the world.

The line of kings which succeeded the Mahabadian dynasty is generally known as the Pisdadian, and the records of their reign being chiefly contained in Persian narratives, but little authentic can be learned concerning them. The various Tarikhs or chronicles abound in legendary matter, in which but little truth or even verisimilitude can be discovered, though to the mind of the philosopher such legends are not devoid of deep interest. Thus it is, that in pondering over the strange phantasies of Khondenier, Fordusi, and the various Tarikhs we can obtain glimpses of the civilization of those days; there we find allusions to works of art or science which incidentally reveal the fluctuating progress of mental development at that period. In the earliest dawn of eastern his-

tory we find stories of great cities and stupendous monuments, the size and character of which only partially discovered, fill us with wonderment and curiosity. To-day we find in the plains of Iran the remains of a city, the date of whose foundation is nearly coeval with history itself, and the traveller stands amazed at the colossal ruins which nearly forty centuries have not obliterated. Persepolis, or as it was called among the early Persians, Istakhan, was built under Jemshid, one of the first Pishdadian princes, and though we may not believe all that has been written about it by Persian annalists, yet enough has reached us from authentic sources to render its vast dimensions indubitable. It may, indeed, appear to us incredible that a city, especially in those early times, should take in an area of three hundred and thirty-two miles; yet we must reflect that farms, country-seats, parks and preserves were comprised within this vast enclosure. Moreover, at this period of human history, the minds of men had not been usurped by the contemplation of works less grand than those of nature; and as the mind of the early poet strove to embody ideas gathered from the great book of nature, and not painfully gleaned from human productions, so architects and founders of cities endeavored to imitate the greatness of nature in the monuments and cities which they built.

Throughout the long line of the Pisdadian monarchs, the history of Persian affairs is involved in impenetrable darkness, neither Greek nor Jewish historian having cast the least glimmer of light on the events which then transpired in Persia. Of course Persian chronicles abound in narratives replete with interest to the poet, but of little value to the historian or the student of antiquities. The bards of later times have sung the valor and exploits of the princes and chieftains of those early days, they have flung the charm of poesy over the history of fierce warriors, whose names were a terror to surrounding nations, and they have sung the glories of peaceful princes who fostered the arts among their people, bent their swords into pruning-hooks, and peacefully died, lulled to their last rest by the sighing of the breeze, as it swept over golden-eared fields. But these legendary records give little insight into Persian manners and civilization, and we must come down to a much later period ere we can point to a single fact, the proof of which is placed beyond dispute. The earliest element of Persian civilization that we can discover, as it is the earliest in the history of every nation, is its language, and we will

here offer a few remarks on its structure, development, and peculiarities, as serving to throw light on the stage of intellectual development reached by the Persian at the extinction of the first historical line of Persian princes.

It was not till the establishment of the Caianian dynasty that the ancient language of Persia assumed those characteristics and peculiarities which we recognize in the writings of Zoroaster. These writings, which are chiefly comprised in the *Zendavesta*, are the only relic of the earliest Persian tongue known as the Zend. Taking the lists of M. Anquetil, we find the most marked resemblance of the Zend language to the Sanscrit, the same fertility in the expression of abstract ideas, the same richness of metaphor, the same suitableness for metaphysical speculation; and, descending to verbal structure, the same sort of termination to the words. This supposition is still further borne out by the suggestion above advanced, that Persia, or Iran, as it was then called, had been ruled by a Hindoo race of kings who may have introduced the Sanscrit language. The Zend language, however, was not the only dialect in use among the Persians of old; indeed it is highly probable that it constituted the liturgical language, and was exclusively employed in the composition of sacred works. This may be inferred both from the recent researches of antiquaries who have made no discovery of the Zend dialect in any profane writing or monument, and from the prevalence in all eastern countries of a sacerdotal language.

The other ancient language of Persia more popularly used, though not claiming such high antiquity, was the Pahlavi, closely cognate to the Chaldaic. This analogy M. Anquetil has satisfactorily established in his *Zendavesta*, by furnishing a list of similar names from the Pahlavi and the Chaldaic, the differences displaying an admixture of Tartarian in the former. The hypothesis is further strengthened by the considerations, that, according to the nature of the Chaldean tongue, most words ended in the first long vowel like *Shemia*, *heaven*, and that very word unaltered in a single letter, we find in the Pazend, the commentary on the Zend, together with *lailia*, *night*: so *Zamar*, by a beautiful metaphor from *pruning trees*, means in Hebrew to *compose verses*, and thence by an easy transition to *sing* them, and in Pahlavi we see the verb *zamruniten* to *sing*, the verbal termination of the Persian being added to the Chaldaic root. According to some philologists the Arabic predominates in the Pahlavi,

and there is a certain resemblance in the sound of the two languages; but this may be accounted for by the great number of hard consonants used in both.

Admitting the opinion that the Zend and the Pahlavi are offshoots from the Sanscrit and the Chaldaic respectively, we are forced to the conclusion that prior to the times of the Pischdadian dynasty, representatives of the Hindoo and the Hebrew people must have sojourned in the land of Iran. Not only does the resemblance between the dualism of Persia and the pantheism of India seem to indicate this, but the Mosaical account of the rebellion of Lucifer against the Almighty, and the final triumph of divine might, strongly correspond to the Zendean history of Ormuzd and Ahriman, and the triumph of the principle of light.

In addition to these two languages we find a third of more modern date, called Parsi, which sprang into existence a little before the birth of Christ. The present language of the Persians is most nearly allied in form and sound to the old Parsi, and they both seem to bear the same mutual relation as the modern Italian and the Latin. The change induced in the Parsi from its original condition is due to the intermixture of numberless Arabic words, and the infusion of a new spirit, which has rendered the modern Persian tongue the vehicle of the sweetest and most exquisitely polished poetry. The old Parsi is evidently a scion of the Zend, as the multitude of Sanscrit words, wherein it abounds, bears witness.

According to the view taken by Sir William Jones, the Parsi was derived, like the various Indian dialects, from the language of the Brahmins, though this hypothesis seems needless when we might as well refer it, in virtue of its Sanscrit character, to the ancient Zend. In the Parsi language, as well as in the Zend, we perceive a resemblance to the ancient Runic, in which the Saga of the North was written. This resemblance is no doubt due to their common participancy in a Sanscrit termination. Were it not for the admixture of the Sanscrit in most of the eastern languages, antiquaries would have encountered insurmountable obstacles in the prosecution of their researches; but the Sanscrit substratum, on which the various eastern dialects repose, is a sort of *passé-partout* to the most formidable hieroglyphical inscriptions. We find this adaptability of eastern tongues to a Sanscrit interpretation well illustrated, in the renderings of the cuneiform inscriptions, by Major Rawlinson of the British

army, in 1847. These inscriptions, discovered first in Behistim, and afterwards at Persipolis and Hamadan, offer great diversity in their verbal terminations, and a knowledge of Sanscrit alone enabled the learned major to interpret the incongruous readings.

The relation to a common stem disclosed by all the languages of the East, except the Semitic, and the joint agency of the Chaldean and Sanscrit in the formation of those languages, together with the probable original identity of the Sanscrit with the Hebrew before the Captivity, would indicate that, in a modified shape, either Sanscrit or Hebrew had once been the universal language of mankind. At least a knowledge of this mysterious tongue has enabled oriental philologists to harmonize the various dialects of the East, and to trace their growth from a Sanscrit basis to the peculiar formation which the genius of different races infused into them. Turning from the verbal structure of the old Persian tongue, be it Zend or Pahlavi, to its logical and philosophical aspects, we find that it greatly differs from the Parsi, on which the modern Persian is engrafted, by lending itself much more easily to the development of metaphysical problems than to poetical utterance. And this is entirely in keeping with the character of the people using it, for as the sacred and philosophical writings of the old Persians amply attest their fondness for abstruse and subtle speculations, so the gorgeous imagery of Ismat and the exquisite sweetness of Hafiz among the moderns prove how much better suited the Parsi is for poetry.

Apart, therefore, from an examination into the philosophical books of the Persians, the highly cultivated state of their language would argue a degree of thoughtfulness and depth consistent only with an advanced state of civilization. So strikingly powerful, indeed, is the language of the ancient Persians in this respect, that many oriental scholars acknowledge the difficulty of rendering some passages in the Zendavesta into modern European tongues, stating that no periphrasis even will serve to convey the full force of the subtleties contained in that curious production. In this respect the Zend language approximates to the Greek, displaying the same flexibility, the same fertility and power, adapted as well for the events of an epic as for those shaded differences which the mind of the metaphysician can often conceive, though not mould into language. The spirit of the Persian language affords an excellent standard by which to estimate the Per-

sian character and the tone of the Persian mind. Neither in the Pahlavi nor in the Zend do we find a full vocabulary of the names of material things, except such as exist in the rude and unelaborated state, thus showing that neither art nor commerce had brought into requisition the multitude of mechanical implements the names and uses of which have given rise to a great variety of technologies among modern nations. This consists, too, with what history teaches concerning the backward state in which both the fine and the mechanic arts existed during the period of the development of the Pahlavi tongue. On the other hand, we notice that both the Zend and the Pahlavi almost sprang into the maturity of philosophical languages, indicating the proneness of the Persian mind to speculation and the study of abstract themes.

But it is not alone in the barrenness of the Persian tongue in the respect mentioned, nor in the copiousness of its philosophical terms, that we notice the peculiarity alluded to, but in the intimate structure and essence, so to speak, of the language. Thus, the comprehensiveness of the words, which by an admirable system of abbreviation shortens and compounds so as to condense a variety of meanings in the same word, bespeaks the aim and design of its formation to give expression to abstract thoughts and not to material things. It must not be inferred, however, that the Persian language though not well suited for the purposes of commerce and the mechanic arts, is devoid of that richness and abundance which can borrow illustration from the works of nature, and give shape to a subtle thought by a comparison with objects which strike the senses. Indeed, this fertility in the means of illustration, this system of metaphor by which the works of nature are made the exponent of abstract ideas, cannot fail to strike any one who opens a Persian book. The following extract from a poem on the love of Mejnun and Laili will sufficiently prove this :

"The man who had inebriated himself with milk from the nipple of anguish, who had been nourished in the lap of affliction.

"Mejnun, mad with the bright hue and fair face of Laili, himself a dark mole on the cheek of the desert.

"Having found the way to the mansion of love, became fixed like the threshold on the door of love's palace.

"Over his head the form of madness had cast her shadow ; the tale of his passion was loudly celebrated."

This method of varied illustration is a necessity with a

language which aims at interpreting abstruse and difficult thoughts.

Having offered these observations on the dialects of early Persia, we will now examine briefly into the state of science and art, as well as the few records handed down from those long past times will allow. It is estimated that the number of mechanical arts now known approaches to three hundred, while the Hindoos counted fifty more and the Persians but very few. Agricultural pursuits for a long time occupied the attention of Persian princes, but no improvements were introduced tending to lighten labor, or to render the soil more yielding of its fruit and seed. Gardening was the species of land-tilling in which taste and ingenuity were displayed, and the spacious terraces around Persepolis, as well as the gardens attached to the residences of the nobles, attest the deep interest taken in the beauties of horticulture. Xenophon makes frequent allusion to those gardens, and describes some of them as possessing features of rare beauty. It is difficult now to determine the precise species of gardening which most pleased the taste of the Persians—whether the figured beds, which must be examined in detail in order to be appreciated, and which, viewed altogether or at a distance, offer no delightful *coup d'œil*, or the landscape gardens of the English, which the eye loves to dwell upon and leisurely contemplate.

As a result of this attention to what may be called the beautiful side of agriculture, a taste for botanical studies grew up among the Persians, and a system of botany, as complex if not as logical as that of Linnæus, was known to exist among them. They were well acquainted with the reputed healing properties of plants, and in their poems we find numberless allusions revealing the widespread use of herbs as healing agents. Indeed, their system of medicine may be said to have consisted solely of lists of medicinal herbs, warranted to cure every disease, from a poisoned bite to a burning fever. In this respect the Persians were far behind the Hindoos, who were acquainted with anatomy, and had a system of medicine purporting to be a revelation from heaven. The Persians, ruled by a doctrine of total dependence on the Deity, strove not to avert by the intervention of art what seemed to be a visitation from God, and hence the means of curing disease was sought only in the simple remedies nature seemed to put into their hands.

Architecture and sculpture go hand in hand, and everywhere partake of common characters. This is especially



noticeable in the architectural and sculptural works of early Persia, and the peculiarities which pervade them are the result, as we before remarked, of the peculiar metaphysical notions concerning the divinity prevalent in Persia. Divesting their Suprem Being of all human attributes, they regarded him as the abstract idea of power and necessity, and consequently strove to eliminate from their representations of him the elements of humanity. Of course, this they could not accomplish entirely, and hence they succeeded only in infusing into their productions the ideas of severity and power, while they excluded the beautiful as merely human. This we see in the sculptured images on the gates of the ruined temples of Persepolis, and in the numismatic collections of the British Museum. The same defect, due, no doubt, to the same cause, is perceptible in their merely human works, as we see by the statue of Darius found in the ruins of Behistim, and of which Diodorus Siculus speaks at great length. The lower part of the rock on which the image has been sculptured is scarped, and Darius is represented holding his bow, with two state officers behind; under his feet lies one rebel, while a line of nine others stand before him, chained one behind the other, with their hands tied. The artist seems to have been engrossed by the desire to make his work typical of great strength and severity, and in this, no doubt, he succeeded, to the utter exclusion of symmetry and proportions, wherein the work is exceedingly lacking.

The dualism of the Zendavesta, as well as the fire-worship of the Sabians, took away from the Persians the means of erecting a standard of human beauty to which their works of art could conform. Humanity was divine as far as real according to Hindoo, Egyptian, and Persian; but it was real only as far as invisible and intangible. Therefore, as far as it was visible and tangible, it was illusory and unreal, and unworthy of our serious contemplation. According to Greek and Roman, divinity was but an exaltation of humanity in its outward form, and it was the attempt to reach the ideal standard of human beauty, as represented by their gods, which inspired the works of Praxiteles and Phidias. We look in vain, therefore, in Persian works of art for the life, beauty, and grace which everywhere start to view as we dwell upon similar works among the Greeks; and we mourn the desolating influence of eastern pantheism, which dwarfed humanity, and chained the powers

of the soul to a malign being, whose baneful rule checked the exercise of every noble faculty. It was not alone in this department of art that the deteriorating influence of this agency was felt, but in every art where the beautiful, as derived from the standard of human beauty, should predominate. Thus, we find that music, the sister of every graceful art, never attained in Persia the degree of perfection which it reached in Greece. Stringed instruments the Persians were but little acquainted with, and for the most part their ears knew but the harsh clanging of cymbals or the loud twang of the horn. Though boasting little knowledge of artistic music, they fully appreciated the moral effect of the simple strains to which they were accustomed to listen, and their poet-philosophers often speak of the soothing influence of music, making it the object-term of most beautiful comparisons. They compare the soft strains of music to a gently welling spring which rises and bathes the dry and weary limbs of those who seek its refreshing influences, or to the rushing of the divine spirit as it overshadows the soul and fills it with its own serenity.

Leaving, then, Persian art as something hopelessly oppressed by Persian theology, let us see what progress they made in science. Of science among the early Persians we know but little, since Greek historians, through ignorance or jealousy, have given us but very meagre information, and the accounts contained in Persian *Tarikhs* are very unreliable, if not entirely fabulous. Khondemir, the Froissart of Ancient Persia, relates that, during the reign of Caikaus, son and successor of Caicobad, the first monarch of the Caianian dynasty, two astronomical observatories were erected in Iran, one near the river Euphrates, and another near the Tigris, not far from the present site of Bagdad. Thither resorted all the learned men of the East, and many important astronomical discoveries were made, though in the *Tarikh* recitals, they assume the characters of astrology. This first account of the study of astronomy dates back to the twilight period where history begins to emerge from fable, and is a proof with what unremitting ardor the study of this sublime science was pursued among the Persians. No sage would presume to bear the name who could not trace the course of the planets in the heavens, and predict human events by the movement of the stars. From its birth astronomy was hampered by the false science of astrology, and modern writers are prone to accord no credit to the genuine

astronomical knowledge of the ancients, but to sneer at the pretensions of astrology. We doubt not that, had the ruthless Mussulman not destroyed every vestige of early Persian literature, many would entertain a higher opinion of the character of Persian astronomy than they now do, and would regard astrology as a fungus that had fastened on a healthy trunk. At any rate, there is no period in Persian history during which we are not informed of the works and studies of astronomers, and no doubt it was this ardent devotion to astronomical science which finally led to Sabianism or worship of the heavenly hosts.

The same love of the mysterious which led to the nightly contemplation of the heavens induced many Persians to explore the secrets of the mineral kingdom, and chemistry and alchemy sprang into existence. Dr. Hyde vindicates for the Persians the title of successful chemists;\* and certain it is that the neighboring nations borrowed from the Persians what knowledge they possessed of the physical and chemical properties of mineral substances. The kindred delusions of alchemy and astrology, however, prevented a full and open study and discussion of the sciences to which they respectively clung. So we have no enunciation of the fundamental principles of those sciences. Not so, however, in natural philosophy, or physics. Here there was no personal interest to be subserved by secrecy, so every discovery was freely revealed, and every law or principle loudly proclaimed. One extract from a work of the Sufis, or wise men of Persia, will serve to show how rational was the method they pursued, and how nearly they approached the law of universal gravitation, the discovery of which constitutes Newton's greatest title to glory. "There is a strong propensity which dances through every atom and attracts the minutest particle to some particular object; search this universe from its base to its summit, from fire to air, from water to earth, from all below the moon to all above the celestial spheres, and thou wilt not find a corpuscle destitute of that natural attractibility. The very point of the first thread in this apparently tangled skein is no other than such a principle of attraction, and all principles besides, are void of real basis. From such a propensity arises every motion perceived in heavenly or in terrestrial bodies. It is a disposition to be attracted which taught hard steel to rush from

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\* De Relig. Vet. Pers.

its place, and rivet itself on the magnet ; it is the same disposition which impels the light straw to attach itself firmly on amber ; it is this quality which gives every substance in nature a tendency towards another, and an inclination forcibly directed to a determinate point." The same doctrine is contained in the Vedas of the Hindoos, and surely we cannot but be struck by the wonderful resemblance between these views and one of the grandest discoveries of modern times.

Owing to the total destruction of Persian literature at the time of the Mahomedan subjugation, we have lost nearly all old Persian records, and as the Greeks have given us no information touching the state of the natural science among them we must only infer from the little which has reached us that many valuable discoveries were made by a people who devoted themselves so assiduously to the study of nature. It is hard to account for the complete silence of Greek historians on this subject, unless we suppose that jealousy prevented them from giving credit to their enemies for an advancement in those arts which constituted their chief boast and glory. This seems the more strange when we reflect that Xenophon has furnished us with a highly elaborate and finished account of the mode of administration of the Persian empire, and the management of Persian affairs, at the time of Cyrus, a period whereat we would naturally expect the Persians had reached the highest degree of perfection in the various arts wherein they excelled. We know that Cyrus was the great patron of the arts, and strove to shape the tastes of his people to a love of agriculture and commerce, arts which involved the knowledge and cultivation of the physical sciences. We know that by mechanical appliances he had overcome obstacles to the victorious progress of his arms, which neither valor nor numbers ever could have surmounted; yet Xenophon, in his detailed account of the life of Cyrus, alludes to none of those things. Instead, however, of such information, he has given us the earliest Grecian account of the Persian empire, and has thrown a steady light on the history of Persia's greatest king.

Xenophon is the chief historian of Cyrus, though his *Cyropædia* is more intended as a reflex of the virtues and personal endowments of that great man than as a history of his wars and exploits. The latter are related at more length by Persian writers. How much fiction Xenophon may have interwoven with the truth in his *Cyropædia* it is hard to

determine, though we find numerous discrepancies between his narrative and the accounts handed down by Persian historians; and Cicero says it was written, "*non ad historiae fidem sed ad effigiem justì imperii.*" However, since it is our aim to use it merely for the purpose of discovering the state of internal affairs in Persia, and not to follow step by step the education of Cyrus, we may consider it as possessed of sufficient historical value. We could wish for no better clue to the social status and the grade of civilization of a people than that afforded by the character of the education established among them. By applying this test to the Persians, we shall be easily able to discover in their system of education those elements of greatness which raised the Persian empire under Cyrus to the zenith of its glory. The training of all young men, who could afford to pay the stipulated sum, was entrusted to the state; and from the moment the articles were signed by which they were guaranteed a state education they ceased to become members of their respective families, but at once were made children of the nation. We perceive in this disposition a strong resemblance to the law of Lycurgus regulating the education of youth. All the young men thus adopted by the state were assembled in the Agora or city forum. This agora was divided into four departments, one for the boys, one for the youth, one for the full-grown men, and one for those who were beyond the years of military service. Over each of the classes were appointed twelve presidents, each representing one of the twelve classes into which the Persian population had been distributed. The presidents appointed over the boys were chosen from among the elders; those over the youth, from among the full-grown men; and over the full-grown men and the elders, such of their own number as were considered best qualified to teach those under them to perform their appointed duties in the best possible manner. The boys attended the public schools, where they learned the principles of literature, history, and philosophy; they also attended the courts of justice, and by closely studying the decisions of the judges early learned the principles of justice. Their superiors taught them to shun vice, and especially ingratitude, as this crime was regarded among them with extreme abhorrence. The necessity of telling the truth under all circumstances, was also strongly impressed on them from a tender age, so that a Persian of that time who was not thoroughly degraded would blush to be called a liar. They were taught

temperance in their diet, so that those who could afford to procure the richest delicacies felt a pride in sharing the coarse food of their humbler companions. When the boys reached their sixteenth year, they were admitted into the division of the young men, among whom the next ten years were spent. The young men guarded the city by night, and kept themselves at the disposal of their superiors by day. They constantly exercised themselves in games and all athletic sports calculated to develop their physique and increase their powers of endurance.

For this purpose they went to the hunt scantily provided, depending rather on what the fortunes of the day would furnish them than on any regular supplies. In this way the Persians learned that endurance of cold, hunger, and thirst, that dogged resolution and invincible patience, which made them masters of Central Asia, and almost able to cope with the skill and bravery of the Greeks. The middle-aged men continued the pursuits of war, but during leisure time devoted themselves to the study of the institutions they might be soon called upon to direct. The principal virtue the Persians of those times valued was justice, and so strictly in accordance with the principles of equity were all the decisions rendered that there was no appeal among them. Every one was disposed to abide by the verdict of the courts, and judicial corruption was unknown. The elders, or those beyond fifty, were exempt from military service, and devoted their lives to the interests of their country in whatever way their counsel and experience might aid her. "Such," writes Xenophon, "is the form of government among the Persians, and such the care bestowed upon it, by the observance of which they think that they become the best citizens." So much did this system gain favor among the Greeks that Aristotle recommends every city to have an Agora, or forum, free from buyers and sellers, and devoted to the education of citizens.

Though Xenophon has furnished detailed accounts of the system of education pursued among the Persians at the time of Cyrus, he has left but little information concerning the state of literature, philosophy, and science. Being a Greek, and accustomed to consider his countrymen the most warlike people in the world, it is but natural that he should speak slightly of the Persians in that respect, though he considered them far superior to all the nations of the East. They were skilled in the use of the bow and javelin, and

rarely broke before an attack conducted in accordance with the system of tactics in vogue among themselves; but they had no power to adapt themselves to circumstances, and once their line of battle was broken they never could recover. For this reason they never gained a victory over the Greeks, who knew the unwieldiness of the Persians, and always threw them into confusion from the first onset. Notwithstanding the opinion of Sir William Jones in regard to the identity of Cai-Khosru with Cyrus the Great, yet we cannot but be struck with the wonderful discrepancies we discover between the recital of Greek and Persian historians, and the different attributes ascribed to both princes. The Persian poet, Firdusi, is more in accord with the Grecian writers than are any of the chronicles. We must, therefore, only acknowledge the obscurity of the subject, and wait for new light.

According to the Persian writers, the successor of Cai-Khosru was Lohorasp, under whose reign many remarkable events occurred. It was he who first introduced the system of military discipline and public education, the credit of which is given by the Greek historians to Cyrus. He obliterated the distinctions of rank among the nobles, and manifested great simplicity in his life and manners. He devoted himself with extraordinary zeal to military enterprises, and it was under his reign that the Persians, led by Raham, surnamed Bakhtalnassar, called by the Hebrews Nebuchadnezzar, and by the Greeks Nabuchodonosor, sacked and utterly demolished the city of Jerusalem. We can more nearly approach to a correct date of the reign of this prince by the extended history the Jewish books give of the exploits of Bakhtalnassar, though no mention is made of the prince himself, who resided in the extreme east of his empire. Kischtasb, the son of Lohorasp, was the first Persian prince who fled for succor to the Greeks, by whom he was called.

The military genius of Cyrus had infused a martial ardor into the masses of the Persian people, had spread the fame and terror of the Persian name far and wide, and had extended the boundaries of the Persian empire to the East as far as the Erythraean sea, to the north as far as the Euxine, to the west as far as Cyprus and Egypt, and to the south as far as Ethiopia; notwithstanding he fostered the arts and sciences, and carefully excluded all enervating influences from his country, no sooner did he die than all that was great and good perished with him. Love of truth was succeeded by shameless mendacity; integrity by corruption;



temperance by the wildest excesses; all that was pure, frugal, and pleasing to the gods, by lust, prodigality, and impiety. Those who formerly were satisfied with one spare meal a day now spent the whole day in banqueting, delighting to eat and drink to excess. Formerly the middle-aged men and the youth went frequently to the chase for the purpose of exercising themselves and their horses. "But," says Xenophon, "since King Artaxerxes and his courtiers have yielded to the influence of wine, they have neither gone out so frequently themselves nor have sent out others to the chase; and if some, from a fondness for exercise, have gone out hunting with their horsemen about them, the other Persians have manifestly envied them, and hated them for presuming to seem superior to themselves."

Thus luxury and idleness brought not only internal ruin on the Persians, but their complete neglect of military affairs left them at the mercy of those who saw fit to attack them. "It was customary in past times," writes Xenophon, "that those who possessed lands should furnish horsemen from them for the army, and that the soldiers in garrison, if it should be necessary to take the field, should fight as paid troops in defence of their country; but now the great men enroll porters, bakers, cooks, cup-bearers, bathers, men who set dishes on the table and remove them, men who assist people to bed and to get up, dressers who anoint people, paint their faces, and trick them out in other ways, and all such characters do they enroll in the cavalry to serve instead of themselves." The scythe-bearing chariots, which had proved so formidable in the armies of Cyrus, were now a cause of frequent discomfiture, owing to mismanagement and the appointment of incompetent charioteers. We discover in the decline of the Persian empire, immediately after the time of Cyrus, another proof of the melancholy truth history has so often attested, that where the genius of a great prince expends itself in territorial conquest, where the patriotism and virtue of a people are founded on a passion for glory, ruin and desolation are in store for them. The fall of the Roman empire proves this so indubitably that a mere allusion to the fact is sufficient. Greece has proved it in her history of federated states, in her grasping ambition to extend her rule over barbarian nations. India has proved it in her early history, and to-day the Chinese empire is a living proof of the same truth. Though the untiring efforts and splendid talents of one man may for a time hold together the unstable and un-

wieldy mass, it will be sure to bury less competent successors in the crash of its own ruin. Thus Persia, not content with home institutions unsurpassed among eastern nations, but expanding herself in every direction, sank beneath her own weight. Moreover, the constant intercourse of the Persians with the Greeks, by teaching the former their own inferiority, inflamed their envy, and then commenced a series of wars which extended over a period of several years, ended in the complete overthrow of the Persian arms and the subjugation of that country by Alexander the Great. The princes who succeeded Bahman, or Artaxerxes Longimanus, distinguished their reigns in no respect till we come to Darab, or Darius, the reputed father of Alexander, whose wars and achievements form the staple of all Grecian histories of that period.

From the dawn of Persian history, and long prior to the time of Zoroaster, the Magi had possessed this system, and we must, therefore, regard them as the creators of philosophy among the Persians. The great diversity of opinions concerning the state of the first appearance of magianism in Iran proves the very great antiquity of this system, and the analogy which all subsequent systems bear to it establishes it as the source of Persian philosophy. Indeed, the peculiar dogmas of the magi are so intermingled with the doctrines of the Zendavesta and the Sabian rites, like a river whose waters are stained with the flow of many tributaries, that we can with difficulty distinguish the genuine faith from the various accessions which time has lent it. But the influence of the magi on the character and morals of the old Persians is undoubted, nor has the lapse of time utterly destroyed the vestiges of their power. They constituted a distinct class in the community, residing in villages apart from those of a different caste,\* and were held in the highest esteem by their followers. They were philosophers, intimately acquainted with every system past and contemporary; they were politicians, and carefully superintended the management of public affairs; they eschewed violence as a means of converting men to their views, and won them over by the force of reason; they ruled by knowledge; the wise they ruled by wisdom, the weaker ones by the terrible secrets of nature, which always impose the law upon ignorance; they adapted themselves to every variety of circumstances in which they could be placed; and came nearest to the fulfilment of St. Paul's admonition to

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\* *Vide* Clement. Alexand. Stromat., l. viii, p. 632.

his followers, to be "all things to all men." The fundamental tenet of the magian religion was dualism, or the existence of two antagonistic principles, which shared the rule of the universe—one the principle of light, the other the principle of darkness. As a result, fire, the symbol of light, became among them the first object of worship, and the principal function of the magi was to propagate this worship and attend to the preservation of the sacred fire. For this purpose they were divided into three classes: the simple magi, on whom devolved the care of the temples, and all things thereunto belonging; the teachers, who instructed the people in the mysteries and dogmas of their religion; and the *archi-magi*, who regulated the affairs of state, and gave the benefit of their wisdom and experience to all who sought their counsel.\* The magi were always averse to idolatry in every shape, and especially prohibited the worship of images; and so careful were they lest the people should fall into this vice that for a long time no altar or temple was erected by them. At last, when the whole land had become imbued with their doctrines, and they found it necessary to set apart special abodes for the preservation of the sacred fire, they selected rocks and caverns—temples built by nature.† These temples were of a three-fold sort: either simple rocks, like the wayside oratorios of some countries, in which the sacred fire burned in a lamp on altars hewn from the solid rock, where the fire was kept in larger quantities: or, finally, huge pyres, as they were called—vast rock edifices without shape or proportion—and which, in point of dignity, Prideaux tells us, ranked with modern cathedrals or metropolitan churches. It is easy to perceive, from the manifold interests in which the magi took a share, how wide must have been their influence, and how great the honor attaching to the character of a magus. Hence kings and nobles aspired to the character, and Darius often referred with pride to his position of *archi-magus*. The dogmatic theology of the magi is very close akin to the philosophy of Zoroaster, and the system of fire-worship is therefore far more ancient than is generally supposed.‡

Any attempt to give a synopsis of the magian system would be fruitless, since most accounts confound it with the system of Zoroaster. Thus, Aristotle, Hermippus, Eudoxus,

\* Vide Hyde, c. 8, 29.

† Prideaux, p. 223.

‡ Strabo, lib. xv.

Theopompus,\* and Plutarch, though giving lengthy developments on the religion of the magi, invariably treat us to the philosophic figments of Zoroaster. Abulfeda, an Arabian writer,† gives a far clearer though more succinct account of Magianism. He says that the ancient religion of the Persian magi was based on the veneration of light as the principle of goodness, and the avoidance of darkness as the principle of evil; that our body, weighing us down to the gross pleasures of earth, inclines us to darkness, but our soul, the seat of intelligence, tends upwards and to the light; that our unhappiness proceeds from this antagonism within ourselves, which will not cease till dissolution has taken place; and, as our deserts may determine, we shall find eternal peace in the bosom of light, or grope for ever in Cimmerian darkness. We here miss the emanations of Zoroaster, which were evidently borrowed from the Hindoos, and are led to infer that at this period the system of Persian religion was altogether indigenous, and in no way indebted to the Hebrews or the Hindoos. Moreover, we see no mention made of Mizra, or the supreme principle on which, according to Zoroaster, the secondary principles of light and darkness are dependent. Hyde, however, is of opinion that the magi believed in the supremacy of one God, but that through excessive reverence for his name they omitted the mention of it in their writings. Here, as in other things, Hyde has shown himself the warm champion of the Persians, and often the charge has been preferred against him that he attached more weight to the sacred writings of the ancient Persians than to the utterances of the Holy Scripture. Notwithstanding that many volumes have been written on the religion of the magi, little can be learned of those points in which it differed from the system of Zoroaster.

Many historians maintain that the philosophy of Zoroaster was not simple dualism like the Manicheism of some early Christians, but that he admitted one supreme deity, called Mithra, the source and principle of all existing things. This opinion is based on some obscure references in the Zendavesta to the Great Mithra, who controls the struggles of Ahriman and Ormuzd, and has determined the day which will bring victory to the latter. Beausobre‡ and Hyde, on this ground, claim for the follow-

\* Laert, lib. i. sec. 8. † Vide Pocock, Specim. Histor. Arab., p. 146.

‡ Beausobre, chap. xx., p. 161.

ers of Zeratusth a purer form of worship than is generally accorded by those who look upon them as mere fire-worshippers. Granting the greater probability that Ahriman and Ormuzd were the subordinate agents of the great Mithra, and that their struggle was carried on in conformity with his designs, yet these were the every-day deities at whose shrines the people paid devotion; there they respectively feared and loved and strove to win their favor.

Although the Zendavesta has formed the subject of various commentaries, few are of accord in their views of the tendency and nature of the doctrines contained in it, Hyde, Bayle, and Prideaux insisting on discordant opinions. This disagreement arises from the numerous Arabic interpolations, which render it difficult to distinguish the genuine text from what is spurious, and the difficulty is increased on account of the many Zoroasters who have lived at widely different epochs. Indeed, so obscure is the question of the identity of the author of Zendavesta that Greek, Mahometan, and Jewish writers differ in the most unaccountable way. Eutychius\* and Abulpharaius† make him coeval with Cambyses, though Brucker,‡ together with Pocock, considers that he flourished at a period long prior to the time of Cyrus; and this opinion is strengthened by the discovery of a sacred Persian book entitled Ladder, which bears the mark of extreme antiquity in its style, and which thus speaks of the Zendavesta. We give Hyde's translation into Latin verse:

"Zeratusth attulit religionem rectam  
Nemo debet in hac religione esse remissus  
Quia Deus ei dedit Vestra-zend  
Unde religio ejus in mundo celsa evasit."

But passing over this unsatisfactory question we will give a few propositions from the Zendavesta, divested of the allegorical drapery in which Zoroaster has clothed his doctrines, and thus we will be able to form a more distinct idea of the moral and metaphysical bearing of the Zendean philosophy:

"I. From nothing nothing comes.

"II. Therefore from all eternity a certain infinite principle has existed from whose bosom all existing things have sprung.

"III. Since the emanation supposes the utmost life and power in its source, and since we can conceive nothing more perfect in those respects than fire, therefore fire is the eternal principle from which all things have emanated.

\* Annal. Alexandrin., t. i., p. 263. † Dynast. v.

‡ Bruckeri Historia Critica Philosophia, t. i., lib. ii., cap. iii., De Philosophia Persarum, p. 145.

"IV. Whereas, there exists an irreconcilable diversity between spiritual and material natures, the two first emanations from fire, the one spiritual, the other material, must be arrayed against each other in ceaseless strife, a strife which is typified in the struggle between Abriman and Ormazd.

"V. Since spiritual natures, in virtue of their greater perfection, are nearer to the source of their emanation, they partake more of the characteristics of that source, and hence the greater mobility and subtility of spirits.

"VI. Matter has emanated at the greatest distance from its source, and consequently is dark and inert.

"VII. This inertness is the result of the manner of emanation, and not intrinsic to the substance evolved.

"VIII. Therefore the imperfections of matter did not proceed from God, but are the accidental conditions of its mode of evolution."

We here find some important propositions as disclosing the acquaintance Zoroaster has had with the writings of the Jews and the Hindoos. The monotheistic principle on which this system rests is evidently borrowed from Moses, while the notion of emanation savors of the pantheism of the Hindoos, though it is much more philosophical than the crude idea of self-multiplication held by the latter. Indeed, nothing could be more ingenious than the way in which the Supreme Deity is vindicated from the charge of imperfection, by referring the evils which exist in the world to the mode and not to the principle of emanation. This difficulty the Manicheans felt acutely, and though Bayle in taking their part exhausted his ingenuity to explain the apparent incongruity of good and evil in the world, he suggested no explanation half so simple and philosophical as that of Zoroaster. Besides the Zendavesta, Zoroaster has left other writings, the authenticity of which, however, is not beyond dispute, since they contain doctrines and ideas utterly at variance with those advanced in the Zendavesta. The concurrent opinion of most scholars attribute them to Zoroaster, and so we always find them presented under his authorship. The most celebrated of his works, next to the Zendavesta, is entitled "The Oracles," and we depend on what Plato tells us for the nature of its contents. The principle is polytheistic, with the avowed supremacy of *Zeus*, or Jupiter, though we do not know what changes the followers of Plato may have introduced into the work.

The *λογια* were esteemed among the Greeks as containing the most precious relics of oriental philosophy,\* and the portion which has come to us from the Platonists is accom-

\* Clement. Alex. andr. Str. l. i., p. 394. Fabricius, p. 247. Beausobre, p. 314, *et seq.*

panied by innumerable commentaries. The fullest edition of the Oracles was edited by Francis Patricius, containing the commentaries of Hermias Olympiodorus, Synesius, Simplicius Damascus, and Nicephorus, blemished, however, by several inaccuracies and interpolations. The difficulty of stating the substance of the doctrines contained in the Oracles is enhanced by the highly allegorical manner in which they are presented, closely resembling, in this respect, the tenets of the Gnostics of early Christianity. The metaphysics of the Oracles are nearly the same as those of the Bhagavad-Gita of the Hindoos, and proclaim the identity of all things with the principle whence they emanated. According to Cudworth,\* the Alexandrians, or neo-Platonists, borrowed their *Triad* from the "Oracles," where we find the following proposition: "Unity begot duality, which duality resides constantly with unity, and all three, enthroned in inaccessible light, illumine and direct the world." Some of the early defamers of Christianity asserted that the Christian notion of the Trinity was derived from the same source. Instead of attempting to drag down the sublime truths of Christianity to the level of the mystical dogmas contained in the writings of Zoroaster, the Fathers of the Church perceived in these latter, a twilight tradition of the great truths revealed at the creation, but which were gradually perverted by the vagaries of the human mind. This appears the more probable, for the reason that as we advance in the history of Persian religion and philosophy, we lose sight of those truths, and soon find ourselves immersed in gross idolatry. Thus Strabot says, that in addition to Ahriman and Ormuzd, the Persians worshipped Aman, Anandrate, and Anaitis, and erected fire temples to the sun. Nor did they stop here, for Herodotus† tells us that they worshipped water, in which assertion Strabo and Agathias concur. According to Xenophon§ they worshipped the earth, and Strabo|| goes so far as to say that they paid divine honors to the sun, the moon, water, fire, air, and earth. Thus, together with other eastern nations, they continued to plunge deeper and deeper into the mire of idolatry, till finally their excesses elected the well-known sarcasm of Juvenal:

"O sanctæ gentes quorum morsu cepe frangere nefas."

After the purity of the Zendean religion had been once

\* System. Intellect, l. i., ch. 4, p. 134. † L. ch. ii. ‡ Lib. i. § Cyropæd., lib. I. || Lib. xv.



tarnished by foreign admixtures and corruptions, it continued to change rapidly till the first well-defined system which grew out of it, was styled Sabianism, or planet-worship. The origin of this word is obscure, but it has been deduced by grammarians from the word Saba, a host, and particularly the host of heaven, or the celestial bodies, and it is easy to perceive that this system of worship among the Persians was the direct result of the exalted virtues Zoroaster ascribed to the sources of light and heat.

Next to Zoroaster no ancient philosopher enjoyed greater celebrity than Hostanes, the period of whose existence is, however, involved in considerable doubt. Pliny makes him coeval with Zoroaster;\* but the more probable opinion is that he lived many years after, which Suidas† and Diogenes Laertius‡ have almost proved. We have no record of his philosophical doctrine beyond a few mystical allusions contained in the works of some early Christian writers among whom we will mention Tatian, Tertullian,§ and St. Augustine.|| Suidas makes him the author of astronomy among the Persians,¶ and Hyde informs us that he wrote a work on chemistry which disclosed and advanced knowledge of that science. Notwithstanding we thus find his name frequently mentioned among Greek and Latin authors, but little really authentic is known concerning him, Scalier and Bochart having disproved the story of his travels and sojourn among the Egyptians. Indeed, it seems that the writings of Zoroaster alone are to be taken as the representative work of Persian philosophy, for these alone have stood the test of close criticism. Moreover, what has been handed down to us concerning the ancient magi and the fire-worshippers has come through indirect channels, or is contained in the works of modern Persian writers whose authority is not deemed unimpeachable. Thus, in respect to the magi, many hold disputes about the meaning of the word, and there is a doubt whether their origin is to be referred to a period prior or posterior to the time of Zoroaster. We have said that the philosophical tenets of the Zendavesta are draped in allegory and tinged with that mysticism which is characteristic of the Eastern mind.

\* *Plin.* lxxx., c. 1. † *Vide* t. ii., p. 723. ‡ *Vide* lib. 1, Sec. 2. § *Deanim.* cap. 67. || *Contra Donotist.* lvi., cap. 44.

¶ *Vide. Astronom.*, tom. c, p. 360, where Suidas says that he was the first to predict the destinies of men from the movements of the heavenly bodies, and that the Greeks and Egyptians borrowed the art from the Persians.

Among the Persians philosophy and poetry gradually blend together, and in reading their works we are at a loss which most to admire, the abstruse metaphysical speculations or the vein of grand devotional poetry. The Sufis, or modern Persian philosophers, are the guardians of these philosophopoetical conceptions of Zoroaster and opening the Dabistan, which contains the subtle system of Persian metaphysics, we find numerous reflections suggested by the doctrines and principles of Zoroaster. We are told that the chief happiness of mankind in this transitory world consists in as perfect a union with the Eternal Spirit as the incumbrances of a mortal frame will allow; that for this purpose men should break all connection with extrinsic objects, and pass through life without attachments, as a swimmer in the ocean strikes out freely without the impediment of clothes; that they should be straight and free as the cypress, whose fruit is hardly perceptible, and not sink under a load like fruit-trees attached to a trellis; that, if mere earthly charms have power to influence the soul, the idea of celestial beauty must overwhelm it in ecstatic delight; that for want of apt words to express the divine perfections and the ardor of devotion we must borrow such expressions as approach the nearest to our ideas, and speak of beauty and love in a transcendent and mystical sense; that, like a reed torn from its native bank, like wax separated from delicious honey, the soul of man bewails its disunion with the Godhead in strains of melancholy music, and sheds burning tears like the lighted taper waiting passionately for the moment of its extinction as a disengagement from earthly trammels and the means of returning to its only beloved. Such are a few ideas and expressions taken from the philosophy of the Persians, and we cannot fail to be struck by the sense of tender devotion which pervades them—akin to the exquisite piety of Thomas à Kempis—as well as by the mystic quietism which reminds one of Molinos. Mysticism is the main feature of Persian poetry, and we cannot take up a volume of ancient or modern date without being strongly impressed with the mystical and transcendental flights of the poet's fancy, constantly ranging amid the upper clouds, and laboring to express something not clearly or satisfactorily conceived. The grand idea of one God, and of our intimate union with him, whereby we are identical with him, being emanations of his essence, led the poet philosophers of Persia to grasp at ideas too vast for comprehension, and hence the shadowy vagueness which

georgous allegory has striven to clothe. Hafiz has embodied in his poems many of the mystical ideas held traditional among the Persians, and though he lived after the time of Mahomet, we may take him as the echo of many ages gone before. A few detached passages will afford a slight knowledge of the mystical poetry of the Persians.

"In eternity without beginning, a ray of thy beauty began to gleam; when love sprang into being, and cast flames over all nature.

"On that day thy cheek sparkle! even under thy veil, and all this beautiful imagery appeared on the mirror of our fancies.

"Rise, my soul, that I may pour thee forth on the pencil of that supreme artist who comprised in a turn of his compass all this wonderful scenery!

"Where are the glad tidings of union with thee, that I may abandon all desire of life? I am a bird of holiness, and would fain escape from the net of this world.

"The sum of our transactions in this universe is nothing; bring us the wine of devotion, for the possessions of this world vanish.

"O, the bliss of that day when I shall depart from this desolate mansion; shall seek rest for my soul, and shall follow the braces of my beloved.

"Dancing with love of his beauty like a mote in a sunbeam, till I reach the spring and fountain of light whence yon sun derives all his lustre."

The object of this ode is evidently the Supreme Deity, and the language is highly fitting and reverential but often when the poet gives free rein to his Pegasus he employs expressions almost licentious, and gives utterance to sentiments bordering on wild voluptuousness.

But in this we must only behold the passionate fervor of devotion, the burning effusions of a soul seeking after its source, as the human lover sighs and anguishes for the object of his affections, and in this way we may rank the mystical hymns of the Persians with the *Canticle of Canticles* in the Bible. "We profess eager desire," says the poet Maulavi, "but with no carnal affection, and circulate the cup, but no material goblet, since all things are spiritual among us, and all is mystery within mystery." In the later poets of Persia, therefore, even those who lived since Mahometanism overshadowed the land, we find the principles of *Zendavesta* and the works of the Magi constantly germinating and giving fruit.

Of the ancient poets of Persia but little is known, as there is but little known of ancient Persian literature, generally; all that has been handed down being very much garbled and not deserving of great credit. The Greeks were for a long time the sole depositaries of early Persian literature, and it is feared that the hatred which many years of war with the

Persian monarchs had begotten in their hearts did not inspire them with a strong interest in the treasures which they guarded. Hence we must look in the writings of Plato and the philosophers of the Alexandrian school for evidences of the character and style of many Persian writers, and must expect the bias of national antipathy to characterize their views and opinions. Of Persian writers there is but one who has had access to authentic sources of ancient Persian literature and lore, and that is the poet Firdousi, who possessed a few original annals in the Pahlavi language, which escaped the general destruction of Persian books when the Mussulmans invaded and conquered Iran. Firdousi lived in the eleventh century of the Christian era, and the four hundredth year of the Hegira, and composed a heroic poem entitled *Shah Nameh*, which contains the record of the Persian kings from Caimmaras to Yezdegerd, interspersed with astonishing fiction and delightful romance. In this work Firdousi follows the unsettled chronology of other Persian writers, but he relates battles, adventures, and the fortunes of kings and princes in a style as extravagant and poetic as we admire in the *Orlando Furioso*. This work contains sixty thousand distichs, and owing to the genuineness of the sources from which the materials of the history embodied in it were taken, it is regarded as useful as a chronicle as it is pleasing to the imagination as a poem. Besides Firdousi the poet, Nizami has written a work entitled "*The Five Treasures of Nizami*," which affords some curious information, interwoven with much romance and fiction. He gives a long history of Alexander the Great, in which the incidents of that monarch's reign assume a character altogether different from that given to them by Greek historians. We see, therefore, that few monuments of ancient Persian letters have reached us; and there exists no means of exactly determining the literary status of that people at the most interesting period of their history. But the zeal of recent antiquaries promises much that will be highly instructive and replete with interest when their labors will have been accomplished.

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ART. VIII.—*Annual Catalogues of various Universities, Colleges, Seminaries, &c., &c.*, 1865.

OUR pile of catalogues is much smaller than it was this time last year; we find the number diminishing every year in proportion as we criticise. It is but just to say, however,

that there are exceptions. There are a few who take our criticisms in good part, and do not feel above adopting such suggestions as they think useful or judicious. We need hardly add that they are the best educators who are most willing to rectify any error they may have fallen into, and the most ready to check any vitiated habit, whether they happen to observe it themselves, or whether it is pointed out to them by others.

This reminds us rather forcibly of our friends the book publishers; for as long as they entertained the notion that we like others, would praise their publications indiscriminately, always declaring the last superior to all that had gone before it, they almost overwhelmed us with packages. We do not in the least exaggerate when we say that there was a time, not long since, when we used to receive from sixty to one hundred volumes a week, including whole sets of voluminous works. But the effect of a little criticism in diminishing the size of these bundles was really wonderful, especially when it was found that the most liberal advertising patronage did not secure them immunity at the hands of our critic, or open his eyes to their transcendent merits. We need hardly inform our readers that it is those who publish the worst books that have been the first to take umbrage at our venturing to find fault with them; just in proportion as the books were bad or indifferent, did they exhibit a falling off on our table; or what amounts to the same, in proportion as the books were good they were continued, and in the same proportion they are continued to the present day. It is exactly the same with the catalogues of universities, colleges, seminaries, &c. We cannot, indeed, purchase such of the latter as we want to examine when they are not forwarded to us in the usual way, as we cheerfully do those of the former, for the reason that catalogues are rather inventories of merchandise than the thing itself. Yet we seldom fail to secure a copy of any catalogue we want without leaving our study in pursuit of it, so that those who try to evade criticism in this way, and conceal their charlatanism, are scarcely less thoughtless than the ostrich that fancies she protects her whole body by thrusting her head into the sand.

But it is neither our business nor our intention to be unfriendly either to publishers or professors; and need we say that we entertain no such feeling? On the contrary, there are no two classes whom we respect or esteem more; nor do we think that there are any who have stronger

claims on *public* respect and esteem, when they are qualified for their position, and disposed to acquit themselves of its duties. It is against those who are neither one nor the other that we make war. If the judge passes sentence on certain members of any class whatever, it does not follow that he is the enemy of that class; it is much more correct to consider him as its friend, provided his judgment is founded on sufficient proof of their guilt. Supposing this guilt to consist in seeking to pass off brass for gold, or a counterfeit bank-bill for the genuine, who would say that the party proved to have incurred it did not deserve to be exposed and punished? And the truth is that one who pretends to teach others what he does not understand himself, and charges them money for doing so, does more injury to society in proportion as he is believed than the utterer of false money. And if this be true of one teacher, it is so still more emphatically of six or a dozen, who unite together for the same purpose, although they may call themselves the faculty of a college or university. Indeed the evil is increased in this way in a much greater ratio than the numerical increase. If the parties who thus combine have sufficient intelligence to know their own want of capacity, they are morally, if not legally, guilty of that species of swindling known as obtaining money under false pretences. Nor has he who points out to us what is bad or spurious done his duty as an honest citizen until he has also indicated to us where the good or genuine is to be found; for who would feel more than half satisfied with one who, if his lips were parched with thirst, would inform him that the water of a particular well was not wholesome, except he also told him where the good water was to be found? At least such are our views on the subject. Nor do we think we ought to be the less willing to point out the pure and refreshing fountain, because its owners entertain theological opinions which are somewhat different from our own.

We will now allude briefly to what we consider the best means of securing a thorough education, and then mention some of the American institutions which, in our opinion, avail themselves of those means with most effect. Incidentally we shall speak of certain defects; but we prefer not to indicate the institutions at which we have found the latter most prevalent. In our view no language, ancient or modern, can be learned without an attempt to speak it to a greater or less extent. If we devoted ourselves forever to merely trans-

lating any language, declining its nouns and conjugating its verbs, we should only have an imperfect knowledge of it; we should, indeed, know the words when we *saw* them, and understand what they mean, but if we *heard* them read or spoken, they would, in general, sound as strangely to us as if we had never studied the dialect to which they belong.

This would be a serious defect if we never had any use of it, or did not intend ever to use it, for conversational purposes; it would be pretty much the same as to confine ourselves to theorems in geometry or algebra, without making any attempt to illustrate those theorems. In demonstrating a proposition in either of those sciences, we acquire a familiarity not only with the principles on which it is founded, but also with those which form the bases of other propositions; so that we are enabled to deduce one set of facts or series of truths from another. Thus, for example, after we have fully demonstrated that the three interior angles of any triangle are together equal to two right angles, and that the square described on the hypotenuse of any triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the base and perpendicular, we become acquainted with a set of principles which enable us to understand several other propositions of whose nature we had previously been ignorant.

In a similar manner, our efforts to speak any language makes us familiar with words whose real signification we should never have learned by translating alone. This is true of the particles both of Latin and Greek, especially of the latter, which has so large a variety of them. Let any one try it if only for a few months, and then see with how much greater facility he can translate any author that he had previously been reading. He will find that particles, especially adverbs of time and place, have much more meaning than he had ever supposed before; nay, that the want of understanding those particles, now rendered so familiar to him by the necessity of examining their nature, and comparing it with that of the particles of the vernacular, presents greater obstacles to his progress in translating than any other deficiency whatever.

That it requires a good deal of time and study to learn to use either Greek or Latin colloquially with even a tolerable degree of fluency, is very true; although by no means so much as is commonly supposed, even by those who consider themselves good classical scholars. But were the time and labor required three times as much as they are, they would be



fully compensated for by the results obtained. Thus, let us suppose that a student devotes two hours a day to the translation of Horace or Juvenal without being able to make very satisfactory progress; that is, reading with some difficulty, having to refer to the dictionary rather frequently, and without deriving much pleasure from what he reads. Let him devote one hour daily of this time for some months to Latin conversation, under the auspices of a competent instructor, then return to the translation, and see whether he cannot translate with much more facility than he could have done had he continued to devote the two hours to it as formerly, without devoting any time to conversation. Thus the faculty of expressing his ideas orally, in the language of Cicero and Virgil, would be an addition to his stock of utilitarian accomplishments, which may be said to have cost him nothing. If it be urged that the gain thus acquired arises more from the increased interest awakened in the student by the habit of speaking a classic language than from the merits of the colloquial system *per se* there is no need to deny the fact, since it matters but little what has been the motive of the student in acquiring more knowledge than usual, provided he has acquired it. But whatever increases the taste of a student for any study, whatever stimulates the interest he takes in it, is an advantage by itself.

There are many professors, who would have us believe that it is absurd to speak Latin or Greek, while they cause their students to devote a large proportion of their time to scanning Latin and Greek verse. Now, is not the latter a little more absurd than the former? This will be the more readily assented to if it is borne in mind that no one knows at the present day how either the Greeks or Romans scanned their verse; that the most eminent modern scholars can only furnish us with conjectures as to Greek and Latin quantity. What can be more ridiculously absurd, or pedantic, for example, than to speak as follows: "I do not, indeed, speak Latin; I never learned it, because it is useless; but I know the exact quantity of every syllable in Homer and Virgil; there is not an ode or a satire in Horace but I can scan."

Is there any intelligent person, having any pretensions to common sense, who would believe such a statement? We think not; but we are not the less aware that there are many that attend college commencements for the purpose of making a display of their erudition who, without being capable of ex-

pressing a single idea in either Greek or Latin, will not scruple to interrupt whole classes by queries in regard to quantity or versification which might have puzzled Aristophanes or Juvenal. This sort of thing has become a great nuisance. Doubtless those who indulge in it imagine that they prove themselves great scholars; but it is the cheapest kind of scholarship. Just one hour devoted to almost any little treatise on scanning or versification would enable even one who never had any accurate knowledge of any language but his own (if indeed he is quite familiar with even that) to puzzle the most thoroughly trained graduating class in the country; although, perhaps, none would be more puzzled than himself if asked to scan the next verse. If asked to scan it in the language in which he pretends to be so profoundly learned, it is ten to one that he might as well be addressed in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Far be it from us to undervalue translating from a classic author either as a means of mental discipline or a means of acquiring a knowledge of the classic language; but some translate so mechanically as to derive but little profit in one way or the other from the exercise. We do not mean, indeed, that all students should translate alike. The only way beginners should be required to translate is word for word, taken in grammatical order. When the student has made some progress in the language, he should be encouraged to proceed exactly in the order of the original. By this means he would become familiar not only with the author's style, but also with his mode of thinking. Still better is it to have the student translate the sense of the original, giving expression to it in the most appropriate words of the vernacular; by this mode he acquires a pure, perspicuous and energetic style in his own language in proportion as he makes progress in rendering himself familiar with the original.

This is the most difficult mode of translating; and yet even when well done it is not sufficient. Let the student translate as he may, he ought to be required to enter into the spirit of the author as much as possible. First, he should make himself familiar with his subject, then with his main object, then with his peculiarities of style, so as to be able to point out characteristics in which he differs from other authors. Merely to be able to translate a passage from any author is no sufficient evidence that the student understands that author, since he may translate by rote; he may be so "crammed" that he can give a very good version of one

sentence or paragraph while he could not render a word of the following, or even the previous sentence. Yet this is the sort of translating which is most common. For one who can intelligently explain, who understands how far he has proceeded in his journey, or who is able to tell why the author makes use of one form of expression in a particular place rather than another, there are ten who scarcely associate any ideas with the words with which they render the original. It need hardly be said that this exercise, if such it may be called, is simply mechanical, and contributes but little, if anything, either to the development of the mind or the increase of knowledge. In short, one sentence intelligently rendered, one properly analyzed, whose connection with the context is well understood, and whose characteristics of style can be pointed out and compared with those of other sentences, does more good than whole chapters, or even whole books, which are translated merely by rote, in the manner indicated.

The common habit of requiring students to commit so much to memory, which they do not understand, from the grammar, is another great defect in the American system of education; it is one that discourages thousands by wearying them with dry details at a time when they are incapable of being in any manner interested by them. Those who pursue this system forget that language existed before any grammar could be compiled as a means of learning it; and that there are numerous rules even in the best grammars which some of the most eminent scholars have declared erroneous. One rule learned in connection with the passage which illustrates it is worth a score of rules learned by rote, or learned before the student is capable of understanding their meaning. But it is not alone a mass of rules which most of our students are obliged to commit to memory in this way, as so many cabalistic phrases, but also hundreds of "exceptions," whose signification or utility is still more inexplicable to them. What wonder is it, then, that so many are discouraged—led to despair of ever mastering either Greek or Latin, or of even acquiring a tolerable smattering of either language?

In most of our literary institutions the practice of writing compositions is acknowledged to be the most useful and important of all exercises. Great progress has thus been made in recent years. The great difficulty is that, in too many instances, the instructors having charge of this department have never learned to use their pens themselves with any

degree of fluency or precision ; and how can they be expected to teach others what they do not understand themselves ? Very erroneous opinions are entertained on this subject. Even those whom all expect to know better are often of opinion that any one who has received what is called a liberal education, is capable of giving instructions in composition ; forgetting that the surest and best fruits of education consist in writing and speaking well. There is no better precept in Buckingham's admirable Essay on poetry than that contained in the opening couplet :

"Of all the arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

Quintilian, who embodies the views of all the illustrious authors of antiquity on the same subject, including those of Plato, Aristotle, and Longinus, is equally emphatic in enjoining the practice of writing as the great source of all knowledge, and consequently of all mental power. "We must write," he says, "therefore, *as carefully and as much as we can* ; for, as the ground, by being dug to a great depth, becomes more fitted for fructifying and nourishing seeds, so improvement of the mind, acquired from more than mere superficial cultivation, pours forth the fruits of study *in richer abundance and retains them with greater fidelity*. For without this precaution the very faculty of speaking extempore will but furnish us *with empty loquacity and words born on the lips*. *In writing are the roots, in writing are the foundations of eloquence ; by writing, resources are stored up, as it were, in a sacred repository, where they may be drawn forth for sudden emergencies or as circumstances require.*"\*

If it is thus true that no other study is of greater importance to the student, or more likely to influence his whole future life, it is equally true that in no other study does he require more skilful aid from his instructor : if the latter is not capable of rendering such aid, certain it is that he will do more harm than good.

Most of our literary institutions are still very backward in teaching their students how to *speak*, as if the faculty of

\* Scribendum ergo quam diligentissime et quam plurimum. Nam ut terra altius effossa generandis alendisque seminibus fecundior fit : sic profectus non a summo petitus, studiorum fructus et fundit uberius et fidelius continet. Nam, sine hac quidem conscientia, ipsa illa ex tempore dicendi facultas inanem modo loquacitatem dabit, et verba in labris nascentia. Illic radices, illic fundamenta sunt : illic opes velut sanctiore quodam acario reconditæ unde ad subito quocunque casus quum res exiget proferantur.—*De Institutione Oratoria*, lib. x., c. iiii.

expressing their ideas orally with facility and accuracy were but a matter of secondary consideration. Under all circumstances, the ability of speaking appropriately and forcibly is of the greatest value, but it attains its highest utility, and exercises the greatest influence, in republics; hence it is that republics have produced the greatest orators, and that no despotism has produced a Demosthenes or a Cicero. "But the richest fruit of all our study," says Quintilian, "and the most ample recompense for the extent of our labor, is the faculty of speaking extempore."\* Further on the same author dwells on the superior importance of writing and speaking. "These qualifications," he says, "depend on *art*; others on *study*; thus we must acquire, as has been already directed, an ample store of the best language; our style must be formed by *much and diligent* composition, that even what is poured forth by us unpremeditatedly may present the appearance of having been previously written, so that after having written much we shall have the power of speaking copiously. For it is *habit* and *exercise* that chiefly beget facility; and if they are intermitted, even but for a short period, *not only will our fluency be diminished, but our mouth may even be closed.*"†

There is not a view we have expressed in the preceding pages on the subject of education in which we are not sustained by authorities equally reliable and illustrious. Of all modern educators, those who have most successfully carried out the different educational plans to which we have thus hurriedly alluded, and which we would earnestly recommend, are the Jesuits. Did we consult our own interests rather than those of education and justice, we should not pay them this tribute, for we are well aware that there are strong prejudices entertained against them by a large proportion even of our own readers—nay, even by those from whose educational institutions we derive ten times as much patronage as we do from those of the Jesuits. But we have nothing to do with the differences or jealousies between different religious sects; what we pretend to pay attention to, in the best way we can, is the development of the human mind; and as Bacon and other great thinkers, who were not Catholic, have declared the educational system of the Jesuits

\* Maximus vero studiorum fructus est, et velut præmium quodam amplissimum longi laboris, ex tempore dicendi facultas.—*Ib.*

† Nam *connetudo* et *exercitatio* facilitatem maxime parit, quæ si paululum intermissa fuerit, non velocitatem illa modo tarditur, sed *ipsam os* quoque concurrit.—*Ib.*, lib. x., c. vii.

to be worthy of imitation,\* we may be permitted to give our humble opinion to the same effect. But let us not be misunderstood; we do not mean that all Jesuit colleges are better than others, whether Protestant or Catholic; we believe that there are some of the former which are as defective as any similar institutions; and we are equally satisfied that there are other colleges, both Protestant and Catholic, which are not surpassed even by the best Jesuit colleges.

It is precisely because the Jesuits are such excellent educators that it would afford us great pleasure to contribute, in the slightest manner, to remove the prejudices entertained against them by a large class of well-meaning people; although, in general, so far as we could ever learn, they are as kind and generous as they are learned. It is often urged against the Jesuits that they must be a dangerous class of educators, inasmuch as they have been banished from so many countries. But those who reason in this way forget to ask what they have been banished for in nine cases out of ten. It cannot be pretended that the Catholic sovereigns of France, Spain, and Portugal banished them on account of their zeal for the Catholic religion: the truth is that they were banished in each instance for their opposition to despotism. Let those who doubt this mention a single instance in which they have been banished from a republic, except from one which their own teachings had established, as in South America, when they excited the implacable ire of despotic Spain by instructing her oppressed colonists in the art of self-government.

Even those who have abused the Jesuits most have felt constrained to give them credit for noble qualities. No one, for example, has reviled them more than Voltaire, yet he speaks of them as "that singular society, in which *it must be confessed there have been found, and are to be found still, individuals of very extraordinary merit.*"† He could never forgive them as a body, because they did more with pen and tongue to refute his arguments against Christianity than all other societies and sects. They could forgive him, however, as history abundantly proves; although they might justly regard him

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\* "The chief reason," says the philosopher, "why the Jesuits make such excellent tutors is, perhaps, their being versed in civil as well as collegiate life, so as to join the gentleman with the scholar."—Bacon's Works, *Preliminaries*, Section iii.

† Philosopher. Dict. art. the Jesuits.

as an ingrate, since it was they who not only educated him, but secured him that position in society which enabled him to become famous at once. Both Father Porée and Father Jay, the professors under whom he was first placed, readily discovered that he possessed the germ of a great mind; both also dealt gently with the independence which characterized the opinions of their eccentric pupil. It was well known before he left the college of the Jesuits that he entertained anti-Christian views; but this did not prevent the Abbé Chateauneuf from recommending him to the celebrated Madame Ninon l'Enclos as an ingenious and brilliant youth; and she was so much pleased with him that she presented him two thousand livres for the purpose of purchasing a small library. Another Jesuit abbé (Chaulieu) introduced him to Madame de Maintenon, who in turn introduced him to the brilliant court of Louis XIV.

Singularly enough, the gravest fault attributed by Voltaire to his old instructors, and his most formidable antagonists in his attacks on the religion of Christ, was Pride, which he makes synonymous with their name in his article on the subject in his *Philosophical Dictionary*, in which he also avails himself of the opportunity to compare them to Lucifer. "What is it, then," he asks. "that was their ruin? Pride. What! it may be asked by some, were the Jesuits prouder than other monks? Yes; and so much so that they procured a *lettre-de-cachet* against an ecclesiastic for calling them monks."

But pride is a noble passion; if it sometimes degenerates into vice, it is that of the vigorous and independent mind, not that of the feeble and subservient. Hence it is that Montesquieu tells us that women are too feeble to be proud; they are but vain.\* Proud men seldom commit any of the darker class of crimes, even when their minds are not strengthened by a superior education, as those of the Jesuits confessedly are. There is no crime that a proud man is more likely to be guilty of than that opposition to the will of a tyrant which is called treason. Virginius, for example, was a proud man when he preferred to stab his beloved daughter to the heart rather than see her dishonored by the tyrant; and William Tell was a proud man when he cut short the career of the modern tyrant in a somewhat similar manner.

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\* Elles sont trop foibles, pour avoir de l'orgueil; elles n'ont que de la vanité.  
—*De l'Esprit des Loix*, tome I, p. 340.



True, Milton describes Satan as the impersonation of pride, but in doing so he makes even the demon so august and sublime a personage that many critics have represented him as the real hero of *Paradise Lost*. Be it remembered that in the case of Satan, as well as in that of Virginius and William Tell, pride assumes the form of opposition to individual power; in short, the prominent idea of the Arch-fiend, as given by Milton, is that such was his pride and his love of liberty that he was impatient of the control of even the Creator of the universe. Supposing it to be true, then, that the Jesuits are so proud that they are always inclined to rebel against despotic power, would it not be rather illogical for us to dislike them on this account? Are we not also opposed to despotic power? If we are, should we not rather sympathize with them, since they think so much like ourselves on so important a subject? It might be different had we any evidence of their being opposed to republics even when King Mob is as despotic and tyrannical as any individual tyrant that ever lived. Let us, therefore, be frank and honest, and give the Jesuits full credit for their superior educational abilities and appliances, without being in the least afraid that they will undermine our free institutions.

Our readers are already familiar with our impressions of the principal Jesuit colleges of the United States. It would be superfluous, therefore, to repeat them here. Nor could it be expected that we could attend all the commencements even of our first-class colleges, since most of them are held nearly, if not exactly, at the same time. We pursue a course, however, which we are sure is equally satisfactory to our readers. That is, we embody the substance of the accounts given of those annual exercises by journals which we know to have men of education and ability connected with them precisely for such purposes; men in whose judgment and veracity we have full confidence. It is with this understanding, for example, that we give an extract or two from the *Washington National Intelligencer's* report of the last commencement of Georgetown College, D. C. The writer first takes a cursory glance at the history of the institution, which, as it is not without interest to the friends of education in all parts of the country, we quote as follows:

"The commencement exercises at this venerable seat of learning took place yesterday at nine o'clock, before a large and fashionable audience. If within a few years the population of the district had not materially changed, and our circulation of late been considerably increased, it would

assuredly be a work of supererogation to say that, in 1785, several gentlemen, among them the Rev. John Carroll, afterwards archbishop of Baltimore, formed the design of building the college, which was effected four years subsequently by the erection of the first house; that, in 1792, the schools commenced, and, in 1798, it was designated "The College of Georgetown, Potomac River, State of Maryland;" and that, in May, 1815, Congress raised it to the rank of a university—a rank which since then it has sustained so well that its reputation is as wide as the continent. But, for the reasons above stated, we will add a few facts which must prove interesting to many of our readers. With that intuitive perception which always characterizes the Jesuit fathers, the selection of the college site, on the northern or left bank of the Potomac, so peculiarly healthy and picturesque, was an admirable one.

"The college grounds are unequalled in the district for extent, variety of scenery, and cultivation. It possesses, as might be expected of an institution where so many learned men are always to be found, a select library of 30,000 volumes, among which there are 100 volumes printed between the years 1460 and 1520, three manuscripts written before the year 1400, and one in 1620. The museum contains an elegant and well-arranged cabinet of minerals and many geological specimens, besides an extensive collection of shells. At the distance of about four hundred yards from the college is the beautiful astronomical observatory, sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, divided from east to west into three rooms. In addition to a first-class meridian circle, a telescope with a four-inch glass, two fine sidereal clocks, a transit instrument, an equatorial telescope, giving powers from 25 to 400; there are five portable astronomical instruments, and a library of 500 choice works on astronomy, mathematics, and the physical sciences, the whole being under the very erudite director of the observatory and professor of mathematics, Rev. James Curley, S. J., a gentleman whose ability is equalled only by his extreme modesty, and, it may be, *bonhomie*.

"The Medical Department, in Washington, forms no trifling acquisition to this abode of learning. In the college there are many societies and associations, which time has tended to make *en permanence*, such as the Philodemic, the Philonomosian, the Philistorian, the Philharmonic, and the Academic Societies, and the Reading Room and Dramatic Association, the latter of which is scarcely equalled, in the variety of its wardrobe and scenery, by any theatre in the world.

"The college faculty are universally admitted to be at least equal to the same number of *savans* attached to any other university, while the history of the country during the past half century proves that the discipline of this institution tends to send forth men competent to fill the most exalted positions. And, indeed, such everywhere is the characteristic of the training imparted by the Jesuits."

From this extract we learn three leading facts: 1, that the Congress of the United States has not participated in the prejudices entertained against the Jesuits, but, on the contrary has rather evinced a predilection in their favor; 2, that the Jesuits have proved themselves worthy of that honor; 3, that the principal organ of public opinion in the national capital has the liberality and manliness to do full justice to their high character and successful efforts as educators. It seems that, like most of our literary institutions, George

town has suffered severely from the war; yet the subjoined extract shows not only that it still retained a large number of students, but also maintained its proverbially high character for educational thoroughness:

"The following recapitulation shows the number of students now in attendance: In the senior department there are 43; in the junior, 35; in the preparatory, 114; and in the medical, 127; making a total of 319, which, considering the fiery ordeal that the country has just been passing through, may be said to show a very satisfactory exhibit.

"The exercises yesterday displayed a high order of merit. 'The Disinterment of Napoleon,' by Samuel H. Anderson, was an elegant production; 'The Triumph of Religion,' by Stephen Douglas, was a masterpiece of composition, which, save in a few fine passages, was very well delivered; 'The Drama,' by Francis P. S. Lafferty, afforded much pleasure by the extensive research and animated delivery of its author; 'Boadicea, the British Queen,' by Julius Soper, was happily arranged, though the voice was not well modulated; 'Le Paysan du Danube au Senat Romain,' by Harry Walters, for purity of style and pronunciation would do credit to an educated Parisian; 'Love of Country,' by Edward McCallill, followed; 'The Potomac,' by Charles F. Naily, was a smooth piece of versification, neatly delivered, for which he received a shower of bouquets; 'A Mejico,' by Louis Puebla, was well received; 'Moscow,' by Hugh Kelly, showed decided talent, and was very well delivered; 'Influence of Woman,' by James C. Normile, was a high eulogy paid to the virtues of the softer sex in elegant diction; 'Jerusalem,' by Eugene M. Morrison, displayed talent; but the most beautiful composition, as it seemed to us, was 'The Exile's Return,' by James V. Coleman, a youth of scarcely sixteen summers, whose musical utterances, as we write, are still ringing in our ears. (He subsequently received four, and, if he had not been promoted during the term, would have won five medals.) 'Religion in Society,' by R. Ross Perry, A. B., was a thoughtful, philosophic, and well-delivered analysis of the condition of society before and since the dawn of Christianity; while the Valedictory, by James F. Fitzpatrick, paid a touching, heartfelt tribute to the college faculty.

"The graduation and distribution of medals and premiums followed, the announcements being made by Rev. Joseph O'Hagan, S. J., in his usual felicitous manner, and the awards made by the Most Reverend Archbishop Spalding, assisted by the Rev. John Early, President of the College:

"The degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on John Caulfield, of Ireland.

"The degree of A. M. was conferred on R. Ross Perry, A. B., D. C.; William L. Nicodemus, U. S. A.; John H. Thompson, M. D., England; Cypriano Zagarra, A. B., Peru; Walter S. McFarland, A. B., D. C.; James H. Dooley, A. B., Virginia.

"The degree of A. B. was conferred on the following students: James F. Fitzpatrick, Alabama; Joseph Forrest, District of Columbia; John C. Wilson, District of Columbia; Edward McCallill, New York; Francis P. S. Lafferty, Pennsylvania; John A. Pizzini, Virginia.

"In the class of Natural Right, the gold cross was awarded to R. Ross Perry, A. B., of Washington, and the usual rewards of medals and premiums succeeded, to youth from every section of the United States, Cuba, Mexico, &c.

"At the close the archbishop made a brief address expressive of the pleasure that he felt in witnessing for the first time the annual commence-

ment, which was the fiftieth, it being eighty years since the foundation of the college. It possessed, he said, the prestige of antiquity, and increased as the country had increased; under the shadow of the capital, it prospered as the government had prospered. He bore witness to the studiousness of the young men present, and remarked that those trained there would be a solace to their parents and ornaments to society. He inculcated in a few words the duty of religious observances, which would lift them up towards the sphere of the angels of God. 'Be faithful,' he added, 'to the instructions here received, and let the memory thereof guide you, so as to be ornaments to your country and futurity, to which this is but the preface.'

This needs no comment at our hands; suffice it to say that there is not an important statement which it contains of the truth of which we are not convinced, either from our own personal observation, or from the testimony of those in whom we have the most implicit confidence. It is not strange, then, that a large proportion of the students of Georgetown are Protestants of different denominations; nor have we heard of one whom the most zealous of the fathers have sought to convert to their own religion.

Without any disposition to disparage other institutions, we may say that there is but one other Jesuit college in the United States which has any just claim to be ranked with that of Georgetown—we mean the College of the Holy Cross, at Worcester, Massachusetts. On this point we believe, there is no dispute among the fraternity themselves; all of whom assign the same high rank to the two institutions mentioned. In noticing the latter, two years ago, we ventured to express the opinion that, although the Legislature of Massachusetts has sometimes been guilty of certain indiscretions unworthy of the superior intelligence of the Bay State, if it were aware of the high standard of education at Holy Cross College, it would discard its prejudices against popery for once, and unanimously grant it the charter which, in a thoughtless, not to say evil, moment, it had refused some years previously. The trial has since been made, and we are glad to add, for the sake of all concerned, that it has resulted as we had predicted. Hitherto the students of Holy Cross had to get their diplomas from Georgetown, even when they proved themselves worthy of the highest honors that could be conferred by old Harvard itself; but this disgrace to Massachusetts no longer exists, for the *Boston Post* informs us, in its excellent report of the recent commencement, that "the last Legislature of the Commonwealth granted the College a charter, thereby placing it on an equal footing with other institutions within its borders." The *Post* then

proceeds to give the following account of the commencement exercises :

"The president of the College is Rev. James Clark, S. J., a gentleman of high culture and rare scholastic attainments, and he is assisted by gentlemen every way fitted for the positions they are called upon to occupy. The institution, we are pleased to learn, is in its full tide of success, there being about one hundred and thirty scholars in the various classes, and there is every prospect of a large increase at the commencement of the next collegiate year.

"The weather yesterday was all that could be desired, and, as we before remarked, the attendance was large. His Excellency Gov. Andrew, accompanied by Colonels Adams and Wetherell of his staff, and Surgeon-General Dale, were present. A large number of the clergy of the Catholic Church were also present, among whom we noticed Right Rev. Father McFarland, diocese of Hartford; Very Rev. J. J. Williams, Vicar-General; Rev. James Healy, Secretary of the diocese; Rev. Fathers Denver, Brennan, McShean, Lasco, and Tracy, of Boston; Rev. Fathers O'Riley and Powers, of Worcester; Hughes, of Hartford; Delaney, of Pawtucket; Fagan, of Collinsville; E. M. Sheridan, of Blackstone.

"The study room, in which the exercises were held, is a large and very convenient place for such services. It was very handsomely decorated with evergreens, and long lines of oak leaves entwined together radiated from all parts of the room. Above the platform the American flag was displayed, looped up with beautiful bouquets of fragrant flowers. At an early hour the friends of the institution, and of those who were to bear the more important duties of the day, began to assemble, and by the time assigned for the commencement of the services the room was full, a large portion of the audience being of the fairer sex. At eleven o'clock the exercises were commenced by music by an orchestra composed of students of the college, under the direction of Mr. George P. Burt, Professor of Music in the institution.

"Where each one did so well it would be invidious to particularize, and it is sufficient to say that each member of the class did himself great credit. The Valedictory by Edward McSweeney was beautifully written and touchingly delivered, and the Prisoner's Vision, by Mr. Burke, and an essay on War and Warriors, by Mr. Donworth, were excellent.

"At the conclusion of the exercises, the degrees were conferred as follows:

"A. M.—Charles Stone, Esq., of Missonri.

"A. B.—Michael Flattelly, Ireland; James Gavin, Massachusetts; Wm. Halligan, New York; Edward J. P. Kennedy, Canada East; Cornelius F. O'Callaghan, Massachusetts; Michael M. Green, Massachusetts; Francis E. Calligan, Massachusetts; Edward McSweeney, New Hampshire; John P. Donworth, Maine; James Kiely, Massachusetts; all of the graduating class."

This is followed in the report by a long list of students, who, having distinguished themselves in their respective classes, were rewarded with crosses of honor, and premiums, which we are informed were presented to each student by the Governor of the Commonwealth. The report of the proceedings appropriately concludes as follows:

"The diplomas and prizes having been distributed, Gov. Andrew was introduced to the audience and was received with hearty and genuine

applause. He commenced by saying that he congratulated the faculty of the college, the students of the Holy Cross, and all who are its patrons, upon the happy auspices which had attended the services this day. He was glad to see the growing numbers of the college and the continued interest manifested by its friends and patrons. As a citizen of this old Commonwealth he loved and revered every institution where men cultivate sound and honest learning, and whatever may be our differences of opinion, religious or political, we can always agree in our common devotion to that which is the basis of common intelligence. He trusted that the institution would live many prosperous and happy years. The governor then spoke of the care and toil of a student's life, and urged his young friends to persevere in their work until they had surmounted all obstacles, never forgetting that they were citizens of a great republic, where every man has a duty to perform to himself, his country, and his God. The governor was in his happiest vein for speech-making, and his remarks were rapturously applauded.

"The exercises of the day closed with a dinner in the college building, which was attended by the faculty, officers, invited guests, and others. The whole occasion was one long to be remembered by the friends, patrons, and students of the Holy Cross."

Our Jesuit colleges nearer home are entirely of a different character, and our readers will remember that we have spoken of them accordingly from time to time, but without any disposition to be harsh or hypercritical. Whatever has been urged to the contrary by those chiefly interested, our criticisms have been honestly made; yet, if the conductors of any respectable institution thought we did them injustice, we would cheerfully allow them to vindicate themselves in our pages, exacting no condition further than that they would do so like gentlemen.

The institution at Fordham is one of those which have refused to furnish us a copy of their last annual catalogue, because we ventured to make some criticisms on their former one. The loss, however, is not serious; we can assure the Reverend President that he has not in the least disturbed our equanimity by his declining to favor us with a glance at that pamphlet. At the same time, we may be permitted to think that the president of St. Xavier's College, in this city, has acted much more like a Christian minister, an educator, and a philosopher in pursuing the opposite course, for the Rev. Father Loyzance has had the politeness to send a messenger to our office with a copy of his catalogue.

Now, if the reader will have the curiosity to turn to our "Commencement" article in the number for September, 1864, of this journal, he will see how much more harshly we spoke of St. Xavier's College than of Fordham. Trifling as this fact may seem at first sight, it affords new proof of the injustice of holding a whole community responsible for the con-

duct of an individual. If we knew no Jesuit president but the gentleman who occupies that position at Fordham, and did not reason according to "the humanities," we might be led to think that all Jesuit presidents are either a little churlish or somewhat shy of criticism. But the different conduct of Father Loyzance would be sufficient by itself to refute such a theory; and then we could only infer from the course of the Fordham president that he is a little churlish or a little timid of criticism. We prefer to believe that the latter rather than the former is the weakness to which we are to attribute the loss of not getting the Fordham catalogue, and we think it will be admitted in due time that we have some grounds for that opinion.

About a year and a half ago we wished to see the interior of Fordham College, but were informed by a friend, who, by the way, is a good Catholic, that the fathers belonging to that institution had no love for reviews or reviewers. "But," said he, "if you go to them from some of the daily or weekly papers, and tell them you come to give them a good puff, you will be received with open arms, and be treated to Greek and Latin to your heart's content, if not exactly to the kind you want." From this we inferred that our only course was to proceed to the college *incognito*. Accordingly we drove over one fine morning, and tried to look as good-natured and harmless as possible. After waiting for some time, we had the honor of being introduced to the president, who received us kindly enough. The usual compliments being passed, we said that we were persons who took some interest in education, and should like to be allowed the privilege of being present at some of the recitations, if agreeable to him. We shall never forget the scrutinizing though inoffensive look which this remark elicited, first at ourselves, and then at certain hieroglyphics on our modest vehicle, which unfortunately, we thought at the time, happened to be opposite the parlor window. The father hesitated for several minutes, as if asking himself what was best to be done under the circumstances. At last he said that only his junior classes were in session, but that we might call some other time. It is but fair to say, that there was no appearance of cunning about the father; any one could see in his honest face what the difficulty was. "Now," thought he, "this is one of those know-nothings who hate us Catholics; he just wants to spread some injurious report against us, and it is best to get rid of him as quietly as we can."



Strongly suspecting that he had some such cogitations as these, although he used no uncivil or discourteous word, we remarked: "If it is contrary to your rules, Father, to admit strangers at this time, we do not wish you to make any exception in our case; if otherwise, we will not take any liberty with your students, but be perfectly satisfied with such questions as the professors may think proper to propose." This seemed to remove all objection. The president cordially informed us that our wish should be complied with; and in little more than half an hour after we witnessed some of the efforts in translating Greek and Latin of the two principal classes.

Neither, indeed, impressed us very highly; from what we had heard we had not expected much; yet we confess we felt not a little surprised that an institution which made such loud pretensions could show so little to sustain those pretensions. The fact that we have never made any public statement of this, before, may, we think, be taken as at least presumptive evidence that we had no ill will towards Fordham College or its faculty; and we have just as little to-day as we had a year and a half, or five years ago. Nor have we related this little episode by way of making out a case of any kind against that institution; all we mean to show by it is that, let the cause be what it may, the reverend president is a little timid of criticism. In our opinion, it would be much better for him to try to defy criticism. This seems to be the course which Father Loyzance has been pursuing at St. Xavier's College during the past year; and we have reason to believe that, although his predecessors left him an herculean task to perform, his efforts thus far have been attended with considerable success.

Since first-class institutions of all denominations regularly send us their catalogues to make such comments on them as we think proper, we need not feel much annoyed if we are occasionally slighted by a fourth-rate one. In September, 1864, we criticised the catalogues of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, (New York,) but each has been forwarded to us this year as promptly and politely as ever. The venerable and learned chancellor of New York University does us the honor of sending us his catalogue as regularly as he does to any other person whatever; and several other chancellors do the same. That of Fordham is, indeed, not the only college that has withheld its catalogue; more than half a dozen others of different denominations have pursued the same

course, but not one of them is above the fourth grade, so that it is not worth while to mention them.

But we have yet to speak of one other Catholic college, which, although young in years, deserves to be ranked with the best we have mentioned, for the thoroughness of its educational system, and for the excellent results which it has already accomplished; to this we need hardly add that we allude to Manhattan College, so delightfully situated at Manhattanville, on the right bank of the Hudson, and within view of the Central Park. We have devoted more space to Catholic colleges than to the colleges of Protestant denominations, because the former receive less attention from our daily and weekly journals than the latter, and are consequently less known. At least fifty of our readers have read copious accounts of the commencements of New York University, Columbia College, Harvard College, Yale College, &c., for every one who has read any account of the Catholic colleges we have mentioned. And let it be remembered that in seeking to remedy this we are merely acting in accordance with our general plan, namely, to tell our readers what they do not know or have but a vague notion of, rather than what they are already familiar with. But, in the present instance, we have the additional inducement to enter into particulars, that a new institution which is doing the work of an old one deserves to be encouraged. Of all the catalogues which we receive, not one is more tastefully gotten up than that of Manhattan College; it also possesses the distinction of containing in almost every number suggestions on education, which we take pleasure in reproducing for the benefit of others. Those who are not aware of its character will be able to form an idea of its high standard of education from the following extract from its catalogue for 1864-5:

"There are, at least, two public examinations during the year. To these all who take an interest in education are cordially invited. Nor need they be mere spectators; the faculty are not only willing, but desirous, that they should take an active part in the examinations, especially in those of the higher classes. Besides requiring the student to translate any passage in the part of the text-book which he has read, the examiner may propose his questions in Latin; and the graduating class may be addressed in Greek.

"In the higher mathematics, a similar discretion is allowed; in other words, the examiner may propose any questions that occur to him in the science upon which the class under examination are engaged.

"These suggestions are made in view of the well-known fact that the 'cramming' system is far too general at the present day; that students are taught to answer particular questions apparently with equal intelligence and facility; while they are utterly confounded if asked questions

precisely similar without being 'prepared' in the details. Hence it is that the faculty of Manhattan College invite the public not to an *exhibition*, but to an *examination*.

"The genuineness of the oral discussions and addresses may be tested in a similar manner. Any gentleman who attends the examination may propose a subject for discussion; although the most experienced parliamentary debaters cannot discuss a subject with any degree of thoroughness without having previously reflected on it; nevertheless it will be sufficiently evident from such a test whether the students have really learned to reason and to make ready use of their resources to convince or refute, as the case may be. But a still more reliable test is that of requiring the student to deliver an extemporaneous address, however brief, on any subject; and it is one which may be applied by any intelligent person at this institution.

"In order to estimate the difference between an exhibition and an examination, it is necessary to bear in mind what is the object of sending boys or young men to college. Is not that object twofold—to acquire knowledge, and to be capable of making use of that knowledge? No matter how much we may know, it is valuable only in proportion as we can apply it, or communicate it to others; and in order to enable us to do this our faculties must be trained. The learning of which we cannot avail ourselves is, indeed, gold, but it is like that hidden in the mine. In short, in order to educate a young man, he must be taught to reason, to reflect, to express his ideas with clearness and facility both orally and in writing; if he is only taught to say and do certain things at certain times, so that he may *seem* what he is not, his education is only that of the parrot, and he is taught to be deceptive, if not absolutely dishonest, at the same time."

No one who understands the subject will deny that these observations are just; but we value them chiefly for their representative character; we appreciate them because we know that they do not refer to mere theories, but to work actually accomplished—because we have had opportunities of *seeing* that the president does not merely tell us those things, but that he carries them into practical effect. Although present ourselves at one of its recent examinations, we prefer giving an extract from the report of a journal whose views on the subject we would have accepted with confidence even if we had not been in a position to test their accuracy. "The classes were examined," says the critic alluded to, "both in the classic languages and in mathematics; and we assure our readers that we give but feeble expression to our estimate of the results when we say that at no other college in this country, of the many we have visited, have the students acquitted themselves so well in each department. Some would translate a passage in Latin with commendable accuracy, but err in almost every sentence in Greek; others would be quite critical in Greek, but incapable of rendering a line in Juvenal or Horace. Again, some would evince a respectable acquaintance with both Latin and Greek, but

scarcely any acquaintance with the mathematics; while those who understood the latter even tolerably could not pretend to understand either Latin or Greek. But, incredible as it may seem to those who have not witnessed the examination, the students at Manhattan College can turn from elaborate and accurate demonstrations in geometry, trigonometry, or even the differential calculus, to reading the *Odyssey* of Homer or the *Satires* of Juvenal with a facility and confidence which many other students could not display in turning from one book in the vernacular to another. This intelligent familiarity elicited the admiration of all on Saturday last. Still more agreeably surprised were the best judges at the fluency with which some twelve or fifteen students conversed together in Latin on various subjects, and promptly answered any who addressed them in that language.

"This is one of the peculiar features of Manhattan College, considered as an American institution. In other American colleges, indeed, some Latin phrases are occasionally spoken, certain subjects are sometimes discussed also in Latin, but only such as are committed to memory for the occasion. But we believe Manhattan College is the only institution in this country whose students are ready to converse in Latin on any subject which may be proposed to them. But if the student should never have occasion to speak the language after he left college, there would still remain the unanswerable argument in favor of using it orally, that by no other means can the learner acquire a thorough knowledge of any Latin author worth reading.

"The facility with which the students of this institution can speak as well as translate and write the language of Cicero, and demonstrate propositions in the most difficult of the sciences is not, however, the only proof they furnish us that they are attaining the best results of a collegiate education. They also read several English essays on the occasion referred to, any of which would do no discredit to many a professional writer. The majority exhibited not a little thought and research, and afforded evidence that they are the productions of minds which are not only well trained, but, considering their youth, well stored with ideas."

None capable of judging, who attended the commencement examinations the first days of July last, will be disposed to deny any of the statements made in this extract; and among the learned men whom we observed near the platform were professors of the University of New York, Columbia

College, and the Free Academy—gentlemen who seemed to vie with each other in their appreciation of the highly creditable manner in which most of the students passed through the severe ordeal to which they were subjected by their professors, and such visitors as chose to take part in the examination, on being invited to do so by the president. We are certainly of opinion that neither the Fathers of St. Xavier's nor those of Fordham could have shown such good work as the Brothers did on this occasion. Indeed, the University of New York is the only one of our local institutions at whose examinations we have witnessed such excellent evidences of superior mental training.

Certain it is that Columbia College has not been in the habit, for the last seven years, of doing its work so thoroughly; although we are glad to add that it has exhibited considerable improvement during the past year. Without meaning any disparagement of the efforts of the late chancellor, we feel certain that, if the Rev. Dr. Barnard, his successor, will only be allowed to carry out his own views, "Old Columbia" will soon recover its ancient prestige. We cannot say, however, we have much confidence that so proper and necessary a thing will be done. Too many of the rulers of Columbia College are petty tyrants of the most obstinate and vulgar kind; among these is a fourth-rate lawyer, who imagines that because he has some smattering of Blackstone and Coke, and a long antiquated handle to his name, he has a right to lord it over all the rest. Another thing that weighs like an incubus on old Columbia is "Anthon's Classics," or rather that gentleman's "copious notes;" if the latter were cut out, the former would do very well, a suggestion which we beg leave to make to the new president, for the case is really a desperate one.

We are glad to see that we have no reason this time to find fault with either Harvard or Yale, for both seem to realize more and more what that portion of the public that is capable of judging expect from them, if only as an example to institutions not possessed of equal advantages. We would cheerfully give extracts from some of the reports of their commencements which we have seen, adding our own testimony to their general truthfulness; but they have already received such extensive publicity that there are few, if any, of our readers who have not seen them.

In glancing accidentally at the pile of manuscript that has accumulated on our table within the last hour or two we are reminded that it will be impossible for us to carry out our

intentions in the present number relative to our female seminaries; we must, however, allude to two or three. The first female catalogue that presents itself is somewhat of a curiosity in its way; we mean that of the Rockland Female Institute for 1864. We presume that the one for 1865 is not yet ready; but, as it will doubtless be still more attractive than this, we hope that somebody will favor us with a copy. That before us gives us some very handsome specimens of the English language, and some very interesting facts as to the fine salt-water bathing for the ladies to be found at Nyack; the carriages and saddle horses furnished by the reverend president of the institute, "at a moderate charge;" the immeasurable superiority of that region to all others, &c. After giving a good deal of information of this kind, it says: "Young ladies, with any appreciation of the sublime and beautiful in nature, cannot prosecute their education in the midst of such surroundings without feeling their inspiring and elevating influences in the formation of their character." (p. 18.) A page or two further on we are told that, "the Latin language, as forming the basis of a large part of the English and other modern languages, is carefully taught," &c. (p. 22.) We should like to know of what "part" of Webster's Dictionary does it form the basis?—of the beginning, the middle, or the end? Or must the Anglo-Latin words be picked out from the Anglo-Saxon and placed on a basis? Great stress is placed on "the refining influence" exercised on the young ladies by the privilege of allowing them to sit at table, and occasionally converse with the faculty. Finally, by way of removing all doubt as to the superiority of everything at Nyack, we are presented with four pages of "testimonials," in the smallest type. On examining these we find that they emanate from such high authorities in scholastic matters as the "Paterson Guardian," the "Auburn Daily Advertiser," the "Rockland Daily Journal," the "Wisconsin Chief," &c., &c. We confess that, in reading the highly appreciative, though rather ungrammatical, notices (most of which look very much like each other) given by these journals, we are reminded of a letter once written by the reverend president, enquiring *what extent* of a notice would be given him should he advertise. But, of nothing does the whole affair remind us so forcibly, as of that passage in the ninth Satire of Juvenal, in which the following lines occur.

"Nam lingua mali pars pessima servi  
Deterior tamen hic, qui liber non erit illis,  
Quorum animas et farre suo custodit et ære."

In agreeable contrast with this is the catalogue of the Deer Park Female Institute. The latter indulges in no hyperbolic expressions of any kind, but gives a plain, chaste, and modest statement of facts. We compare the two together because they have several other features in common. The principal of one as well as of the other is a clergyman; and, if we do not mistake, they belong to the one denomination. If the Rockland Institute is situated on the Hudson the Deer Park Institute is situated on the Delaware, at Port Jervis, New York; and if the young ladies of the former cannot but feel an inspiring and elevating influence from its "surroundings," surely those of the latter ought to feel pretty well inspired and elevated, too; for we know of none anywhere who can look out from their class-rooms or dormitories on more romantic or sublime scenery. In twenty minutes they can not only cross the Delaware, but pass from the State of New York to that of Pennsylvania, thence to New Jersey, and meet on their way the Erie Railroad and the Delaware and Hudson Canal. But the principal has understanding enough to know that it would be quite possible for an institution to have all these advantages, and yet afford but a very indifferent education for young ladies. Accordingly he indulges in no high flown language about his "surroundings," but depends rather on other means for elevating the character of the students.

Now, if we compare the inside machinery in the one Institute with that of the other, we shall find just such a difference as might be expected; the difference between *words* and *deeds*, or that between the fruit and the leaves which sometimes cover it. We suppose we need hardly say that we do not judge either institution merely by its catalogue; although in general we regard what is said in such pamphlets as a pretty safe criterion of the amount of culture and taste possessed by the principals who issue them. We have, however, had a full opportunity of seeing what is done at the Deer Park Institute; in one of our peregrinations on the Erie Railroad, in October last, we were induced to visit it, and we shall never forget the agreeable surprise we experienced from the superior proficiency of the higher classes both in the ornamental and useful branches of female education. There was no confusion there, no effort at display; the young ladies underwent the examinations of their professors and performed all their exercises with an ease and grace that would have done credit to matrons of culture and refinement receiving company in their own parlors or drawing-rooms.



Still further to the west, it has been our privilege to visit another female seminary—one which, so far as we can judge from appearances, reputation, and other circumstances (for it was during vacation we saw it), is scarcely surpassed in situation, scenery, accommodations, or system of teaching by any similar institution in the east; we mean St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, which is conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. It is admitted among the enlightened and liberal of all countries and denominations that there are no better seminaries for young ladies than those presided over by nuns. Apart from the excellent example which they afford by the purity of their conduct, their sincere, unostentatious piety, and their proverbial benevolence, they are in general ladies of high culture and refinement; those of them devoted to education invariably so; and in this country especially there is scarcely a community of them in which there are not included ladies of different nationalities, each capable of teaching her native language in its purity. In addition to this, one can teach painting, another music, another an elegant system of penmanship, &c., so that the students have the benefit of the accumulated knowledge and combined accomplishments of the whole convent. This is particularly true of St. Mary's Academy, which, we believe, is the parent community of the whole sisterhood of the Holy Cross. The buildings and grounds are admirably suited in every respect for the purpose to which they are devoted; but we regret that it is now impossible for us to describe either in our diminished space, further than to remark, in general terms, that the buildings contain all the modern improvements, including steam-heating apparatus throughout, baths in connection with the dormitories, &c. We can bear testimony to the superior excellence of the arrangements, for we had the honor of having all pointed out to us and explained by one of the sisters, whose intelligence and willingness to give every necessary information eminently qualified her for the task. On seeing the whole institution, we were not surprised to learn that two-thirds of the students are Protestants of different denominations. As we cannot speak from our own knowledge of the system of education, we subjoin an extract from the report of one of the Chicago papers of last commencement:

"The address ended, the reporters were invited to a reception, and then drive over to the academy for young ladies, established in connection with the university. General Sherman and his lady were already

there, and the 'Grand Entrance March,' prepared for the occasion opened the proceedings. It was a very brilliant sight to behold such a number of fair young girls, and beautiful women as were there present. The hall, like that at Notre Dame, was arrayed as a theatre, and decorated with a profusion of banners and streamers. Most of the young ladies were dressed in white, and arrayed on either side of the stage in ascending steps. Large crimson curtains fell before the stage, and served as a proscenium. Below, in a roomy circle, four grand pianos were placed, and they were presided over by as many lovely girls, whose long white fingers ran over the keys like the feet of so many tripping fairies, and made the music wake up in a passion. The audience presented quite a picturesque appearance. The blue and gold of the military—the variously colored silks of the ladies' dresses—the long dark robes of the members of the faculty and the clergy—the black hoods and white tunics of the nuns—the young female visitors in white—and the rosy faces of the Young America—all tended to make a picture not unworthy the pencil of a great artist.

"We have devoted already so much space to the subject that we have none left in which to give a detailed criticism of the performances. It would be unjust, however, not to say that the singing and playing, both on harp and piano, were good, and that Miss K. Putnam delighted all with her sweet voice, and fine execution of the Solo 'Our Nation Mourns.' The vocal duet 'Fairy Bowers,' by the Misses H. Rogers and E. Spears, was also creditable and worthy of mention in this place. 'The Play,' however, was the thing, which if it did not 'catch the conscience of the King,' certainly charmed the ears and hearts of the audience. It was written by a lady belonging to the house, and exceedingly well written. Infinitely higher than the mysteries of the olden time, in which churchmen took part, it was somewhat of a similar character in its structure and moral. Miss J. Wood, an exceedingly beautiful blonde, with a face like one of Raphael's Madonnas, sustained the part of Queen Blanche with dignity and talent throughout, and here and there with genuine pathos and power. Miss Sherman (the general's daughter) played Queen Margaret of France with a fine, courtly appreciation of the character, and flung into it all the grace and loveliness of her person, as well as the brilliancy of her talent. *Benice*, by Miss E. Tong, was also well done, and contrasted admirably with *Inez* (Miss E. Weld), the Tartar princess—the former representing the timid but aspiring Christian, and the latter a pagan sorceress, who is finally conquered by the living power of the holy faith. *Inez* was a very superior impersonation of a proud, powerful, wilful, and beautiful pagan, who, in her endeavors to convert her sister, is converted herself. Miss Weld played with earnestness and feeling throughout, and with a natural and graceful but too uniform an action.

"By far the best character, however, was that of *Fleda* the maniac, by Miss J. Schultz, whom nature apparently has made for a tragic actress. Miss Schultz is a young lady only twelve years of age, but her acting was an inspiration. It was without stress or strain, a perfectly legitimate and natural interpretation of an exceedingly difficult character. The world will hear more of her anon.

"A description of the buildings, grounds, grottoes, chapels, lakes, and general scenery, not forgetting the wonderful chime of bells with its perfect machinery, would not be out of place, but lack of space forbids."

We had intended to give our impressions, to a greater or less extent, of several New York female seminaries, but we now find we must defer doing so. We cannot say more, even

of the Ferris Female Institute, which we regard as one of the best on this continent, than that its last commencement exhibited many new evidences and illustrations of the superior efficiency and excellency of its system.

We have devoted much time, labor, and space to this article; but we have done so deliberately and willingly, because we believe that nothing is of greater importance than the education of those who are to succeed the present generation as the men and women of the republic; because we hold that the education of a nation is the real source of its wealth, and the only true criterion of its civilization. "L'enseignement," says M. Bastide, "est une riche mine qui donne pour produit *de l'argent, de l'influence et du pouvoir.*" Another French writer, who has devoted his life to the cause, observes, with equal truth: "L'histoire des écoles serait l'histoire de la culture intellectuelle des nations. L'état plus ou moins florissant des écoles, leur développement plus ou moins prospère, plus ou moins étendu, peut donner la mesure de la civilisation à chaque époque, *non seulement dans le domaine de la science, mais aussi au point de vue des mœurs, des lois et des institutions.*"

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#### ART. IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

##### HISTORY AND TRAVELS.

*La Plata, étude historique.* Par SANTIAGO ARCOS. Paris: Levy Frères, 1865.

It is a singular fact, that much more attention is paid to the republics of South America, on the continent of Europe, than in this country. There are several good histories of each in French and German, but we have scarcely one that can be regarded as an authority, with the exception of Prescott's histories of the *Conquests* of Mexico and Peru, which only relate to the colonial times, and which are consequently entirely different from the French and German works to which we allude. That now before us contains a large amount of interesting and valuable information; for, although it is principally devoted to La Plata, it gives no slight insight into the affairs of Paraguay and the Argentine Republic, and we are thus aided by it, to a considerable extent, in forming an opinion of the complications now existing between one of those republics and Brazil.

After giving a graphic sketch of the Spanish conquest and its immediate results, as well as a brief, but comprehensive and truthful description of the aboriginal races, their manners, customs, and religion, M. Arcos proceeds

to show that, instead of profiting by the establishment of their independence, the people suffered the worst consequences of disorder and anarchy for a period of forty years. Nor can this statement be attributed to any prejudice against republicanism on the part of the author, since no writer is more willing to give it all the credit that is legitimately due to it. Thus, for example, he informs his readers that whatever had been the sufferings and trials of those forty years of disorder, the Argentine Republic at least is entitled to the honor of having finally succeeded in establishing a government which compares favorably with the most enlightened and liberal in the world. He shows that the people are by no means the ignorant and degraded hordes which they were formerly represented, and which they are still represented by their enemies, and by those who, while ambitious to write their history, do not take the pains to make themselves acquainted with the facts. He tells us that, on the contrary, they pay more attention to education than the people of most European states.

In addition to the large amount of information which he gives us on the political, social, and religious condition of La Plata, he presents us lively and graphic sketches of the chiefs who took part in the various struggles which, however unpromising they seemed in their progress, have finally resulted in producing a decided reform. Among the leaders who are thus prominently brought to our notice are Rosas, Quiroga, Lopez, Saromiento and Moreno. In short, we have seldom read a book that has interested us more. Except on one point, M. Arcos is eminently fair, and free from prejudice. He is willing to do justice to all, but to the Jesuits. A member of the fraternity gave him some real or imaginary offence; he complained of this, but got no satisfaction; from this he concluded, rather illogically, that all are arrogant and despotic; and hence the gloomy picture which he draws of the career of Francia in Paraguay.

*A History of the Commonwealth of Florence, from the earliest Independence of the Commune to the Fall of the Republic in 1531.* By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, author of the "Girlhood of Catherine de Medici." In four volumes. Vols. I and II. London: Chapman & Hall, 1865.

No friend of civilization, no student of history, or of the science of government, can fail to take an interest in the subject of these volumes, for Florence has been the real modern Athens. She maintained that character by the common consent of all Europe for nearly three centuries. Even in her present degenerate state, after having borne the yoke of so many conquerors, and been more or less despoiled by each, she possesses interesting and valuable evidences of her former greatness. But if she could point to nothing more than to the statues and portraits of her three illustrious sons—Dante, Angelo, and Machiavelli—which adorn her unrivalled art-galleries, ought they not to be sufficient to attract attention to her history.

Mr. Trollope sheds much light on many events in Florentine history which have never been satisfactorily explained. No other writer

with whom we are acquainted gives so complete an exposition of the famous feud between the Guelphs and Ghibellines; and he is equally careful and lucid in dealing with the Bianchi and Neri factions. The biographical sketches with which the narrative is interspersed greatly enhance the attractiveness of the work. Thus, for example, his remarks on the exile of Dante, and its probable cause, show that he has fully investigated the subject; but the conclusion he arrives at is not that the author of the *Inferno* was a true patriot, but, on the contrary, that the bitter ingratitude he had experienced from the Republic, inspired him with an implacable hatred even of his native city.

Of the author's style we should speak in different terms, did we attempt to criticise the work; but that task we postpone until the whole is before us. We can only say now, in general terms, that while Mr. Trollope succeeds in compressing a large amount of information into his pages, and seldom fails to inspire confidence in his views, on disputed points, his language is too often far beneath the dignity of history. A history of Florence and her illustrious thinkers ought at least to be free from slang, but such we regret to find is not the case in the present instance, although we must now confine ourselves to one specimen, taken from that passage in which the influence of Italy in the race of civilization is described before her fall, the catastrophe being recorded thus: "She knocked up, and was nowhere." This is in execrable taste; but let us admit that anything so like what in America we call the Bowery style, does not occur often. Upon the whole, then, we accept the work thus far as a valuable contribution to historical literature.

*Voyage de Jacques Cartier au Canada en 1534.* Nouvelle édition, publiée d'après l'édition de 1598. Par M. H. MICHELANT, avec deux cartes, documents inédits sur Jacques Cartier, et le Canada, communiqués par M. Alfred Ramé. 16mo. Paris: Libraire Tross, 1865.

THE contents of this quaint and curious work should be much more interesting to Americans than to Frenchmen, since it is we whom they concern most. Cartier's plain and unvarnished account of his discoveries is given in the same orthography and the same words in which it was originally penned by the old captain, more than three centuries ago. His address to the reader, and a poem with some pretensions to merit, "Sur le voyage de Canadas," as well as the charters allowed by the king, are equally unchanged. Yet, perhaps, the most interesting part of the whole book is the author's account of the language of the aborigines. First he shows how they count, as follows: Segala, 1; Tigneny, 2; Asche, 3; Honnacon, 4, &c. Then he gives the names they apply to the different parts of the body, thus: La teste (the head), aggourzy, le front (the face), hetguenyascon, les jambes, agongrienehonde, &c. We are sure that our archaeological and historical societies will be glad to have their attention called to the work; and accordingly we do not hesitate to recommend it

to them; although we are not aware that a copy of it is to be found in New York, except our own.

*The Charter of Smith's Home for Aged Indigent Mothers, granted by the Legislature of Maine, March 3, 1862; organized October 23, 1863; together with the Deed of a Real Estate Endowment of the Institution. By FRANCIS O. J. SMITH; also his Letter, explanatory of the designs of the Corporation; also, the By-Laws of the Corporation, and names of its officers, and Board of Managers, 1865. Portland: 1865.*

WE take up this pamphlet in order to present an example of the noblest generosity and benevolence to those who have the means of imitating it. Although the title indicates the nature of the good done, we will give an extract or two from the explanatory letter of the donor, premising that they deserve to be printed in gold, as doing honor to human nature. We know nothing of the circumstances of the gentleman who makes this magnificent grant; we do not know whether he has a family of his own, or whether he is a married man or a bachelor. All we know about him is, what is evident from his thoughts and his acts, namely, that he is a true philanthropist, and a man of high culture. In his Explanatory Letter to the corporators, dated Forrest Home, Westbrook (Maine), November 5, 1863. Mr. Smith says:

"GENTLEMEN—With this I deliver to you a conditional conveyance in fee simple, with warranty against incumbrance, of the real estate I have designed as the foundation of what I trust will prove an enduring and prosperous beneficent institution for a goodly number of aged indigent mothers, conjoined with the opportunity, in the conditions of my grant, for other humanely disposed donors to provide a home for many aged, indigent females, not of the preferred class of mothers.

"The building upon the premises is now in progress of rapid completion, and will be ready for occupation in the early part of next summer. The massiveness of the stone and brick walls, and fire-proof brick ceilings, rendered a second season necessary to their thorough drying, before plastering; but this has been had, and the plaster work is nearly completed, as is also much of the carpenter work. It contains twelve comfortable bed rooms in the two stories above the basement, besides a room of double the size of the others, on the first floor for a sitting room, and one of the same size in the second story for the use of the sick. In the attic are ample rooms for the servants, and in the basement is a spacious dining room, a conveniently large kitchen, wash room, bath room, store closet—and in the rear a large brick cistern, a vegetable room and apartments for fuel. Still other apartments are provided and will be alluded to below. The main building is fifty-two feet six inches by thirty-three feet, with an L, thirty-one by twenty-six feet, and iron girders throughout, with slate and tin roof, having two dormer windows on the rear side and three on the front.

"The area of ground embraced in my conveyance, conjunctively with a perpetual right to the use of adjoining streets in common with adjacent owners, will be sufficient to secure to the inmates of the institution, at all times, a pure atmosphere, and the quietude of retirement; and yet a proximity to neighbors, that will exclude all sense of loneliness."

From some observations which follow this passage we learn that the "Aged Indigent Mothers' Home" is in view of the sea, and in every other respect beautifully situated. The donor does not content himself with

merely giving aged and indigent mothers a support; he also provides for every rational enjoyment, mental and physical, of which women of their age can be supposed to be capable. He has transferred to the trustees his own library, consisting of some two or three thousand volumes, the accumulation of a man of taste and means for nearly half a century. In addition to this he allows them ample grounds for exercise and recreation in the open air, as may be seen from the following extract:

"The area of ground reserved in front of the Home, directed in my grant to be forever maintained and cultivated exclusively as pleasure and ornamental ground, while it will contribute to the pleasurable results of health and seclusion already named, will always furnish, besides, to such of them as may still cherish a fondness of early years for watching and nursing the growth of plants, flowers, and shrubbery—some of which may be associated in their minds with the most cherished memories of life—the opportunity of indulging their favorite pastime, and will contribute potently therein to the enlargement of happiness to their declining years."

There is not much likelihood that any of those New York millionaires who pretend to make such large contributions towards the payment of the national debt will endow an institution of this kind. It is not probable, for example, that "Commodore" Vanderbilt will; he who monopolizes so many of our railroads and steamships, although we can assure him that it would redound vastly more to his honor than certain other performances of his, including that of driving so many fast horses to death because they are far more spirited and generous than himself. True, the commodore, with the pious white cravat, is but one millionaire, but *ex uno disce omnes*.

#### EDUCATION AND SCIENCE.

*Address and Poem, delivered before the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, D. C., at the grand Annual Celebration, January 19, 1865. The Address by JAMES A. WISE; the Poem by R. ROSS PERRY. Washington, 1865.*

THE faults to which young orators and writers are chiefly prone are exaggeration and an ambitious style. They are too apt to think that, however striking an idea may be in itself, it becomes mean and commonplace if clothed in plain, simple language. It is in vain that they read the contrary in their text books a hundred times, and have it lucidly explained to them as often by their professors or teachers; it is only by a careful and patient course of training—by pointing out those defects to them again and again, as they occur in their own essays that they can be taught to appreciate the difference between an inflated style and a chaste style, or between language that is vigorous and energetic and that which is flabby and weak.

When, therefore, the language of the student is found terse and pointed, it may be taken for granted, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that he has undergone the severe discipline to which we have alluded,



especially if he exhibits good common sense in his reasoning; for there are but few, even among educators, who are capable of estimating the influence of culture on the faculty which we call by that name, although a moment's reflection would show that what teaches us to reason, and consequently to distinguish right from wrong, and truth from error, must necessarily improve our understanding. But in the present case we should regard the course of training and discipline as good though the style were inflated, the reasoning illogical, and the common sense near akin to nonsense, partly because the reputation of Georgetown College is a guarantee for thoroughness, and partly because there is a certain class of minds so like the barren heath that no amount of cultivation will fertilize them. The fact is pleasanter as it is, however; the address of Mr. Wise exhibits the qualities we have spoken of to a considerable extent, as will presently be seen, although by this we do not mean that it makes any near approach to perfection, or that there is not much room for improvement on the part of the author. It is as the effort of a student who has but recently graduated that we admire and commend it, and we do so because the most that can be expected from the best colleges in the world is to prepare the mind for the acquisition of knowledge, and render it capable of making proper use of that knowledge when acquired. The history of all great thinkers, from Pythagoras and Plato to Kepler, Newton, and Locke, proves this. Some, indeed, attain to eminence at once after they leave college, or even before they leave it, but they are so very few that they can be regarded only as exceptions. The reader will, therefore, understand us, and not think we bestow any unmerited praise, when we present the following extract from the opening of Mr. Wise's address, with the observation that there are those who have occupied for a decade the position of a public writer, who could not express themselves in more appropriate language, or compress a larger amount of enlightened thought into the same space:

"A brief glance at the history of mankind, from the earliest ages of the world, exhibits an insatiable desire of insuring to themselves a government of lasting security, whilst at the same time it reveals a restlessness under control, and a personal love of power. With a world before them—without wisdom or experience—condemned to grope blindly amidst perplexity and uncertainty, they might be truly said to have succeeded to a 'heritage of woe' when they became 'lords of themselves.' Accordingly, we find them progress slowly, but not surely; and the experience of the world presents a picture of dissatisfaction and dissension, increased in proportion to the multiplication of the human race, striving to effect the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, the great ends of all civil institutions, but unable to ascertain any means by which the same are secured. The patriarchal power becomes too weak for a refractory people, where reverence for age and the family tie are ineffectual checks upon the passions of a deluded multitude. The imperial seizes upon the mind, dazzles the imagination, and entwines the subject in its glossy meshes ere he is aware, frustrating the hope of personal security and happiness; and, whilst pandering to the ambition and avarice of his ruler, he but extends the sphere of his misery, by aiding to enslave others under 'universal empire.' As-

syria, Persia, Greece, and Rome flourish and decay. Still works the restless spirit of change and vague political desire. The student of political science turns almost in vain to history, when he asks for a government, the fundamental principle of which is security, lasting security. We ask almost in vain for the form of government and the set of principles that will make men for allegiance, are the only *desiderata* asked by the subject; happy, and keep them so. Protection and security, in return, but history rarely shows him where they are attainable, never where they have been lastingly conferred. Political science will teach him, as an elementary principle, that the great features of all good government are, the greatest good to the greatest number; the surrender of the least amount of personal liberty for the better preservation of the rest. But change, change, insecurity, and decay, are stamped upon every government the world has ever seen. The Norman succeeds the Saxon; and laws, customs, manners, and language itself receive the stamp of the conqueror. Again will history point us to houses that have stood for centuries—that have held the wand of power by undisputed title—swept away; a new order of things springing up: while the people are subjected to all the horrors incident to revolution and abrupt change in all those principles of their government on which they had relied for protection. It shows us dynasties falling into decay—it points us to a Cromwell uprooting hereditary power; and again it shows us hereditary power supplanting the short-lived *regime* inaugurated by Cromwell. It shows us the '*ultima ratio regum*,' too often appealed to for the happiness and prosperity of the people, the gordian knot of the right of succession cut by the sword, and it shows us a wild thirst for power, sacrificing the best interests of a helpless people on the altars of unholy ambition."

Not many of our public functionaries, who occupy high positions in virtue of certain oratorical abilities which they are supposed to possess, could express themselves more sensibly or more forcibly than this. Our young author makes some bold but just criticisms on certain tendencies in public opinion and public taste, which we should be pleased to reproduce; but our diminished space will only permit us to observe, in general terms, that in our opinion he possesses an amount of intellectual power, which, if properly exercised, is capable of effecting much good.

We cannot speak in similar terms of the poem in the same pamphlet, entitled "The Ravages of Time," although, as a specimen, of easy and, generally correct, versification, it must be regarded as a clever performance for a student. The difficulty is, that even Georgetown College cannot make a poet when nature has forgotten to supply the germ. Not but there are good thoughts happily and vigorously expressed in these stanzas—nay more, there are those who would be highly offended if it were alleged that they do not possess the true poetic spirit, in whose published works there are not many better lines than these:

"O dark, mysterious time! what tongue can tell  
Thy natal hour? When shall thy funeral knell  
Be rung by spectres grim?  
Creation's dawn beheld thee in thy birth;  
Dissolving nature and the quaking earth  
Shall chant thy requiem hymn.

"The ravages of time! how sad the word,—  
The churchyard, where our brightest hopes interred,  
Tell of a mortal race.  
In Time's vast sepulchre the brooding cares  
Which hover 'round us here, our frenzied fears,  
All find a resting-place."

This is earnest and solemn; still it is but honest prose in the form of poetry. That it gives evidence of a high degree of culture, and a thoughtful, philosophic turn of mind, far be it from us to deny. But this is not sufficient; we should perhaps omit to say so, however, were we not of opinion that there is no commodity less useful than indifferent poetry. We would, therefore, advise the author rather to cultivate prose, at least rest yet awhile, availing himself of the precept of Boileau, as he well may without going beyond his professors:

*"Faites choix d'un censeur solide et salutaire  
Que la raison conduise et le savoir éclaire."*

*Époques Antediluvienne et Celtique au Poitou.* Par A. BROUILLET et A. MEILLET. Svo. Poitiers: Girardin. Paris: Dumoulin, 1865.

HAD a work like this, one giving the antediluvian history of the Celtic race, been written by Irishmen, what an amount of ridicule they would have elicited from a certain class of critics! But here are two scientific men of eminence, that are also favorably known in the literary world, who are not afraid to risk their reputation in either field, by tracing their ancestors back to the time of Noah. If the results of their labors are not sufficient to convince the skeptical they are at least interesting, and form a valuable contribution both to ethnology and geology. Accurate drawings are given of articles found by the authors, and which they think were in use so long ago as 24,000 years; the most remarkable of these are implements of various forms bearing the figures of animals no longer extant. On other articles are found alphabetical characters, which, in the opinion of the authors, are identical with those of the ancient Sanscrit, for which the Hindoos claim an antiquity equally remote. The authors not only maintain that there have been several deluges, but undertake to point out the exact periods at which some of them occurred. It is not necessary that we should accept all this as true before we admit that Messrs. Brouillet and Meillet are entitled to much credit for their extensive and careful researches, although their work must be seen even by those most willing to believe that it is an instructive and interesting work, before they believe that it is of so much importance as it is.

*Reise durch Belgien nach Paris und Burgund.* Von DR. ERNST FÖRSTER. Leipzig, 1865.

This volume is modest, both in size and pretensions, but the lovers of art will find much in it that is at once instructive and entertaining. As the title implies, the author takes a trip to Paris *via* Belgium and Burgundy, his chief object being to make a complete study of Van der Weyden's Last Judgment, in the Hospital of St. Anthony, at Beaune. Dr. Förster is as well known throughout Germany, as an art-critic, as Ruskin is in England; but the views of the former are much more reliable, and exhibit far higher culture, and a more matured taste than those of the latter; although his English rival is a more attractive writer and a more

convincing reasoner. But there is not one of Mr. Ruskin's books that contains so many sound precepts or valuable suggestions as this. The Doctor's sketch of the life of Memling is an instructive and interesting study by itself, and its value is not a little enhanced by the account of the origin of oil painting with which it is accompanied.

Probably the chief attraction of the volume, however, consists in the elaborate description which it gives of the recent alterations in the great Art Museum of the Louvre, and of the important additions that have been made to it within the last seven years. This suggests to the critic some remarks on the compilation of catalogues for art galleries which those of our amateurs, who aspire to manage such institutions, when they make their annual exhibitions, would do well to study.

BELLES-LETTRES.

*Essays in Criticism.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 12mo, pp. 506. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1865.

It is pleasant to see those succeed who always exhibit taste, discrimination, and enterprise as public caterers. Of none can this be said more emphatically than of the publishers of this volume; it afforded us much gratification, therefore, during a recent visit to the modern Athens, to find those gentlemen occupying one of the most elegant and tasteful buildings in the most classic part of the city, in the immediate vicinity of one of the finest public parks in this country. As the Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have had the edifice built expressly to suit the various departments of their constantly increasing business, it is almost needless to say that it lacks no convenience which taste or skill could suggest. Were this the place to describe even what may be called an intellectual temple, there is no one which we would sketch with more pleasure; as it is, let it suffice to remark in passing that the arrangement throughout is truly admirable. The multifarious publications of the house are finely classified, and the different elegant styles of binding which Ticknor & Fields have been the first to introduce into this country, and which are the best specimens the American trade can boast of, contrast gaily and attractively with each other.

Although these remarks have no bearing on the volume before us, we do not think they are altogether inappropriate as an introduction to our impressions of a work so liberal and cosmopolitan in spirit—one whose obvious design is to do justice to foreigners as well as to natives, to Jew well as Gentile, holding merit to be the only rightful claim to the language of approbation, and allowing no immunity to error, let it come from whence it may; no matter in what guise it may appear. It may be said

that we are not entirely free from prejudice in speaking of Professor Arnold's book, because it will be seen that some of his most prominent views are such as we have ourselves earnestly sought to inculcate from time to time in these pages. This we can easily show if the reader will only exercise his memory a little. Indeed, little more is required on our part than to mention some of those views of the author on which he himself lays most stress, and which, in our opinion, deserve that distinction. Thus, the subject of his first article is "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time;" in this he shows the great defects of the existing mode of criticism in England, his remarks applying to American criticism with at least equal force. He shows that criticism in England is either sectarian or political, and consequently that it is impossible for it to be impartial. The following passage from his remarks is as truthful as it is bold and manly:

"For what is at present the bane of criticism in this country? It is that practical considerations cling to it and stifle it; it subserves interests not its own; our organs of criticism are *organs of men and parties* having practical ends to serve, and with them those practical ends are the first thing, and the play of mind the second; so much play of mind as is compatible with the prosecution of those practical ends is all that is wanted. An organ like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, having for its main function to understand and utter the best that is known and thought in the world, existing, it may be said, as just an organ for a free play of the mind, *we have not*; but we have the *Edinburgh Review*, existing as an organ of the old whigs, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the Tories, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *British Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the political dissenters, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Times*, existing as an organ of the common, satisfied, well-to-do Englishman, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that. And so on through all the various fractions, political and religious, of our society; every fraction has, as such, its organ of criticism, but the notion of combining all fractions in the common pleasure of a free, disinterested play of mind meets with no favor."—p. 18.

An ordinary English writer or thinker is sure to speak of anything French, in comparison with anything English, as "Frenchy," "Gallic," &c.; nor does anything German fare better in similar circumstances. English or American writers are, however, not peculiar in this. The writers of all countries possessed of an equal amount of intelligence—or rather the writers whose minds are equally narrow, who know little beyond their own circle—are equally contemptuous in their comparative estimates of their neighbors. Knowledge and reflection are the only remedies against that weakness. But our author proceeds to show that the proverbial arrogance for which we blame our English cousins is produced by their politicians and sectaries. As an instance, he quotes language like the following, from an address by Mr. Adderley to the farmers of Warwickshire: "Talk of the improvement of breed! Why, the race we ourselves represent, the men and women, *the old Anglo-Saxon race, are the best breed in the whole world.*" (p. 20) A similar quotation is given from a speech

by Mr. Roebuck to the Sheffield cutlers; then the author tells us how, after reading both specimens of braggadocia, he meets with the following paragraph in an English paper:

"A shocking child-murder has just been committed at Nottingham. A girl named Wragg left the workhouse there on Saturday morning with her young illegitimate child. The child was soon afterwards found dead on Mapperly Hills, having been strangled. Wragg is in custody."—p. 21.

In commenting on this, he remarks: "How suggestive are those few lines: 'Our old Anglo-Saxon breed, the best in the whole world!'—how much that is harsh and ill-favored there is in this best! *Wragg!*" Further on he says: "In Ionia and Attica they were luckier in this respect than 'the best race in the world;' by the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing! And 'our unrivalled happiness,'—what an element of grimness, bareness, and hideousness mixes with it and blurs it; the *workhouse*, the dismal Mapperly Hills—how dismal those who have seen them will remember—the gloom, the smoke, the cold, the strangled illegitimate child! \* \* \* The sex lost in the confusion of our unrivalled happiness; or shall I say the superfluous Christian name lopped off by the straightforward vigor of our old Anglo Saxon breed!"—(p. 22.)

Now be it remembered that he is no foreigner who speaks in this style but one of the most distinguished professors at Oxford. After having rendered it obvious to the most thoughtless, how foolish and pernicious this national boasting is, he proceeds to show what incalculable good, true, legitimate criticism is capable of doing; but he takes care to explain that it will be neither true nor legitimate as long as it is merely local; that, in short, English critics must be as independent and cosmopolitan as the continental critics before they can expect to do much good:

"But, after all, the criticism I am really concerned with—the criticism which alone can much help us for the future, the criticism which, through out Europe, is at the present day meant, when so much stress is laid on the importance of criticism and the critical spirit—is a criticism which regards Europe as being, *for intellectual and spiritual purposes*, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and *working to a common result*, and whose members have, *for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another*. Special, local, and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will, *in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, make most progress which most thoroughly carries out this programme*."—pp. 36, 37.

This is true philosophy; the best evidence of an enlightened and liberal mind. But the whole article must be read in order to be appreciated. How well it becomes a professor of one of the two famous and venerable English universities to proclaim to his countrymen that the French Academy is a model which England would do well to imitate if she could! for this is the predominant idea in the very interesting and instructive article entitled "The Literary Influence of Academies." The author pays Richelieu, the illustrious founder of the Academy, the high tribute which he deserves from every true friend of science, literature,

or intellectual progress. Having shown what a powerful and valuable influence the Academy has exercised not only on the thinkers of France, but on those of all Europe, illustrating his views by many brilliant and suggestive observations, he concludes by warning his readers once more against that most characteristic weakness of the Anglo-Saxon race which leads it to imagine that it surpasses all other races in all things:

"But then every one amongst us, with any turn for literature, will do well to remember to what shortcomings and excesses, which such an academy tends to correct, we are liable; and the more liable, of course, for not having it. He will do well constantly to try himself in respect of these, steadily to widen his culture, severely to check in himself the provincial spirit; and he will do this the better the more he keeps in mind that all *mere glorification by ourselves of ourselves or our literature*, in the strain of what, at the beginning of these remarks, I quoted from Lord Macaulay, is both *vulgar*, and, besides being vulgar, retarding."—p. 72.

Now, we may ask our readers how often have we urged views of this kind during the last five years? We would have continued to do so had Professor Arnold never spoken, because we believe they are just; but we are not the less glad on this account to find that our author advocates them so boldly. We have yet only glanced at two of his papers; there are twelve in the book; and the remaining ten are, on an average, at least as good as these two. To many the majority will be much more interesting; if, indeed, they be not so to all, especially those papers on Heine, Spinoza, Joubert, and Maurice de Guérin. To the classical student, the most attractive, if not the most useful, will be the two chapters on translating Homer. It is a pity that Lord Derby did not see these before he ventured to publish his translation; and yet we have some reason to doubt whether our author himself could have given us a good version of the *Iliad* had he acted on the advice, which he says he has often received from his friends, to undertake that task. The titles we have mentioned show that Professor Arnold takes a wide scope; but he adverts to many topics which none would expect under such heads. Thus, for example, he makes some rather sharp and not very complimentary criticisms on the United States in the paper entitled a "French Eton." We make room for one extract, which must be the last:

"But why do they refuse to perceive, that, apart from all class-jealousy of aristocracies towards a democratic republic, there existed in the most impartial and thoughtful minds a profound dissatisfaction with the spirit and tendencies of the old American Union, a strong aversion to their unchecked triumph, a sincere wish for the disciplining and correcting of them? And what were the old United States but a colossal expression of the English *middle-class spirit*, somewhat more accessible to ideas there than here, because of the democratic air it breathed; *much more arrogant and overweening there than here*, because of the absence of all check and counterpoise to it,—but there, as here, full of *rauceness, hardness, and imperfection*; there, as here, greatly needing to be liberalized, enlarged, and ennobled, before it could with advantage be suffered to assert itself absolutely? All the energy and success in the world could not have made the United States admirable so long as their spirit had this imperfection. Even if they had



overrun the whole earth, their old national style would have still been detestable, and Mr. Beecher would have still been a heated barbarian."—p. 498.

It is not pleasant to have the tone of American society so recently as before the rebellion compared to "the English middle-class spirit;" still less pleasant is it to be styled "arrogant and overweening," and then accused of "ranness, hardness, and imperfection," not to mention his regarding our great Beecher as "a heated barbarian." It is but too evident that our author has not as high an opinion of the latter gentleman as himself and many of his friends have. It might have been different, however, had he heard some of his classic jokes in the pulpit of Plymouth Church some fine Sabbath morning, after the pews in that sacred edifice brought an unusually high price at auction. At all events, we must not blame him, since he is equally free and unceremonious in dealing with the Beechers of England, whom he is ill-natured enough to regard not as divines, but as fourth-rate politicians, whose teachings have a tendency to vitiate the public taste.

*Sybil: A Tragedy in Five Acts.* By JOHN SAVAGE. 12mo., pp. 105. New York: James B. Kirker, 1865.

We find a new edition of this drama on our table as we are preparing to go to press; and we think it has sufficient merit to justify us in glancing at it even at so unseasonable a time. We believe it has been well received on the stage in all our principal cities; although we confess we have never seen it represented; indeed never read it until the present hour. Our first wish, on perusing it so far as to make ourselves familiar with the plot, was that the author had chosen a better subject; which would have been vain had he not impressed us strongly. Yet we were so much dissatisfied with the first act, with its matter, its style, and what may be called its morals, or rather its want of morals, that more than once we were almost provoked to throw the book aside. We thought that much was not to be expected from a five-act tragedy which opens as follows:

*Wolfe.* Our new member is not stirring yet.

*1st Gent.* No—thanks to your sleight of hand last night. I should not be surprised if he didn't stir for a month.

*2d Gent.* I never saw a jollier initiation!

*Bar.* He may not be so jolly when he's sober.

*Wolfe.* Oh, he won't remember his assaults on our friend Lowe: eh, Cardinal?

*Lowe.* But I'll take care he shall.

*Wolfe.* He's young and inexperienced; and the deeds of wine evaporate with its effects.

*Bar.* I never saw a wilder fellow in his cups."

Nor do we think even now that this is a suitable introduction, but the reverse. We are only surprised that an author who displays such good taste, and such power of language, in each of the other four acts,

should have commenced in a manner so ill calculated to prepossess either the auditor or the reader. But no sooner does he commence the second act than he proceeds to prove, without any effort, that he is capable of awakening very different emotions. His thoughts flow rapidly, yet so vigorously and happily are they expressed that they make a deep and lasting impression. It was on feeling this that we expressed the wish alluded to. Still we admit that he had a perfect right to select the subject he has, since the strictest rules, even of the Stagyrite, allow the poet to illustrate, and even adopt, whatever views are sustained by public opinion among the people for whom he writes. Thus, if he were writing a drama for the Mahomedans, it would be perfectly right for him, in a poetical sense, to regard polygamy as a pious and good, if not a divine, institution; and if he were writing for a Hindoo audience, there would be the utmost propriety in making his catastrophe consist of the immolation of an inconsolable widow to the manes of her husband. If polygamy or self-immolation is wrong in itself, the poet is no more to blame for it than Homer is for the quarrels of Jupiter with his divine spouse, Juno, or for the misconduct of any of the minor gods or goddesses; since his chief business is to portray the manners of the time, to imitate on the stage what is done in real life. Then, as it is notorious that, if a young lady, or even an old lady, in this country, is seduced, she may make a heroine of herself by shooting or stabbing her seducer, or by employing a second or third lover to do so for her, it must be admitted that Mr. Savage has a perfect right to portray such a character as Sybil, the heroine of the present tragedy; although the tendency of his doing so is clearly to encourage delicate women to commit the most indelicate and most cruel acts. But before we make any further comments, let us see how our heroine conducts herself. The first scene in the first act discovers her in a wood practising with a pistol at a target, in order that she may possess sufficient skill to assassinate her seducer:

*Sybil.* Thank Heaven, I fail not; each unerring shot  
Is certain intimation of revenge,  
And daily gives me courage to live on. (*Moves.*)  
Without this all-sustaining, grateful hope,  
The solitude I breathe were death: and death  
That might have been a heav'nly gift, ere fled  
My happy childhood trembling from my heart  
(As though affrighted by its haughty blood),  
Would now be that most unforgiving curse  
This wilful, woful, wretched brain could bear.  
Five years, like monumental marbles rise  
Above my girlish beauty, and record  
The gnawing consciousness of coarse deceit,  
The bitter anguish of defrauded hopes,  
Mocked aims; the loss of name, position, love;  
The loss of all those dear amenities  
That should have been the guerdon and the guide,  
The life itself of the proud, withered youth beneath. (*Weeps.*)

These are fine thoughts. There is true poetry in them; but they rest on a dangerous basis. In any case revenge is unchristian; it is particularly unworthy of woman; but we are only at the beginning of its development in the present case. As we proceed, we are reminded of the sentiment put by Voltaire into the mouth of Zaire, in his celebrated tragedy of that name:

"Je vois avec mépris ces *maximes terribles*,  
Lui font de tant de rois des tyrans invisibles."

The following is a very fine passage; we remember nothing of the kind so replete with the spirit of cold calculating vengeance, and yet so pathetic, save a somewhat similar scene in Otway's "Venice Preserved." We do injustice to the author by giving only a fragment, but our limited space in this department does not admit any more:

"*Sybil* (rising). Why do I weep? Have I not said the word  
That should dry up those fountains of the eye  
Which are the tender emblems of affection!  
Tears! What right have I with tears? I, whose lone hope  
Feeds on sparks that iron destiny  
Strikes from the heart that's hardened into flint.  
O woman! image of all feebleness  
Art thou. These garments are its badges. How long  
Must I still crave for retribution?  
A day, an hour would have given to a man  
That prompt revenge which I have sought for years.  
(*Muses*.) Fool that I was to have denied his suit.  
Why did I not at least accept his *hand*—  
The hand of man! He is an avenger  
Sent from heaven, and I have cast him off.  
What is love, life, or fear, or joy to me,  
That I should weigh distinctions?  
What is his love to me, that I should fear  
To use it for my hate? He still is mine  
If I but say it; and not to say it,  
Is to fling away the weapon heaven sent.  
I cannot doubt his love! His love—ha! ha! ha!  
Man's love! that brilliant shroud for infamy.  
(*Pauses*.) Eustace Clifden, thou art mine; I take thy hand  
And place within it all my woes, my wrongs,  
My pent-up, silent-growing rage of years.  
I take thy hand as Judith took the sword  
That freed her from the libertine.  
Oh, how near losing, by a word, was I,  
The means of making vengeance perfect.  
Yet while I plan, perchance he flies the place,  
And leaveth nothing but his heart behind.  
I claim his hand—his *hand* is all I need."—pp. 52, 53.

This does not breathe much tenderness for the new lover, but rather shows that she only wants to use him to gratify her passion for revenge. Nor is this strange or inconsistent, but on the contrary, since she who would murder one lover would be likely to murder another quite as

readily if he disappointed her in a similar manner. But would the murder of either add to her virtue, or would it repair her virtue if it were injured? Would any person capable of distinguishing right from wrong respect her more because she assassinates her seducer than if she had pursued the more modest and more womanly course of seeking to hide her misfortune from the world? It is a precept of the wisest of mankind that frequent opportunities and importunities will overcome the greatest virtue. If this be true, it follows that a woman may be seduced and still be virtuous. At worst, the fault is one of nature; but it is only the lower animals that naturally betake themselves to mutual slaughter; but even among the carnivorous kind, including the bloodthirsty panther it is not natural for the female to waylay the male and tear out his heart, while, perhaps, he expects rather to be caressed than butchered! It is vastly better for her own sake—vastly more conducive to the cause of virtue—to inculcate on woman that, if she errs, she must bear the consequences of it; that, if she wants redress for any wrong done her, she should rather appeal to the laws of her country, like an orderly citizen, than take them into her own hands and violate them, like a disorderly one.

If such is her disposition, however, that is, if she is lost to the mild and generous impulses of her sex, then she should be addressed in the language which the greatest of the Greek tragic poets puts into the mouth of Orestes in addressing his own mother:

“And since thou kill’st the man thou should’st have spared,  
The man that now should spare thee can but kill.”

But we must give another extract or two from the *Sybil* before we close. The heroine admits to Clifden, her second lover, in the third scene of the third act, that her hand had been wooed and won by another

“With bright audacity and subtle force,” &c

Then she goes to the book-case for her pistol and continues:

“*Sybil*. Daily, for five long years, I’ve practised with  
This instrument of death. Here, in these woods,  
I’ve daily held a calm devotion, where  
Hate is the deity and vengeance dark  
The officiating votaress. Love yet!—ha!  
For years I’ve toiled with this delusive dream—  
Retribution! But what can woman do—  
Where seek—how find her victim? Ah, think you,  
Eustace Clifden, could I have met my foe,  
I would divide the glory of this work  
Of gnawing vengeance! No! this eye and hand  
Are strangers to a woman’s fears.”

This is not womanly, although, as we have said, the poet has a

right to reproduce what passes in real life, however wrong or pernicious it is. But if it be true that men, far from being prevented from accepting a woman's hand by the knowledge of her dishonor, are only prompted to seize it the more eagerly, then it would follow that the loss sustained is not very great after all—at least, not so great as to render it worth while to commit murder for it. But let us hear what passes between the new lovers :

*Sybil.* Stay—be warned—  
Never was man to such conditions brought,  
As you to those by which you claim my love.  
*Clif.* Hear me, thou just impartial heaven !  
To stand between this woman and her wrongs—  
To take her heart and shrive it of its hate,  
To make her woes my own—  
*Sybil.* Do not mock me,  
The barrier cannot, must not be o'erstepped.  
*Clif.* I swear by this fair hand—  
*Sybil.* Swear not, and be free :  
The hand you clasp is a dishonored hand !  
*Clifden* (*recoils and drops her hand*).  
*Sybil* (*with calm passion*). Who takes my hand must take the weapon from it.  
My husband must avenge his wife's dishonor.  
*Clif.* (*claspng her hand.*) Thy hand, thy hate is mine.  
*Sybil.* The oath.  
*Clif.* I swear,  
(*Sybil, overcome, hysterically falls into Clifden's arms.*)"

The man who is thus doomed is, of course, a fiend, a monster, a vile miscreant, whereas he might have been a very good sort of person had he married the lady, or *could* he have married her. Whether the matter was beyond his control or not, die he must ; and it is not only a pardonable, but a meritorious thing to cut his throat or perforate his heart whenever an opportunity offers. Sybil relents a little, however, in the fourth act, for she addresses her lord and vindicator as follows, wishing to revoke his oath :

" For the dear sake of that new-born blessing  
Your love has given my nature, hear me."

These little compunctions do not last long, however, for on the very next page we find her urging him as follows :

" Better he should die  
Better we should all die !  
Strike him Clifden—  
Strike and fear nothing ! Husband, strike deep—  
Strike to his very heart ! Strike ! Strike ! Strike !"  
(*Falls, overcome.*)

Nor does she feel any remorse when he is dead ; but, on the contrary, she triumphs in the deed, because she has little doubt that her husband

will be acquitted when she has had time to display her charms and bring to bear

"The fact's full force upon the jury's ear."

It is almost superfluous to say that she was entirely right in her faith in the jury, although she addresses one of that honorable body as follows :

"You smile to think  
She needs protection :—*Pho!* all women do.  
You will not speak to me—go to, coward,  
And you, thou low-browed homily on man."

There is no doubt but the portraiture of our heroine is a truthful one ; so is that of her husband, the very gallant person who had not brains enough to get a wife without imbruing his hands in the blood of his neighbor ; but neither is truer to nature than the sketch which we are presented of the jury that so readily acquitted the assassin. Still we think that the forte of Mr. Savage does not lie in making assassins of gentle women ; there are several of his poems in "Faith and Fancy," any of which possesses more genuine merit than *Sybil*, as we may take occasion to prove in a future number, but without any attempt to deny that the drama thus hurriedly glanced at entitles the author to high rank as a dramatist.

*The Poetry of the Orient.* By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. 16mo. pp. 337. Boston : Roberts Brothers, 1865.

THERE is much that is curious, interesting, and beautiful in this little volume ; but it is very awkwardly arranged. This is all the more to be regretted because the book is clearly and neatly printed on fine paper, and tastefully bound. With a little care, the reader will, of course, be able to find all ; but from its peculiar character an index would have greatly enhanced the value of the work. Instead of an index, however, the editor has given us an exceedingly clumsy and imperfect table of contents ; and such as the latter is, it is devoted almost exclusively to the topics which occur in his own Introduction. Thus the "contents" fill two pages, but only *three lines* refer to the body of the work ; the difference being, that while the introduction, with its copious extracts, extends only to ninety-two pages, the remaining matter occupies two hundred and forty-five pages.

True, in one sense this is an advantage, for the reader will meet with many a gem in his explorations to which there is not the slightest allusion in the table of contents. It is, indeed, better that we should be obliged to search in this way than to be led to expect what is not to be found, by either misrepresentation or exaggeration. If the book were but one of the inanities which are most common at the present day, we should not care whether it had an index or table of contents, but think it was well if it had neither ; but when we know that the larder is

unusually rich and varied, we decidedly prefer to have a bill of fare, so that we may be able to gratify our taste at once with just the dish we want.

We have, however, no further fault to find with Mr. Alger. In his introduction he gives an interesting sketch of the progress made in recent years in enabling the matter-of-fact and logical West to avail itself of the literature of the imaginative and dreamy East, treating us to a delicious sample here and there of the works of some of the best Oriental poets. As far as his researches have extended, he has made judicious selections; but he has confined himself too exclusively to English and German sources, and generally to such versions as are to be found in periodicals. We do not mean that the latter are less valuable than other versions or selections, for such is not the fact; but a compiler of a work of this kind should always aim at freshness as much as possible, and try to present his reader something they have not previously seen, rather than what they are familiar with from other sources, even though the latter should have more merit than the former. We should not blame Mr. Alger for having overlooked so many fine French versions of the masterpieces of the East had he not informed us that the French language is one of those in which Oriental literature has been accessible to him; and also told us that his habit has been to translate into English whatever favorite specimen he happened to meet in any of the European languages with which he is acquainted, for he does not pretend to understand any Eastern tongue.

We will now give a few specimens from Mr. Alger's selections, but shall be guided more in doing so by peculiarity of thought or sentiment, than poetical merit, since the elements of poetry are everywhere the same. Among no Christian people is the necessity of forgiving even our enemies more strongly inculcated than it is both in Persia and Arabia. Precepts like the following are to be found in a hundred forms throughout the East:

"Learn from yon Orient shell to love thy foe,  
And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe:  
Free, like yon rock, from base, vindictive pride  
Imblaze with gems the wrist that tears thy side."

The thoughts contained in the following lines apply with quite as much force to the West as they do to the East; but we do not remember to have met with them in so striking a form in any European or American poet as that in which they are here presented:

"What is the good man and the wise?  
Oftimes a pearl which none doth prize;  
Or jewel rare, which men account  
A common pebble and despise.  
Set forth upon the world's bazaar,  
It mildly gleams, but no one buys," &c.—p. 17.



All who have paid any attention to the literature of the East are more or less familiar with the character of Firdousi, the Persian Homer and author of the famous *Shâh Nâmeh*; but his satire on the upstart king who failed to reward him as he had promised for his labor, and added insult to injury, is not so well known in the West, although a more trenchant or withering invective has scarcely ever been penned by an indignant member of the *genus irritabile*. We transcribe one stanza from the five given by Mr. Alger :

"Place thou within the spicy nest,  
Where the bright phoenix loves to rest,  
A raven's egg, and mark thou well,  
When the vile bird has chipped his shell;  
Though fed with grain from trees that grow  
Where Salsebil's pure waters flow;  
Though airs from Gabriel's wing may rise  
To fan the cradle where he lies,  
Though long their patient cares endure,  
He proves at last a bird impure."—p. 56.

The Sufis are as much celebrated for their stoical virtue and piety as they are for their strange mysticism. The way of one of their poets of saying "Get thee behind me, Satan," is :

"Turn thou thine eyes from each seducing sight,  
For looking whets the ready edge of appetite."

Of a different character is the following, and a better advice could not be given by all the divines that ever preached :

"Seek wisdom while on earth, as if you were immortal there;  
But virtue, as if death already had you by the hair!"

We had marked many other passages, each of which is remarkable for merit of some kind; but these the reader will have to discover for himself; we have already given more specimens than the claims of other books lying on our table would justify. We can only add that, if, in getting out a new edition, the editor would examine the French versions a little more carefully than he has yet done, culling a gem from them here and there, and then prepare a careful index of the whole, that large and growing class of his countrymen who have a taste for poetry would amply reward him for his pains.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Sixth Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York.* Albany, 1865.

WHEN going to press with our last number, the Superintendent did us the courtesy of sending us as much of the proof sheets of this report as

were then ready; nor did we neglect to note such of his suggestions as seemed to us ought to be generally known and acted upon. There still remains much that is important locked up in his report. We cheerfully bear testimony to the marked improvement which every succeeding annual volume exhibits, and we regard it as a clear proof that he devotes no slight amount of thought and study to the duties of his office. We confess we shall not be entirely satisfied with him, however, until he criticises more than he has hitherto done; we would have him remember for the public benefit the fable of the good-natured paterfamilias who, when he caught a boy in one of his trees stealing apples, first told him to come down in a very gentle, polite manner, and then, when disobeyed, began to throw tufts of grass, until the young scamp began to laugh at his simplicity. Finally the good man tried what virtue there was in stones, and there was no more laughing but an exhibition of a different kind.

Mr. Barnes, too, will have to throw stones, or use the lancet instead of the salve, if he wishes to produce any salutary effect on our insurance swindlers, so as to protect the public from their machinations; and at the same time do justice to those underwriters who want to take no advantage of any one, but are always ready with their checks when the property, or the life they have insured has passed through the conditions that render them liable. That the superintendent has exhibited considerable improvement in this respect, too, far be it from us to deny. In his earlier reports he spoke of our insurance companies as a very tender patriot would of the government of his choice, which, in his eyes at least, had become venerable in its efforts to afford "the largest liberty to the largest number;" but now he acts more like a citizen, *not* subject, who while still loyal begins to think that, after all, the sovereign does not govern by the divine right to which he lays claim, and consequently that some little fault may be found, now and then, with some of his satraps, if not with himself, especially when those functionaries are caught in the act of picking the pockets of their neighbors.

But this is not sufficient. Let the superintendent speak out boldly, name the thief in plain English, without using any needless metaphor, for notwithstanding the great utility of our common schools, there are but few of our people who understand figurative language in any other sense than when the figures relate to the arithmetic of dollars and cents. The celebrated and amiable Fontinelle says that there is no better way to produce a reform than to propose a great many questions which will sometimes seem highly impertinent. We think that if our insurance superintendents, commissioners, &c., would pursue this course insurance companies would not multiply half as fast as they do, and that so large a proportion of the new corporations would not be so much like those numerous petroleum companies which had millions of capital only six months ago, together with inexhaustible oil wells capable of enriching all

who invested their money in them, but which have now neither capital nor wells.

We suppose we need hardly say that we do not mean that all new companies are unreliable; there are several which are entitled to as much confidence as the oldest. Thus, for example, if we had any doubt of the resources of the Morris Fire and Inland Insurance Company it would be readily removed by the report of the commissioners appointed by the superintendent, as required by law, to examine its capital, securities, &c.; which report is printed in full in the volume before us. The commissioners are Chas. E. Whitehead, A. W. Bradford, and F. S. Winston; these gentlemen "certify and report *under oath*," "that the sum of two hundred thousand dollars (\$200,000), the capital of said company, *has been paid in, and is now possessed by the said company, in money*, as required by the eighth section," &c., &c. But be it remembered that this report was made in September, 1864, and that the paid in cash capital amounts now to nearly if not quite \$900,000.

We spoke of the International Insurance Company when it was first started, more than a year ago, as likely to prove a permanent and successful institution; and its operations to the present time fully justify that prediction. Its capital is now over a million, and it has recently secured a charter which empowers it to write marine as well as fire risks. It is now regarded as too close a neighbor to the Metropolitan Fire and Marine, which, we are sorry to learn, has fared rather unfortunately during the late war. We do not pretend to be always right in our opinions, but we thought it was not judicious for the president of the Metropolitan to have discarded his military title just at the time when even the name of a militia "Brigadier-General" exercised great influence. We are informed that the gentleman is now about to resume that title, but we fear that some will be ill-natured enough to attribute the change ("as you were") to the wrong motive. In our opinion, it would have been a better plan to offer to go to the war at once as soon as certain contingencies happened, but forget to do so when the critical moment arrived; although the only evidence we have of the fact, is, that if our memory is correct, this was the course pursued by the worthy vice-president of the Atlantic, who, we are told, has been doing a very good business since.

In speaking of marine affairs, in this part of Wall street, we are reminded of underwriters who have recourse to no stratagems in order to secure the support of intelligent business men. It is hardly necessary for us to mention whom we mean, or to say that we do not mean the insurers of the Sun, since none make a louder outcry than they, under pretence of saving their country. We mean very different men, the officers of the Mercantile Mutual, who have no ambition to make political speeches, or to be regarded as military chieftains; but who, like their equally unostentatious neighbors, of the Columbian Marine, hand out their check with a

good grace as soon as they ascertain that the insured vessel has really been wrecked.

The Croton Fire is still in a struggling condition ; we would suggest to the president that if he could get its life insured for seven years it would be the wisest sort of underwriting he has yet done. He would also do well to take a lesson in the art of making dividends from his sagacious neighbors of the Washington Fire. A few hints from the Hope, too, would be worth going another block or two for ; and Mr. Reese is a benevolent gentleman who would help even his enemy out of the ditch, if so blind that he could not grope his own way.

Life insurance is becoming more and more popular, as it well deserve to be, when legitimately conducted ; but the public cannot understand too well that it is not those companies that make the loudest pretensions and use the largest figures on paper that are readiest with their checks at the critical moment. Thus, for example, there are half a dozen companies whose policies we should much rather have than that of the Mutual, although Mr. Winston is a very pious man, one of the most active members of the great Society for sending the Bible to the heathen. We do not know that the president of the New York Life ever sings a psalm ; we are pretty certain that he rarely, if ever, attends political or sectarian meetings for the purpose of showing off, for the simple reason that he is always at his post ; and yet we should much rather have his policy for \$10,000, than that of the oratorical, pious president for \$20,000.

How remarkable it is that it is those of our insurance people who can speak least to any purpose that are most anxious to display their eloquence, and *vice versa* ! Those who can speak eloquently and with effect have the good sense to bear in mind that in becoming underwriters they are expected not to be talkers, but doers. Thus, for example, there is not one of the fraternity who knows how to hold his tongue better than the president of the Equitable Life, who has not only been a senator in a neighboring State, but also President of the senate, having won both positions by his eloquence. We will give one other instance : What underwriter in America has less to say, or makes less noise than the president of the New England Mutual Life ?—a gentleman who has been brought up to the bar, and whose oratorical and legal talents secured him a seat on the bench. He regards the duties of a life underwriter as still more important, and more useful when faithfully discharged, than even those of a judge ; he attends to them accordingly, and the triumphant result is notorious, for no other company anywhere has a higher prestige at this moment, or one better deserved, than his.

There is not one of our life companies which is making better progress in well-doing than the Knickerbocker. Much of this success is due to its judicious selection of agents ; such as Mr. Nichols at Baltimore, and Mr. Johnson at Chicago. If all life underwriters would bear in mind, like the

President of the Knickerbocker, that in order to be efficient in the business of life insurance, the distant agent, as well as the home officer, should not only be an educated man, but one possessed of considerable talent, they would find it the cheapest plan in the long run, although expensive at the beginning.

It is the want of these qualifications, perhaps, quite as much as a scarcity of funds, that renders it necessary for the State Superintendent to speak as follows: "The North American Life Insurance Company, on the 11th day of April, 1863 (chap. 118), also procured an amendment to its charter, allowing that Corporation to insure against injury to persons while travelling. *This privilege should be repealed*, although practically it has remained a *dead letter* on the statute-book, and accident policies are not issued by the Company."\* We believe the difficulty is, that very few, if any, have asked for them in that quarter; and it may be remembered that we ventured to predict as much when the "amendment" referred to was proclaimed by the Company.

Nor can we speak in much more encouraging terms now of another accident affair, entitled, "Travellers' Insurance Company of Hartford." We may be mistaken, but we should rather have our little finger safe than to have a \$5,000 policy from the Hartford concern. By this we do not mean to allege that accident insurance may not prove a blessing to thousands; on the contrary, none have more faith in the principle. We have no doubt, for example, that many a family which might otherwise suffer the severest privations, will obtain substantial relief from a company like the National Life and Travellers' Insurance, of this city, which has the means as well as the disposition, to redeem its policies, whether on life or limb, and whose President, Mr. Edward A. Jones, is no novice who has failed in other business, but an experienced and accomplished underwriter.

As an instance of what life insurance can do, when really secured that is when obtained in the right quarter, we may mention that a lady with five children, who had just lost her husband, and had no other means of support left, recently received a check for eleven thousand dollars (\$11,000) from the United States Life Insurance Company of this city, for a policy on the life of her husband, who, it seems, had been paying premiums only for three years.

*La Musique et les Instruments musicales.* Par JACQUES DE LEMBERT, élève du Consistoire musicale. 16mo., pp. 227. Paris: Maynoud Frères, 1865.

In this little work there is much that is interesting to all who take an interest in "the concord of sweet sounds," so much, indeed, that, had it reached us in time, we should have given an elaborate review of it. As

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\* Ins. Report, p. lxxxi.

it is, we must necessarily confine ourselves to a few general remarks; merely sufficient to indicate the character of the work, so that the curious may know where to find good things if they only think proper to seek them. A very interesting feature in the book is the full and generally accurate sketches which it gives of the principal instrument manufacturers of Europe.

It takes notice of only one American house; but this it ranks with the best of Europe. Since the work is edited by a musical artist who has made ample preparation for the task, it is almost superfluous to say that the one thus distinguished is that of the Messrs. Steinway & Sons, New York. He does not confine himself to merely noting the fact; among the evidences he adduces in support of it, are the medals they have received at more than one of the great European exhibitions, certain instruments imported from New York, by dealers in Berlin and Brussels, and one ordered to Mexico from the same house, by the Emperor Maximilian, after his majesty had assisted at some performances on Steinway pianos by members of his court. Although it is no news to our readers that the instruments mentioned are the best manufactured in this country, and that they are not excelled in any country, it is nevertheless pleasant to learn that our ingenious and enterprising fellow-citizens receive abroad, as well as at home, the tribute of approbation which they so eminently deserve.

*Sixth Annual Report of the Comptroller, exhibiting the Receipts and Expenditures of the County Government for the year 1864.* Pamphlet, pp. 191. New York, 1865.

At first sight, this is not a very inviting document to the general reader; but on examination it proves much more interesting than its title or external appearance would lead the most sanguine to expect. That it possesses one recommendation, at all events, none will deny—namely, that of giving a lucid and straightforward account of the financial affairs of the county during the past year. There is no attempt to conceal expenses or to magnify receipts; no effort to deceive the taxpayers by spurious principles of political economy. Almost the first idea that suggests itself to us, on turning over the pages of the Report, is the large number of high-salaried functionaries with whom the county is burdened. Those who glance at these salaries will scarcely wonder that the debt of the county amounts to nearly eleven millions (\$10,804,900), although, had all who received them done their duty, it would not have reached half that figure, even including the enormous claims for damages founded on the great riot of July, 1863, and amounting, according to the figures now before us, to \$643,560.80.

None will deny that our District Attorney has enough to do, if he would only do it; still less will it be denied, we think, that he is pretty

well paid for his services. During the last year his office cost the city \$20,000—his own personal salary amounting to \$7,000—\$1,500 more than that of any of the Judges of the Supreme Court; \$2,000 more than that of the City Judge, and \$1,000 more than that of the Recorder or the Judge of the Marine Court. If, however, he were not to allow half as many malefactors to escape as he does, because it requires too much time and labor to prosecute them earnestly and vigorously, he would be worth not only the \$7,000, but considerably more. As it is, we think that his services for the past year would have been amply remunerated by \$5,000; nor have we seen much sign, thus far, that he will have earned his salary for the present year much better.

The Supreme Court costs the county \$62,444; the Superior Court, \$71,633.32; the Court of Common Pleas, \$43,700; the Marine Court, \$32,700; the Surrogate's Court, \$17,898.97; the Court of General Sessions, \$23,400, &c. Considering the vast interests which he controls, and the great responsibility resting upon him, there is not one of our public functionaries who receives a more moderate salary than the Comptroller, the amount allowed him by the Board of Supervisors for 1864 being only \$2,500. He would have deserved twice the amount had he done nothing more than to frustrate the fraudulent schemes of the gas monopolies against the city. In closing his Report he makes a suggestion which few will think uncalled for or superfluous, as follows:

"The Comptroller takes this occasion to urge upon your Honorable Body the necessity of the most rigid economy in relation to the public expenses under your control, in order to avoid a further increase of the Public Debt, and also to lessen as far as possible the burden of taxation for the current expenses of the County Government."

Another officer who receives a moderate salary, and earns a liberal one, is the County Clerk; at least this seems to be admitted on all hands as true of the gentleman who occupies that position at present. But we must forbear further comment until we see the Annual Report for the city; it is the latter which gives the large figures, and shows that there is not a city in the world which it costs so much to govern, and yet, is governed so badly, as New York.



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*Statesmanship*, English, Phases of, article on, 96—essays, 98—English history, 100—Macanlay and Lewis contrasted, *ib.*—our statesmanship bears a close resemblance to Great Britain, 101—whig aristocracy, *ib.*—tory administration, 102—reform bill, 103—whigs progressive, *ib.*— Tories supporters of the royal prerogative, *ib.*—conservatives, 104—prominent leaders of the party, 105—prominent whigs, 106—the five prominent statesmen of England, *ib.*—Lord Castlereagh, 107—emancipation of Roman Catholics, 108—Caning as a statesman, 110—Lord Grenville aspires to the premiership, 111—character of Lord Grey, 112—his failure as a statesman, 113—Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell,

*ib.*—Peel's administration, *ib.* *et seq.*—Russell as a debater, *ib.*—his parliamentary talents, 115—Lord Derby not of highest repute as a statesman, 116—Lord Palmerston, 118—his power of inspiring confidence, *ib.*

*Trollope*, T. A., his *History of Florence* noticed, 194-5.

*Wade*, James A., his *Address* reviewed, 397-9.

*Wallenstein*, article on, 27—played a conspicuous part in Europe, *ib.*—his career a most brilliant one, *ib.*—was of ancient noble family, 29—early left an orphan, *ib.*—only the coarse and illiterate are beyond the control of feminine influence, 30—campaign in 1617, 31—Europe disturbed by religious disputes, 32—Ferdinand of Austria, 33—his reign opens with war in the Palatinate, *ib.*—he enjoys a momentary peace, *ib.*—resources of the king uncertain, *ib.*—the King of Denmark called to aid the Union princes, 34—Wallenstein proposes to raise an army at his own expense,

35—powerful ally to Ferdinand, *ib.*—his army increases, *ib.*—he inspires them with zeal, 36—invincible, *ib.*—he scorned divided fame, *ib.*—his army cost him little, *ib.*—was both hated and feared, 37—in 1627 he demands the Duchy of Mecklenburgh, 38—peace concluded at Lubec, 1819, *ib.*—Wallenstein absolute master in Germany, 39—hated by all but his soldiers, *ib.*—Ferdinand relies upon him as the strength of his empire, *ib.*—he orders him to retire, 40—without murmur he leaves the army, 41—lives in pomp and splendor, 42—soon rises in glory, 43—Ferdinand vainly trusts Count Tilly, *ib.*—the Austrians are defeated, 44—Tilly mortally wounded, *ib.*—the Austrian supremacy passing away, *ib.*—Wallenstein refuses to hold the city. Ferdinand gives him chief command, 45—the duke refuses to accept a divided command, *ib.*—he makes his own conditions, *ib.*—he fights a great battle near Lutzen, 46—Gustavus slain, *ib.*—his character, 47—Wallenstein in a new character, 49—Ferdinand commissions Count Galas to supersede Wallenstein, 50—regarded as a traitor, *ib.*—falls by assassination, *ib.*

OFFICE OF THE  
Columbian (Marine) Insurance Company,  
CORNER OF WALL AND NASSAU STREETS.

♦♦♦  
CASH CAPITAL - - - - - \$3,500,000.  
♦♦♦

From Statement for the Seventh fiscal year ending December 31, 1864 :

TOTAL AMOUNT OF ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1865.....	\$7,438,572 73
TOTAL AMOUNT OF PREMIUMS .....	6,213,114 68
EXCESS OF EARNED PREMIUMS OVER LOSSES, &c.....	2,064,754 02
RESERVE FOR ESTIMATE CLAIMS UNADJUSTED AND OTHER CONTINGENCIES.....	651,212 97
GUARANTEED CASH DIVIDEND TO DEALERS (HOLDING CERTI- FICATES OF SAME) ON PAID PREMIUMS EARNED DURING THE YEAR, WHETHER LOSS HAS ACCRUED OR NOT.....	760,354 80
INTEREST ON SCRIP ISSUES OF 1862 AND 1863.....	6 PER CENT
SCRIP DIVIDEND TO DEALERS, ON EARNED PREMIUMS.....	12 PER CENT.
DIVIDEND FOR THE YEAR TO STOCKHOLDERS.....	31 PER CENT.

**DEALERS WITH THIS COMPANY** will be allowed the option (to be signified at the time of application for insurance) of receiving in lieu of scrip, at the end of each year, RETURNS IN CASH (guaranteed by certificate), of premiums paid and earned during the year, whether loss accrues or not, upon all new risks under the NEW YORK FORM OF POLICY, as follows :

- 1st. Upon all VOYAGE Risks upon CARGO, a return of TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.
- 2d. Upon VOYAGE Risks upon FREIGHT, a return of TWENTY PER CENT.
- 3d. Upon TIME Risks upon FREIGHT, and upon VOYAGE and TIME Risks upon HULLS, a return of TEN PER CENT.

Such privilege, however, being confined to persons and firms, the aggregate of whose pre-  
miums upon such policies earned and paid during the year, shall amount to the sum of One Hun-  
dred dollars.

**PREMIUMS PAID IN GOLD WILL BE ENTITLED TO THE ABOVE RETURNS  
IN GOLD.**

♦♦♦  
**DIRECTORS:**

Edward Rowe,  
Daniel W. Lord,  
George Mills,  
John Atkinson,  
Thos. A. C. Cochrane,  
Wm. H. Halsey,  
Thos. Barron,  
Rowland G. Mitchell,  
Albert G. Lee,  
George P. Deshon,  
O. L. Nims,

M. F. Merick,  
Wm. B. Ogden,  
John Armstrong,  
B. C. Morris,  
Andrew J. Rich,  
Daniel W. Teller,  
John D. Bates,  
Charles Hickox,  
Robert Bowne,  
Lawrence Myers,  
S. N. Derrick,

Moses Merick,  
David J. Ely,  
Joseph Morrison,  
Wm. H. Popham,  
B. C. Morris, Jr.,  
Eza Nye,  
Henry J. Cammann,  
Thomas Lord,  
Preston H. Hodges,  
J. B. Griffin.

**THOS. LORD, Vice-President.**

**B. C. MORRIS, President.**

**WM. M. WHITNEY, 2d Vice-President and Secretary.**

JAY COOKE.  
W. G. MOORHEAD.

H. D. COOKE.  
H. C. FAHNESTOCK.

## JAY COOKE & CO., BANKERS,

Fifteenth Street, Opposite Treasury and State Departments,  
WASHINGTON,

AND

No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,  
Philadelphia,  
AGENTS FOR GOVERNMENT LOANS.

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS, TREASURY NOTES,  
CERTIFICATES, ARMY AND NAVY VOUCHERS,  
COIN, CURRENCY, AND EXCHANGE.

CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO  
COLLECTIONS

Upon the several Departments of the Government, and  
prompt returns made.

### THE U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

We are prepared to furnish promptly to Agents and purchasers the Notes  
of this Loan, which are issued in denominations of

\$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000,

bearing interest at 7 3-10 per cent. per annum, payable in lawful money on  
June 15, and December 15, of each year. The principal will be payable on  
the 15th day of June, 1868; or at the option of the holder, the notes may  
then be exchanged at par for

#### U. S. FIVE-TWENTY BONDS,

Redeemable at the pleasure of the Government at any time after five years  
and payable twenty years from June 15, 1868, with interest at

SIX PER CENT., IN COIN.

Full information furnished, upon application in person, or by mail.

JAY COOKE & Co.

# OFFICE

OF THE

## Mercantile Mutual Insurance Co.,

### NO. 35 WALL STREET.

NEW YORK, January 14, 1864.

The following statement of the affairs of the Company on the 31st December, 1863, is submitted in accordance with the provisions of the Charter :

Premiums not marked off December 31, 1863.....	\$212,118 80
Premiums on Policies issued from December 31, 1862, to December 31, 1863.....	1,141,884 79
<b>Total Premiums .....</b>	<b>\$1,354,003 59</b>
Premiums marked off as earned December 31, 1863.....	63,741 64
Less Returns of Premium.....	85,970 60

**Net Earned Premiums.....\$1,077,771 04**

PAID DURING THE SAME PERIOD :

Marine and Inland Losses (including losses by risk of war and estimate of unadjusted losses).....	\$729,061 46
Re-Insurance, expenses, and bad debts, less returns on investments .....	139,902 19
Interest paid to Stockholders for July Dividend, together with interest on Stock, payable in January, 1864, and on outstanding Scrip, payable in February, 1864.....	76,502 60
	945,466 25
<b>Earnings to be Divided.....</b>	<b>\$132,304 79</b>

The Company had, on the 31st December, 1863, the following Assets:

United States, State, City, and other Securities.....	\$327,480 00
Loans on Stocks and other Securities.....	131,190 00
Bond and Mortgage .....	4,000 00
Cash on hand and in Bank, including Gold Coin at market value,	99,162 73
Cash in hands of Foreign Bankers.....	81,112 70
Bills Receivable and uncollected Premiums.....	625,927 12
Salvages and sundry Claims due the Company, and Scrip.....	156,089 28
Interest accrued and not collected.....	8,345 72

**Total Assets.....\$1,431,307 53**

The Board of Trustees have resolved to pay an interest of *Six per cent.* on the outstanding certificates of Profits, to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Monday, the 8th of February next.

They have also declared a dividend of *Five per cent.* to the Stockholders payable in cash, on and after Monday, the 8th of February next.

The Trustees have also declared a dividend of *Twelve per cent.* on the net earned Premiums, entitled thereto, for the year ending 31st December, 1864, to be issued in Scrip on and after Monday, the 4th of April next.

#### TRUSTEES:

Joseph Walker,	Aaron L. Reid,	Cornelius Grinnell,	Henry R. Kunhardt,
James Freehand,	Elwood Walter,	E. E. Morgan,	John S. Williams,
Samuel Willets,	C. Colden Murray,	Her. A. Schleicher,	William Neilson, Jr.,
Robert L. Taylor,	E. Haydock White,	William Boyd,	Charles Dimon,
William T. Foest,	N. L. McCready,	James D. Fish,	A. William Heye,
William Watt,	Daniel T. Wileis,	George W. Hennings,	Harold Dollner,
Henry Eyre,	L. Edgerton,	Francis Hathaway,	Paul N. Spofford.

**ELWOOD WALTER, President,**  
**CHARLES NEWCOMB, Vice-President,**

**C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.**



PURELY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE.

NEW-YORK

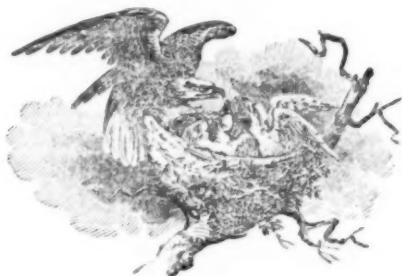
LIFE INSURANCE CO.

ESTABLISHED 1845.

Home Office, 112 &amp; 114 Broadway, N. Y.

ASSETS, \$3,658,755—SECURELY INVESTED.

There is nothing in the Commercial world which approaches even remotely to the SECURITY of a well established and prudently managed Life Insurance Company.—  
*De Morgan.*



A Policy of Life Insurance is always an evidence of prudent forethought, and no man with a dependent family is free from reproach if his life is not insured.—*The late Lord Alington, Chancellor of England*

This is one of the OLDEST, SAFEST, and most SUCCESSFUL Life Insurance Companies in the United States, and offers advantages *not equalled*, and, in some respects, *not equalled*, by any other. It has paid to widows and orphans of the assured nearly THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. Its Trustees in New York city are of the very first and most reliable names.

It is **STRICTLY MUTUAL**, the policy holders receiving the entire profits.

Special care in the selections of its risks,—strict economy,—and a safe and judicious investment of its funds,—**emphatically characterize the management of this Company.**

Premiums received QUARTERLY, SEMI-ANNUALLY, or ANNUALLY, at the option of the assured. Policies issued in all the various forms, of WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, ANNUITY, &c.

**DIVIDENDS DECLARED ANNUALLY, (for 1864, 50 per cent.)**

The mortality among its members has been *proportionately less* than that of any other Life Insurance Company in America—a result consequent on a most careful and judicious selection of lives, and one of great importance to policy-holders.

It offers to the assured *the most abundant security in a large accumulated fund amounting now to nearly*

**FOUR MILLION DOLLARS.**

It accommodates its members in the settlement of their premiums, by receiving a note for a part of the amount when desired—thus furnishing Insurance for *nearly double the amount* for about the SAME CASH PAYMENT as is required in an "all cash Company."

The **NEW FEATURE** in Life Insurance, recently introduced by this Company, of issuing

**LIFE POLICIES NOT SUBJECT TO FORFEITURE,**

is regarded with universal favor, and annihilates the only argument of any weight which can possibly be brought against the system of Life Insurance.

The lively prosperity and success of this Company is shown in the **FACT**, that for the last three years it has taken the lead of ALL the Life Insurance Companies in this country: *the Official Returns of the Massachusetts Insurance Commissioners* showing that the amount of its NEW BUSINESS for the year 1862, nearly *equalled the combined business of any other two Companies in the United States*. (See Statement next page.)

## EXAMINE THIS TABLE CAREFULLY.

**Table of Premiums for a Non-Forfeiture Policy, requiring only Ten Annual Premiums in Cash to secure \$1,000 at the Death of the Assured.**

AGE.	Annual Prem. for Ten Years.	AGE.	Annual Prem. for Ten Years.	AGE.	Annual Prem. for Ten Years.
18	\$39.63	31	\$52.11	44	\$68.33
19	40.34	32	53.09	45	69.61
20	41.15	33	54.16	46	71.00
21	41.94	34	55.31	47	72.46
22	42.87	35	56.54	48	74.05
23	43.81	36	57.82	49	75.90
24	44.80	37	59.15	50	78.41
25	45.84	38	60.52	51	81.27
26	46.91	39	61.95	52	84.24
27	48.05	40	63.35	53	87.33
28	49.19	41	64.64	54	90.54
29	50.24	42	65.88	55	93.90
30	51.17	43	67.08		

Dividends declared upon the ordinary Life Table Rate. If the premiums of the Non-Forfeiture Policy are paid all cash, the Dividends operate as an Annuity to the party during his whole life.

If the party insured on this plan desires to discontinue payments after the second payment, he will be entitled to a **Paid-Up Policy** of as many tenths of the original amount insured as he has paid annual premiums.

The following is a summary of the Company's business for the year 1864

Number of Policies issued, 4,905.

Insuring the sum of \$13,147,558.

Received for Premiums and Interest..... \$1,729,811

Losses, Expenses, and Dividends paid..... 724,555

Balance in favor of Policy Holders..... \$1,005,218

Total Assets, January 1, 1865..... \$3,658,795

NAME OF COMPANY.	When Organized.	Number of Policies issued in 1861.	Number of Policies issued in 1862.	Number of Policies issued in 1863.
<b>New York Life.....</b>	<b>1845</b>	<b>1160</b>	<b>3302</b>	<b>4338</b>
Mutual Life.....	1843	1120	1833	2594
Connecticut Mutual.....	1846	1087	1775	4230
Mutual Benefit.....	1845	866	1741	2840
New England Mutual.....	1843	817	1498	1729
Manhattan.....	1850	688	1149	1464
Equitable.....	1859	536	1233	1271
Home.....	1860	869	788	1751
United States.....	1850	651	666	819
Massachusetts Mutual.....	1851	600	662	808
Knickerbocker.....	1853	242	551	739
Guardian.....	1859	230	688	885
Germania.....	1860	240	722	2018
Union Mutual, Me.....	1850	436	334	939
National, Vt.....	1850	111	170	218
Washington.....	1860	179	362	445
State Mutual.....	1846	198	129	137
Berkshire.....	1852	237	149	169
North America.....	1862		71	740
Charter Oak.....				695

From the above it will be seen that the number of policies issued in 1861, 1862, and 1863, by the "New York Life," exceeded that of any other Company in the United States. Much of this success is due to the non-forfeiting plan originated by this Company, and more fully described on the next page.

## The New-York Life Insurance Company

Have originated and adopted a NEW FEATURE, known as

### THE NON-FORFEITURE PLAN,

Which is rapidly superseding the old system of life-long payments. It has received the unqualified approval of the best business men in the land, large numbers of whom have taken out policies under it, purely as an investment.

A new schedule of rates has been adopted, under which the insurer may *cease* paying at any time without forfeiture of past payments, and

#### AT THE END OF TEN YEARS ALL PAYMENTS CEASE ENTIRELY

and the policy thenceforward becomes a *source of income* to him. To secure this result the annual rate of insurance must of course be somewhat higher. But almost any person in active business would greatly prefer paying a higher rate for a *limited time* and be done with it, to incurring a life-long obligation, however small.

By the table on which this class of policies is based, a person incurs no risk in taking out a policy. Insuring to-day for \$5,000, if he dies to-morrow, the \$5,000 immediately becomes a claim; and if he lives ten years, and makes ten annual payments, his policy is paid up—nothing more to pay, and still his dividends continue, making

#### HIS LIFE POLICY A SOURCE OF INCOME TO HIM WHILE LIVING.

The only argument of weight offered against Life Insurance is, that a party might pay in for a number of years, and then, by inadvertence, inability, &c., not be able to continue paying, thereby losing all he had paid. The "New York Life" have obviated this objection by their TEN YEAR NON-FORFEITURE PLAN.

A party by this table, after the second year,

#### CANNOT FORFEIT ANY PART OF WHAT HAS BEEN PAID IN.

Thus, if one insuring by this plan for \$5,000, discontinues after the second year, he is entitled to A PAID-UP POLICY, according to the number of years paid in, viz.:

Second year, two-tenths of \$5,000 (am't ins'd), amounting to \$1,000, with divid'd on same for life.					
Third year, three-tenths of " " " "	1,500,	"	"	"	"
Fourth year, four-tenths of " " " "	2,000,	"	"	"	"
Fifth year, five-tenths of " " " "	2,500,	"	"	"	"

And so on, until the tenth annual payment, WHEN ALL IS PAID, and DIVIDENDS STILL CONTINUE DURING THE LIFE-TIME OF THE ASSURED.

☛ This feature, among others, has given to this Company a success unparalleled in the history of Life Insurance.

A credit of twenty per cent. is given on this table if desired. The current New York rate of interest upon these credits is required to be paid annually until they are cancelled by dividends, or paid off by the assured.

**MORRIS FRANKLIN,** *President.*  
**ISAAC C. KENDALL,** *Vice-President*  
**WILLIAM H. BEERS,** *Actuary.*

#### TRUSTEES.

MORRIS FRANKLIN,	WM. C. DUSENBERY,	ISAAC C. KENDALL,	WM. B. APPELTON,
JOHN M. NIXON,	JOHN E. WILLIAMS,	JOHN L. ROGERS,	ROBERT B. COLLINS,
DAVID DOWS,	HENRY K. BOGERT,	JOHN MAIRS,	DUDLEY B. FULLER,
DANIEL S. MILLER,	THOMAS SMULL,	RUSSELL DART,	WM. A. BOOTH.
WILLIAM BARTON,			

# TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT.

Amount of Assets January 1, 1861,	\$2,653,537 92
Amount of Premiums, Endowments, Annuities and Policy Fees received during 1861,	\$1,477,193 45
Amount of Interest received and accrued, including premium on gold, &c.	252,617 72— 1,729,811 17
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$4,383,349 09</b>

## DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Losses by Death	\$315,200 00
Paid on account of deposit for minors, sundry accounts unsettled December 31, 1863, and War contributions.	9,494 58
Paid for Redemption of Dividends, Annuities, and Surrendered and Cancelled Policies.	157,732 17
Paid Salaries, Printing and Office Expenses,	42,281 40
Paid Commissions and Agency Expenses,	159,237 34
Paid Advertising and Physicians' Fees,	21,236 73
Paid Taxes, Internal Revenue Stamps and Law Expenses,	14,401 28— 724,593 54
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$3,658,755 55</b>

## ASSETS

Cash on hand and in Bank,	194,549 70
Invested in United States Stocks, cost	1,329,290 63
(Market value, \$1,334,805.)	
Invested in New York City Bank Stocks, cost	52,561 50
(Market value, \$58,223.)	
Invested in other stocks, cost	85,254 94
(Market value, \$96,400.)	
Loans on demand, secured by United States and other Stocks,	201,870 00
(Market value, \$208,393.)	
Real Estate	149,359 04
Bonds and Mortgages.	296,370 00
Premium Notes on existing Policies bearing interest	1,008,801 60
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums due subsequent to January 1, 1865,	178,718 07
Interest accrued to January 1, 1865,	63,246 33
Rebates accrued to January 1, 1865,	2,372 65
Premiums on Policies in hands of Agents, and in course of transmission,	105,624 91
Amount of all other property belonging to the company,	136 15—3,658,755 55

The Trustees have declared a return premium as follows: a Scrip Dividend of FIFTY PER CENT., upon all participating Life Policies in force, which were issued twelve months prior to January 1, 1865. They have directed the payment of the Fifth and final installment of Twenty per cent. on scrip of 1850 to 1860, inclusive, and the redemption in full of those declared in 1861 and 1862.

Certificates will be redeemed in cash, on and after the first MONDAY in MARCH next, on presentation at the Home office. Policies subject to Notes will be credited with the return on the settlement of next premium.

By order of the Board,

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

During the year, 4,905 new policies were issued, insuring \$13,147,558.

## Balance Sheet of the Company, Jan. 1st, 1865.

Assets as above,	\$3,658,755 55
Disposed of as follows:	
Reserved for Losses due subsequent to January 1, 1865,	\$67,241 45
Reserved for Reported Losses, awaiting proofs, &c.,	49,500 00
Reserved for Special Deposit for minor children,	255 76
Amount reserved for Reinsurance on all existing policies (valuations at 4 per cent. interest.)	2,432,955 32
Dividends declared prior to 1850 uncalled for,	13,481 61
Reserved for:	
Dividends 1850 to 1860, inclusive balance now to be paid,	196,371 17
Do 1861 and 1862, now to be paid,	148,837 24
Do 1863, (present value at 4 per cent. interest.)	81,644 61
Do 1864 do do do	139,217 73
Do 1865 do do do	212,647 09
Special Reserve (surplus not divided.)	212,673 57 —\$3,658,755 55

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.  
ISAAC C. KENDALL, Vice-President.  
WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.  
CORNELIUS R. ROBERT, M. D., Medical Examiners.  
GEORGE WILKES, M. D.

**NEW ENGLAND**  
**MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
**OF BOSTON.**

---

**BRANCH OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

---

**DIRECTORS IN BOSTON.**

WILLARD PHILLIPS,  
M. P. WILDER,  
W. R. REYNOLDS,  
HOMER BARTLETT,

THOMAS A. DEXTER,  
SEWALL TAPPAN,  
GEO. H. FOLGER,  
JAMES S. AMORY,

CHARLES HUBBARD,  
FRANCIS C. LOWELL,  
BENJ. F. STEVENS.

WILLARD PHILLIPS, PRESIDENT. BENJ. F. STEVENS, VICE PRESIDENT.

JOSEPH M. GIBBENS, SECRETARY.

---

This Company was established in Boston, Mass., and commenced the issue of policies in 1843. The surplus assets have been divided among the members every fifth year since that date. The last distribution, made in 1893, amounting to \$750,000, being 40 per cent. in cash on all premiums paid, was returned to the members. The insured may, however, have the same applied to the reduction of annual premium, or added to the policy, at option. The Company being purely mutual, and having no stockholders, the entire surplus is divided equitably among the insured. The present accumulated fund is over \$3,000,000, which is safely invested, and the expenses are proportionately less than any other Company. All claims on the Company, arising by death or otherwise, are promptly paid, on presentation of the proper proofs; and in the course of 21 years' business no claim for loss has ever been carried before a jury. Policies of all descriptions are issued by this Company, comprising Life policies, Endowment, Payable at a certain age, Full paid, Ten year, Non-forfeiture, Joint life, and Term policies.

The payment of premium may be made in Cash, or by note for one-half, which note is canceled by the distribution, and the remaining one-half in cash or quarterly payments, thus making it very convenient for persons of moderate means to meet the payment of their premiums promptly. As an investment, it is the best that can be made, and, in case of decease, the insured are largely the gainers.

Printed documents, pertaining to the subject, together with the report of the Company, for the past year, and tables of premiums, supplied gratis, or forwarded free of expense by addressing

**SAMUEL S. STEVENS,**  
**Agent and Attorney for the Company,**  
**No. 110 BROADWAY,**  
Cor. of Pine st.,  
**NEW YORK CITY.**

## DIVIDEND.

### SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

### FOURTH CONSECUTIVE SCRIP DIVIDEND OF 60 PER CENT.

#### STATEMENT OF THE Washington Insurance Company,

172 BROADWAY, cor. of MAIDEN LANE

NEW YORK, FEB. 2, 1865.

CASH CAPITAL,     -     -     -     -     -     \$400,000

#### ASSETS, FEBRUARY 1, 1865.

U. S. Bonds (market value).....	\$262,260 00
Bonds and Mortgages. ....	106,745 50
Demand Loans.....	185,560 00
Cash on hand and in the hands of Agents.....	43,808 23
Real Estate.....	32,364 35
Miscellaneous.....	43,470 46
	\$674,208 54
Unsettled Losses,     -     -     -     -     -     -     -	14,208 54
Capital and Surplus,     -     -     -     -     -     -     -	\$660,000 00

A Dividend of Ten (10) per Cent. is this day declared, payable on demand, in Cash, to Stockholders.

Also, an Interest Dividend of Six (6) per Cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in CASH.

Also, a Scrip Dividend of Sixty (60) per Cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the FOURTH CONSECUTIVE SCRIP DIVIDEND OF SIXTY PER CENT. DECLARED BY THIS COMPANY SINCE ITS ADOPTION OF THE PARTICIPATING SYSTEM. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after 15th March prox.

GEO. C. SATTERLEE, President.

HENRY WESTON, Vice-President.

WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary.

WM. A. SCOTT, Assistant Secretary.

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Office: 161 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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**Assets over \$600,000.**

This first-class Company offers the most liberal inducements to parties seeking Life Insurance, and will issue policies in amounts from \$100 to \$10,000 on all the various plans.

The official reports of the Insurance Commissioners of Massachusetts and New York, place the KNICKERBOCKER in the front rank of American Life Corporations.

Holders of Policies will have every privilege extended to them, in the settlement of premiums, and in the transaction of all business with the Company.

Dividends paid in Cash, or made Reversionary, as the Assured may elect.

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B. F. JOHNSON,

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J. A. NICHOLS,

*Manager.*

# HOPE

## FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

*No. 92 Broadway, New York.*

---

Cash Capital, - - - -	\$200,000 00
Assets - - - - -	282,248 76

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This Company issues Policies of Insurance on the most favorable terms.

THOMAS GREENLEAF, *Secretary.*

JACOB REESE, *President.*

CHARLES D. HARTSHORNE, *Assistant Secretary.*

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## PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

### BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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Offices, { **NO. 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.**  
**NO. 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

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Cash Capital.....	\$500,000 00
Surplus, January, 1865	425,099 74
Assets.....	\$925,099 74

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*INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE,*

Marine, Lake, Canal and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, *President.*

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Offices, Nos. 5 & 7 John street, New York,  
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They devote special attention to the

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*Either made up or ripped apart.*

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**5 & 7 John Street, New York,**

*Two Doors from Broadway.*

THE  
**Equitable Life Assurance Society.**

**OFFICE, No. 92 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

**Assets - - - - - \$1,100,000**

THE AMOUNT OF THE FIRST RETURN OF SURPLUS of this Society for the five years ending December 31st, 1864, will be made known as soon as the voluminous calculations of the Actuary are completed. It is believed that this return of surplus will be in the highest degree acceptable to the policy-holders, as the success of the Society has been unequalled by that of any other Life Insurance Company in the United States or Europe in the same number of years after formation.

The present return of surplus may be applied in either one of four different ways at the option of the policy-holders, viz.:

- I. To the Purchase of Additional Insurance, Payable with the Policy at Maturity.
- II. To the Purchase of a Reduction of each Future Premium during the whole continuance of the Policy.
- III. To the Purchase of Additional Insurance for the four years next succeeding, by which the amount insured will be increased more than fifty per cent.
- IV. To the Purchase of a Reduction of each Premium for the next five years.

PRESENT AGE	FIRST PLAN. Addition for Life.	SECOND PLAN. Reduction for Life.	THIRD PLAN. Addition for five yrs.	FOURTH PLAN. Reduction for five yrs.
20	403.61	5.30	2,165.40	21.93
30	337.26	5.78	1,989.00	21.96
40	272.06	6.48	1,675.30	22.02
50	214.14	7.78	1,125.80	22.21
60	169.36	10.36	671.14	22.83

The exact amount by each plan, for every policy in force, will be sent to each policy-holder as soon as the circulars can be made out, so that each person can make an intelligent choice.

By recent resolutions of the Board, the Society will issue policies to the amount of \$20,000. Policies issued by this Society are indisputable on account of suicide after the first two years. Policies indisputable from any cause whatever, except fraud, after five years.

The **EQUITABLE** offers the following advantages to persons about insuring: The ratio of expenditure to income is less than that of any other Cash Company in the United States.

The income is larger than that of any other Cash Company in the United States, save one. No Company ever organized in this country or in Europe has met with such extraordinary success in the same period after its formation.

After three annual payments have been made, the Society, on surrender of the original policy, will issue a policy paid up in full for the total amount paid.

The entire surplus of the Society is divided in the most equitable manner among the policy-holders.

Local interest alone is allowed to Stock-holders; so that policy-holders have the advantage of having their affairs managed by persons pecuniarily interested in the success of the Society.

The rates of premiums are as low as by any other first-class Company.

**WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, President.**  
**HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.**  
**GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.**  
**EDW. W. LAMBERT, M. D., Med. Examiner.**  
**WILLARD PARKER, M. D., Con. Physician.**  
**HENRY DAY, Attorney.**  
**DANIEL LORD, Counsel.**

Send at once for the Society's documents, which are furnished gratis.

Persons residing in New York or vicinity, desiring to insure their lives, may do so by calling at their office, where the physician is in attendance from 12 to 1 o'clock; or, by informing the officers, they will be waited upon by one of the Society's agents, at their house or office.

J. L. HALL, N. Y., 39 Court street, Boston, General Agent, Massachusetts.

S. B. PHILLIPS, Attorney, No. 30 Court street, Boston.

A. B. KEITH, No. 422 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, General Agent, Pennsylvania.  
 MACK & BRAWNER, St. Louis, General Agents, Missouri, Southern Illinois, Kansas, and Nebraska.

E. C. WILDER, Chicago, General Agent.

E. W. THAYER, General Agent, Ohio.

JOSEPH HAMILTON, Milwaukee, General Agent, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

WILLIAM F. ROSS, Davenport, Iowa, General Agent, Iowa and Northern Illinois.

F. D. GRIFFIN, Indianapolis, General Agent, Indiana.

WILLIAM H. STRYKER, Syracuse, General Agent, Central New York.

WILLIAM WEST, General Travelling Agent.

Where there is no Agency, persons can insure by communicating directly with the Society.

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*New Series of Scotch Cut Faces,*

From Pearl to Pica—surpassing, if possible,

## THEIR ORIGINAL SCOTCH CUT FACES,

Which have given such universal satisfaction (and are now being imperfectly imitated) East, West, North, and South.

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Exhibits an unsurpassable quantity of styles, of Home Origin, and selected from England, France, and Germany. And their new

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## BORDERING, &amp;c., &amp;c.,

Are not to be excelled in this or any other country; and this the undersigned make bold to say of their specimens, as they have now reached a point (by large outlay and perseverance) originally aimed after—that is, to excel in the quality of the articles furnished, and in the variety of styles presented for selection, surpassing all similar establishments. The several of styles have only to be seen to be appreciated. Particular attention is called to their German Department, wherein is shown as splendid

## German Faces and Styles

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Which HAS SECURED the printing of the enormous number of

## Twenty-two to Twenty-eight Millions of Sheets,

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Leave from foot of Cortlandt st. at 12, M., and 4, P. M., via Jersey City and Camden. At 7 and 10, A. M., 6, P. M., and 12 (night), via Jersey City and Kensington.

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WM. H. GATZMER, Agent.

THE  
**Manhattan Life Insurance Co.,**  
 Nos. 156 & 158 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Cash Capital and Accumulation, \$2,250,000.

LOSSES PAID, \$1,000,000.

Dividends Paid to Policy-holders, \$750,000.

From the great success of this Company, they are enabled to offer superior advantages to policy-holders.

Life-policies are issued, payable in annual, or in one, five, or ten annual installments; also, non-forfeiture endowment policies, payable in ten annual payments, which are paid at death, or on arriving at any particular age. Life insurance, as an investment, has no superior, as it has saved millions of dollars to the insured, and thousands of families from ruin. Dividends are paid to policy-holders, thus enabling them to continue their policies, if otherwise unable to do so.

This favorable feature has been the means of saving many policies that would have been forfeited for want of means to continue them, and in several instances families once wealthy have thus been saved from utter ruin.

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C. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary.

J. S. HALSEY, Assistant Secretary.

S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.

ABRAM DeBOES, M.D., Medical Examiner.

**International Insurance Company,**  
 OF THE  
 CITY OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE No. 113 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital,	- - - -	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus, Jan. 1, 1865,	- - -	204,188 40
		<b>\$1,204,188 40</b>

Total Liabilities, \$18,500.

**OCEAN, MARINE, INLAND, & FIRE INSURANCE.**

CHARLES TAYLOR, President. HAMILTON BRUCE Vice-President.

C. C. HINE, Secretary.

OLIVER A. DRAKE, Assistant Secretary.

J. H. PLATT, Manager of Marine Department.



**SECURITY INSURANCE CO.,**

No. 119 Broadway, N. Y.

<b>CASH CAPITAL,</b>	- - - - -	<b>\$1,000,000 00</b>
<b>ASSETS, Aug. 1, 1865,</b>	- - - - -	<b>1,585,100 93</b>

Insures FIRE, OCEAN, MARINE (cargo and freight only), LAKE, INLAND TRANSIT AND HARBOR RISKS.

Policies entitling the holders to SCRIP DIVIDENDS, or at "NET RATES," issued at the option of the insured.

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They provide for death, if caused by Accident; but in case of injury only, the insured receives no compensation. If granted

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The full amount assured is payable to the family in case of death caused by accident and occurring within three months from the date of injury. Or, in case of injury causing disability, the insured receives a weekly compensation until he is able to attend to his business, such time not to exceed twenty-six weeks. The policy covers all accidents, including Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Sprains, Cuts, Burns, Stomach and Bowel Complaints, Cholera, Typhoid Fever, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Measles, Typhus, Typhoid, and all other kinds of accidents.

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